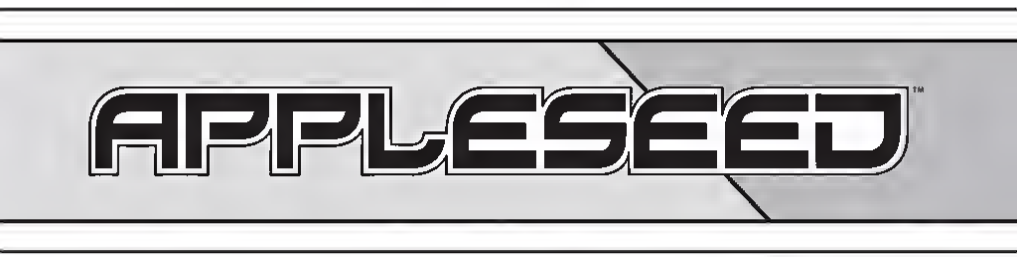
士郎正宗 HYPERNOTES

APPLESEED

SHIROW MASAMUNE


APPLESEED™

publisher MIKE RICHARDSON

collection editor CHRIS WARNER

series editors TIM ERVIN and PHILIP SIMON

series executive editor TOREN SMITH for STUDIO PROTEUS

designer TINA ALESSI

art director LIA RIBACCHI

APPLESEED ™ HYPERNOTES

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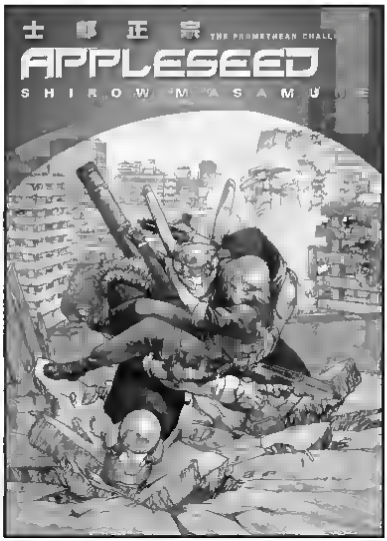
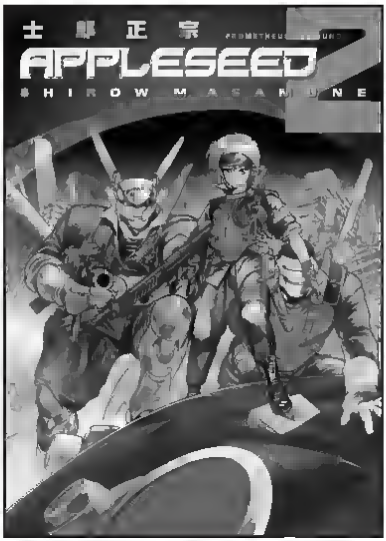
story and art by SHIROW MASAMUNE

translation by DANA LEWIS and TOREN SMITH

lettering by TOMOKO SAITO





APPLESEED 1

2125 . Nuclear weapons themselves were never used. But the flames of war raged in every region, and the Earth became a quieter planet...

Deunan and Briareos, former SWAT team members, are fighting for survival in the ruins of a nameless city still scarred by the years of turmoil. When they encounter a young woman in a Protector body suit. She turns out to be Hitomi, sent by the government of a mysterious city called Olympus to find them. The two ex-cops handily dispatch a band of cyborgs sent to attack Hitomi. Lured by her talk of a new world order, they decide to immigrate to Olympus, an artificial island city that's home to the Central Management Bureau, and is seeking to restore order to a war-torn world.

2127 September . . Deunan and Briareos find life in Olympus is good. It's a flourishing and peaceful utopian city, managed by artificially created bioroids. The Olympus police welcome their talents and track records, and induct them into their SWAT unit. The partners are still settling into their new life when terrorists attack Gaia, the mammoth computer that runs Olympus. They're deep in the thick of the action when Briareos is hit...

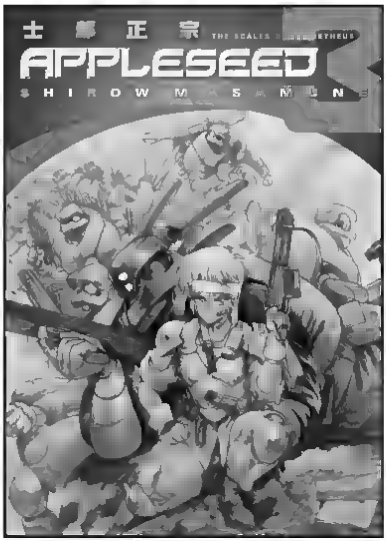
APPLESEED 2

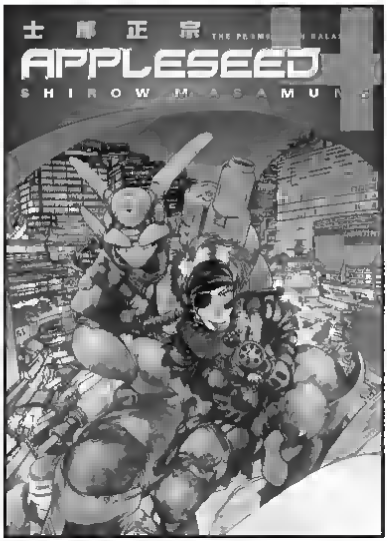
Olympus was founded to ensure the continued survival of the human race. But now it's embroiled in suspicion and conspiracies, and Deunan and Briareos are about to be drawn into the middle of it all.

They find themselves unexpectedly scouted by Athena, the city-state's Administrative Director for the Central Management Bureau's own ESWAT unit (Extra Special Weapons and Tactics). The Olympus Council has announced its proposed HOPE Project, a plan to optimize the human race physically and mentally, provoking outrage among human representatives in the Olympus government. As the Council and the Administrative Section fence over implementing the scheme, doubts swirl in the city's human and bioroid communities.

At the height of the turmoil, Gaia begins acting erratically. Different city factions vie to secure Hitomi, whose genetic code was especially designed to be the supercomputer's emergency stop. Deunan and Briareos struggle to stay neutral in the battle over their old friend, but finally decide to take part in a mission to rescue (or is it kidnap?) Hitomi.

It's the day of the commissioning ceremony for Olympus' newly deployed Mobile Master multi-legged gun platforms, and things are about to come to a head. The new weapon systems start running amok in the midst of the grand parade. Gaia is revolting against her bioroid masters and has commandeered the new gun platforms. The Mobile Masters begin shelling the Tartarus bioroid nursery. Why would Gaia want to attack the nursery from which all bioroids come? And what can Deunan and Briareos do to stop them...?





APPLESEED 3

With Olympus still reeling from the after effects of the Gaia Affair ESWAT sends operatives Magnus and Morton to New York City to capture Artemis an independent bioroid created to transmit data to Olympus They put Artemis down with a tranquilizer gun, but when she recovers during transit, she brings down their craft and escapes into Olympus Responding to the SOS Deunan and Briareos encounter her in a crowded market but lose her in the chaos

Meanwhile a spy from Poseidon (Japan Technological Research Center) is about to draw Deunan and Briareos into a new web of conspiracy

The unstable international situation is leading the Central Management Bureau to change Olympus' original brief, and take it in a new direction policeman to the world In August 2126, ESWAT is deployed to France in a first test of the new policy Operation Benendanti, a campaign to crush international drug lords

Soon ESWAT finds itself a pawn in international power politics Deunan is shocked to the core by the brutal realities of the world outside of Olympus that she witnesses in France Meanwhile Artemis is finally recaptured at a high cost, and her hidden data delivered at last to Gaia

APPLESEED 4

Olympus intelligence has gotten wind of a giant Landmate being built in greatest secrecy within Olympus! But to what end? Deunan s about to find out

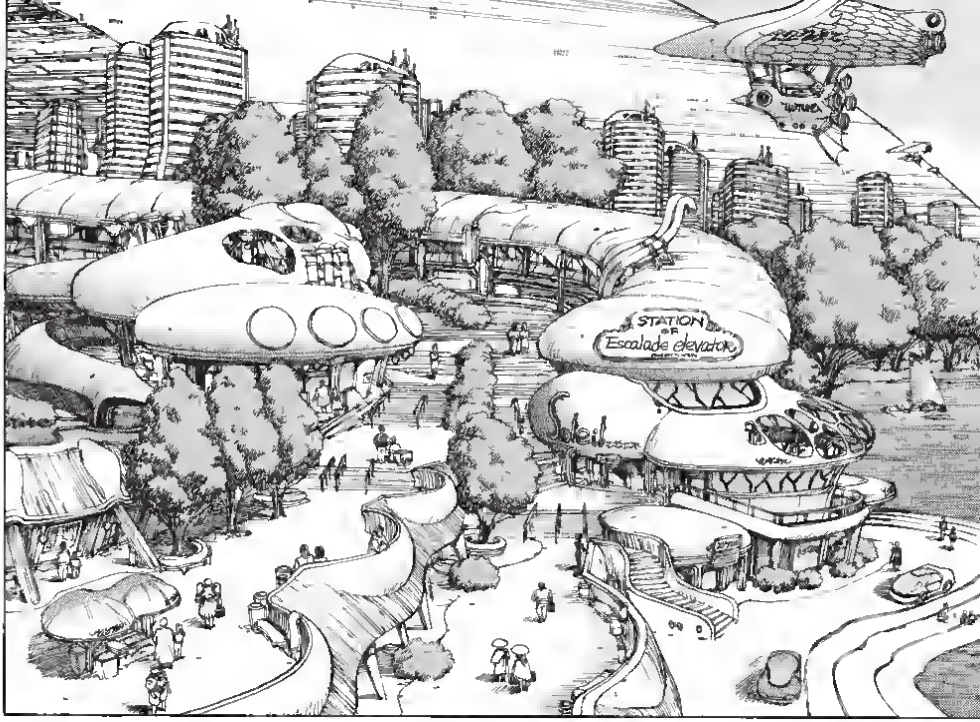
The dauntless Deunan hasn't been performing at her peak, and an unfortunate mishap during ESWAT's relentless training schedule costs her an eye It couldn t come at a worse time as ESWAT is suddenly mobilized to aid the Olympus Police Headquarters Special Investigations Bureau Parts for a giant Landmate have gone missing, but the why and the wherefore remain unknown ESWAT takes over the investigation but Deunan and Briareos find themselves assigned to different units Can they find a weak spot in the mystery Landmate? The search begins

Soon Deunan is in pursuit of a mystery man with a penchant for high explosives while Briareos seethes on stake-out Nonstop ESWAT action continues through the Olympus night

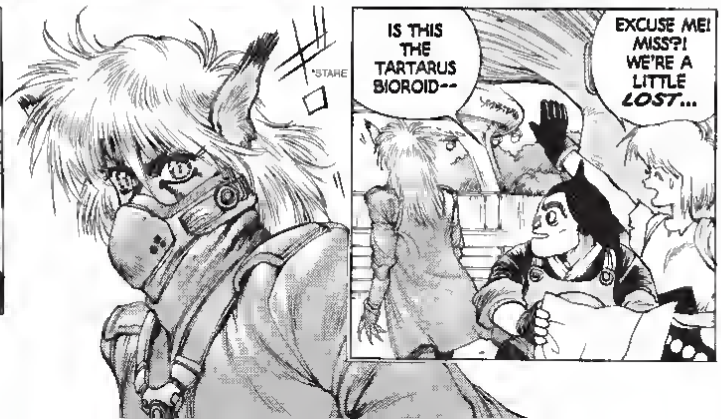
APPLESEED ID

Deunan s injured eye has been fixed (to the relief of many readers) In "CALLEO GAME " a short story tracking the hard working duo through a typical day of police procedural

And now, it s 2129 . .


STATION
Escalade elevator
Soleil

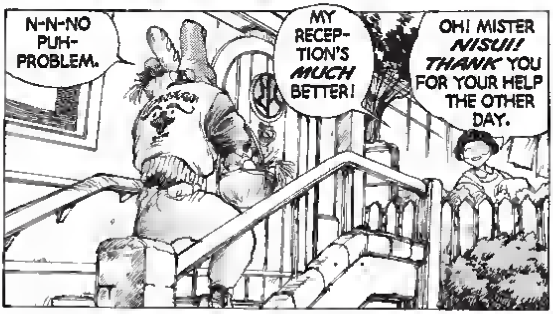
ぎく
FX: ULP

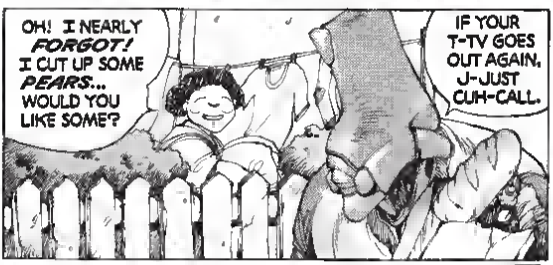

*STARE
IS THIS THE TARTARUS BIOROID--
EXCUSE ME! MISS?! WE'RE A LITTLE LOST...

ER DOES IT TALK?
POLICE
THE FACILITIES YOU'RE ABOUT TO SEE ARE OPEN TO ALL WHO GIVE THEIR MORAL, RATIONAL, AND RELIGIOUS CONSENT.
WELCOME TO LIFE SYSTEMS DEVELOPMENT! I'LL BE YOUR GUIDE TO OUR UNDERGROUND CENTER.
....
....
FX HUH?!

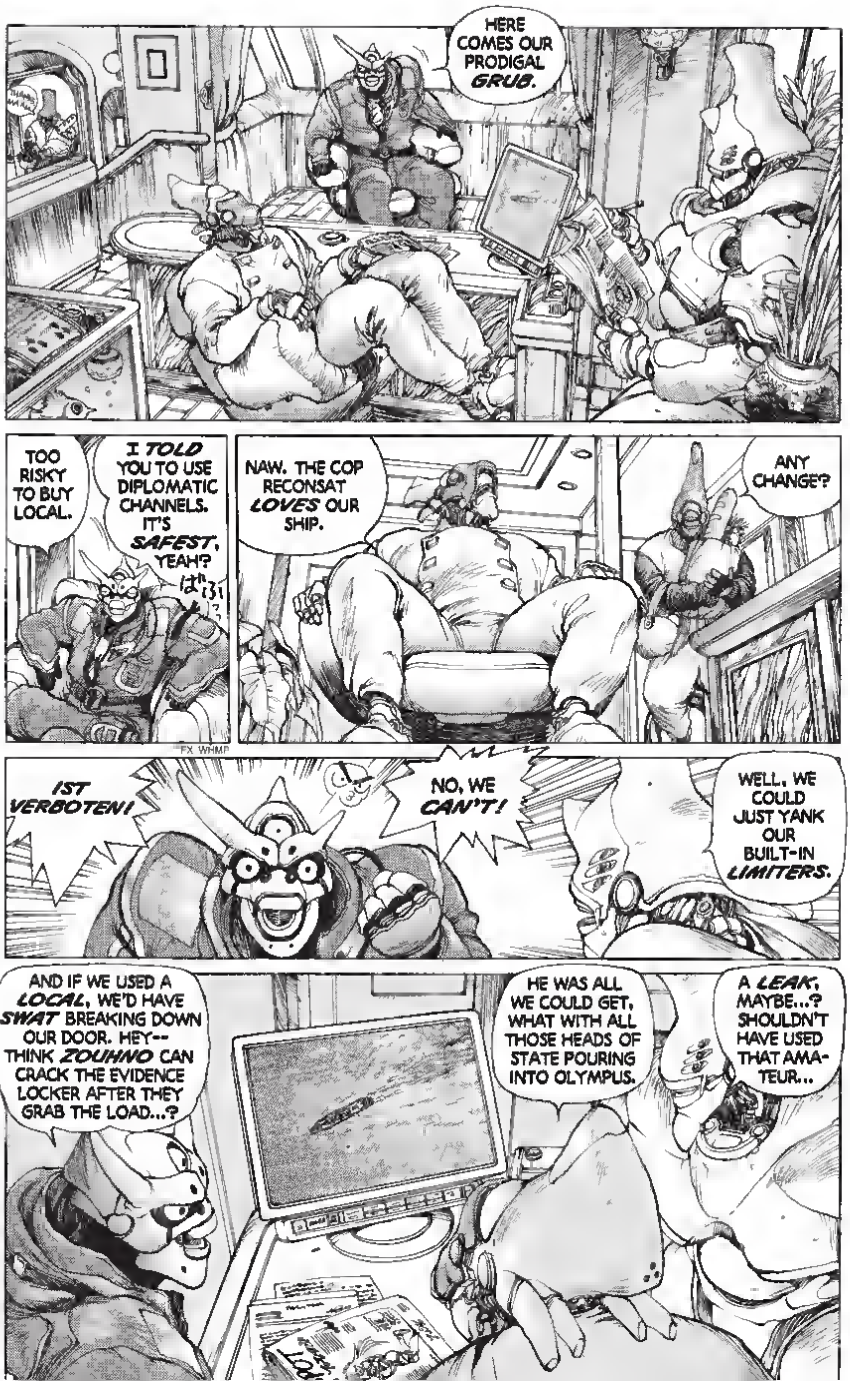
CHIRP CHIRP
CHIRP CHIRP
HITOM
PEACE AND QUIET FOR A CHANGE, HMM?
ARTEMIS, MISSING A MEAL...?
URG... NO SUCH LUCK
THAT'S WEIRD...

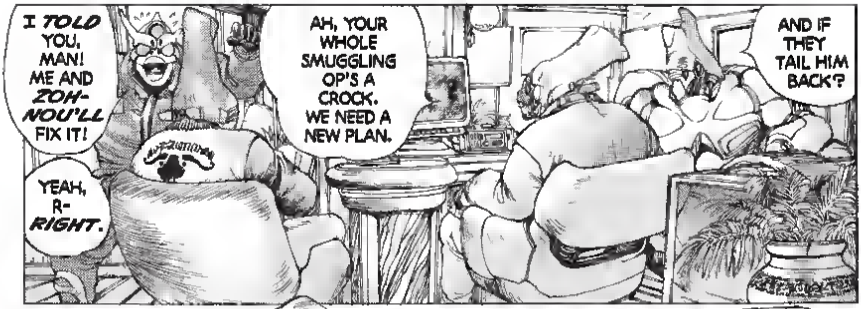
FX BELCH/SLOOORRP
YOU MIXED MY SPECIAL EGG SANDWICH WITH TOMATO AND BACON INTO THE COFFEE?!
OH, NO...! MY LOVELY HOMEMADE BREAKFAST!
FX YAHOO!
GUESS I'LL FIND PERSONAL FULFILLMENT SOMEWHERE ELSE..
SNFF
SO...PERHAPS TOMORROW YOU'D PREFER SOMUREN™ CAT FOOD STRAIGHT FROM THE TIN...?
STOP, HITOMI! YOU'LL GLADLY COOK YOUR FINGERS TO THE BONE IF IT BRINGS JOY TO THESE DARLING GIRLS...
FX ROHH
NOW I SEE! THIS IS THE SORT OF FLAVOR YOU DEAR CHILDREN CRAVE!
WHAT ARE--
OH? PAN-FRIED GRASSHOPPER AND BEE LARVAE, CHEWED TO A PASTE AND... AND...
MAKE 'EM
HMM...? I DON'T REMEMBER BAKING COOKIES...
FX GNH!
FX SNFF SOB
DID ARTEMIS PRIME MAKE THESE FOR YOU KIDS?
MM! SO FRAGRANT! AND CHOCK FULL O' HEALTHY PROTEIN!

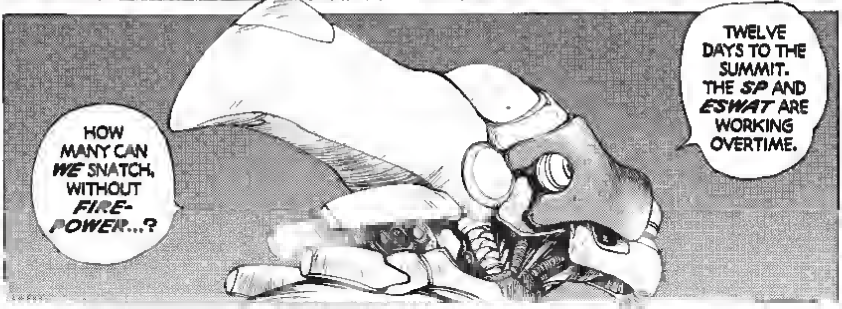

N-N-NO PUH-PROBLEM.
MY RECEP-TION'S *MUCH* BETTER!
OH! MISTER *NISUI! THANK* YOU FOR YOUR HELP THE OTHER DAY.


OH! I NEARLY *FORGOT!* I CUT UP SOME *PEARS*... WOULD YOU LIKE SOME?
IF YOUR T-TV GOES OUT AGAIN, J-JUST CUH-CALL.

OH, *DID* THEY'?!
B-BRINGS BACK MUH-MEMORIES. MY F-FOLKS RAISED PEARS, B-BACK HOME...
NO EXPLO-SIVES SIG. TAKE THEM. OVER.

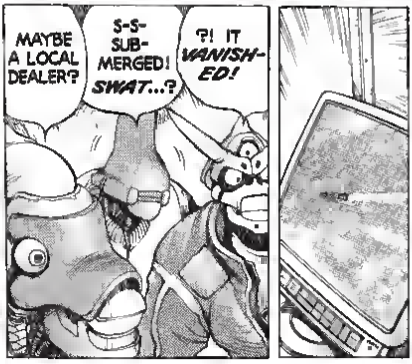

HERE COMES OUR PRODIGAL GRUB.
TOO RISKY TO BUY LOCAL.
I TOLD YOU TO USE DIPLOMATIC CHANNELS. IT'S SAFEST, YEAH?
12th 131
NAW. THE COP RECONSAT LOVES OUR SHIP.
ANY CHANGE?
FX: WHMP
1ST VERBOTEN!
NO, WE CAN'T!
WELL, WE COULD JUST YANK OUR BUILT-IN LIMITERS.
AND IF WE USED A LOCAL, WE'D HAVE SWAT BREAKING DOWN OUR DOOR. HEY-- THINK ZOUHNO CAN CRACK THE EVIDENCE LOCKER AFTER THEY GRAB THE LOAD...?
HE WAS ALL WE COULD GET, WHAT WITH ALL THOSE HEADS OF STATE POURING INTO OLYMPUS.
A LEAK, MAYBE...? SHOULDN'T HAVE USED THAT AMA-TEUR...

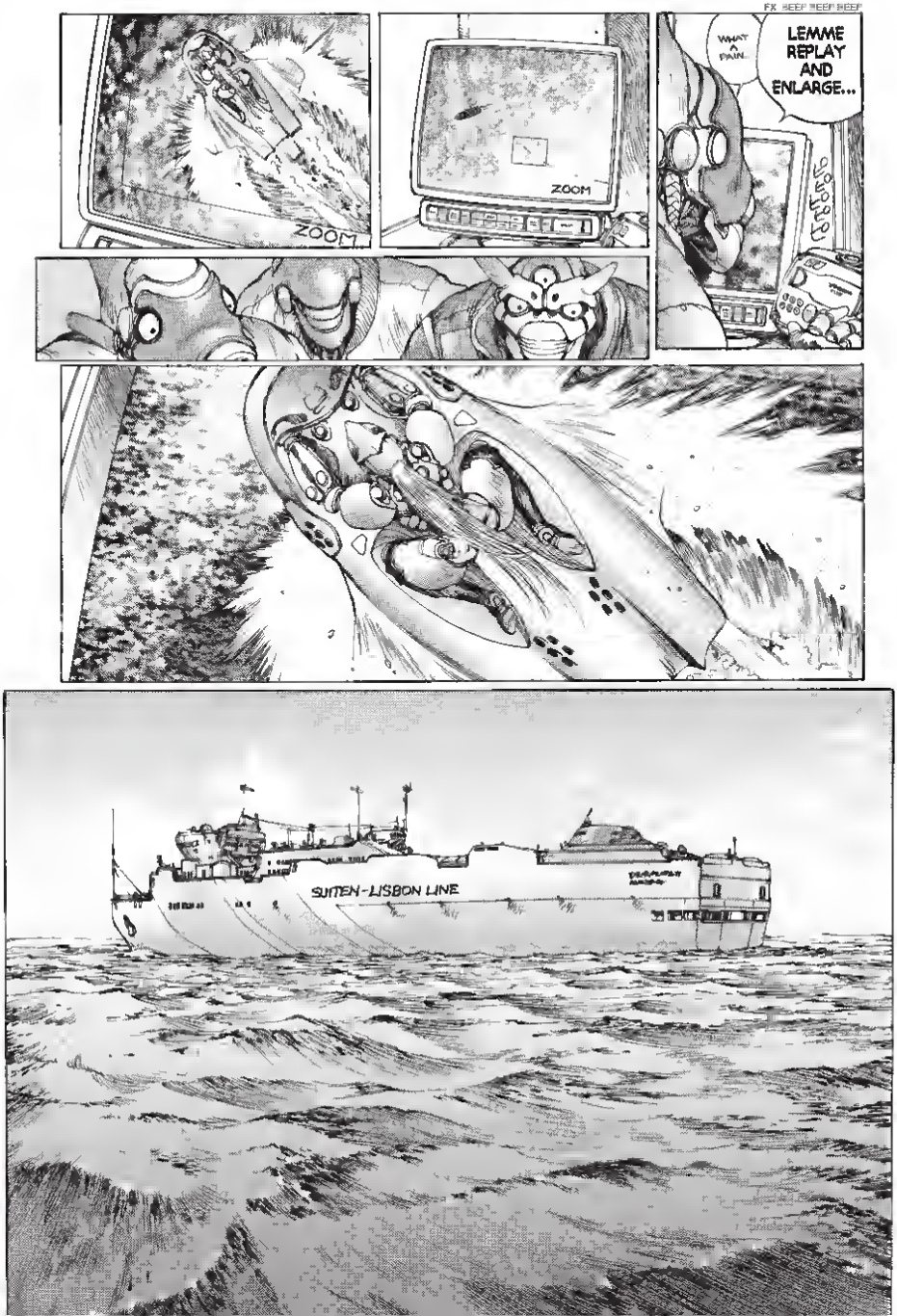

I TOLD YOU, MAN! ME AND ZOH-NOU'LL FIX IT!
YEAH, R-RIGHT.
AH, YOUR WHOLE SMUGGLING OP'S A CROCK. WE NEED A NEW PLAN.
AND IF THEY TAIL HIM BACK?

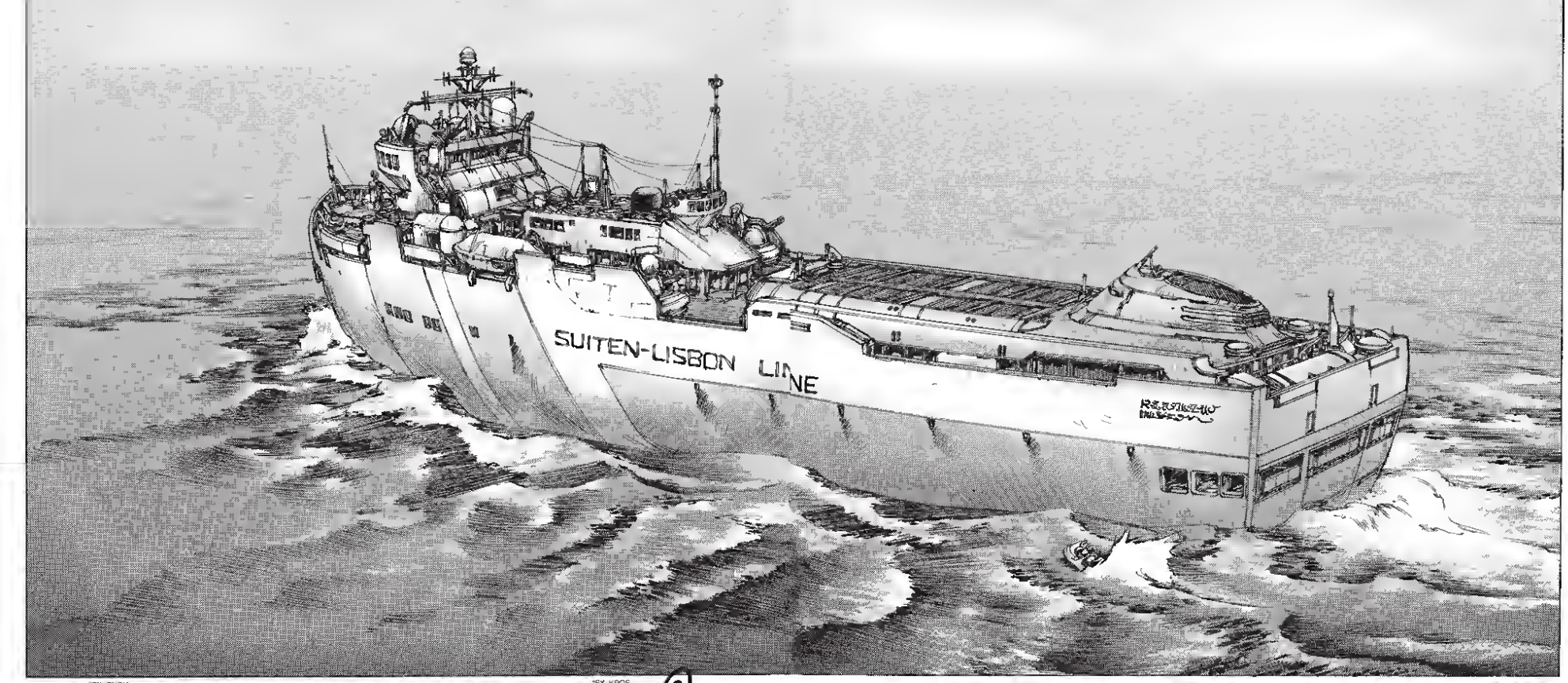

HOW MANY CAN WE SNATCH, WITHOUT FIRE-POWER...?
TWELVE DAYS TO THE SUMMIT. THE SP AND ESWAT ARE WORKING OVERTIME.

THEY'VE TRANSFERRED CONTROL TO ESWAT OR THE FBI. THEY WANT THAT BOAT.
CODE SWITCH-ING.
BEEP-BEEP
FX FZZKK
AH?!

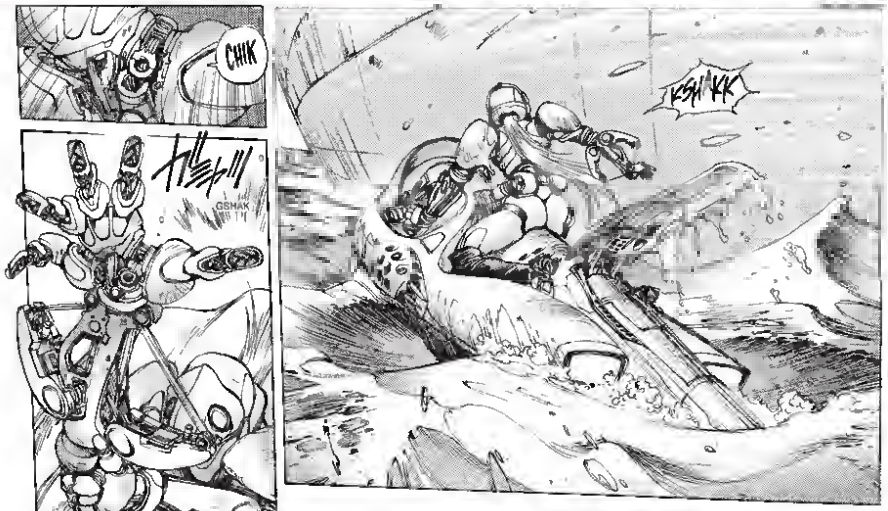
SMALL CRAFT APPROACH-ING THE SHIP!


MAYBE A LOCAL DEALER?
S-S-SUB-MERGED! SWAT...?
?! IT VANISH-ED!


FX BEEP BEEP BEEP
ZOOM
ZOOM
WHAT A PAIN.
LEMME REPLAY AND ENLARGE...
SUITEN-LISBON LINE


SUITEN-LISBON LINE

*FX: CHOK
*FX: KPOF
*WHSSH
110

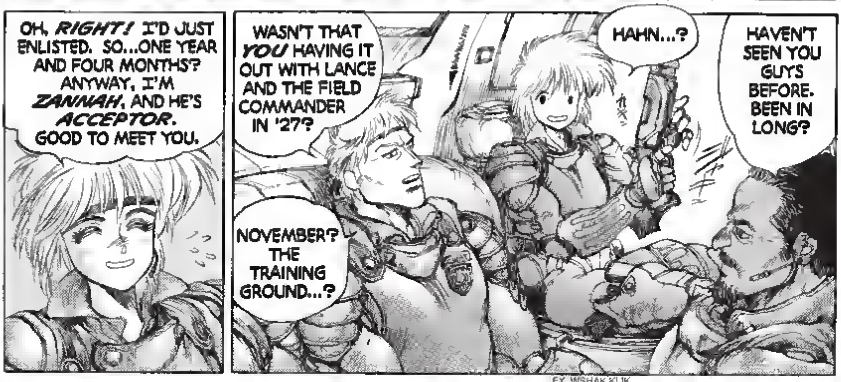

CHIK
OSMAK
KSHKK

*FWHD
FX SKRSH
FX GSSHKRKK
*KANG
KANG
KANG
KANG
*KANG
B-BEEP

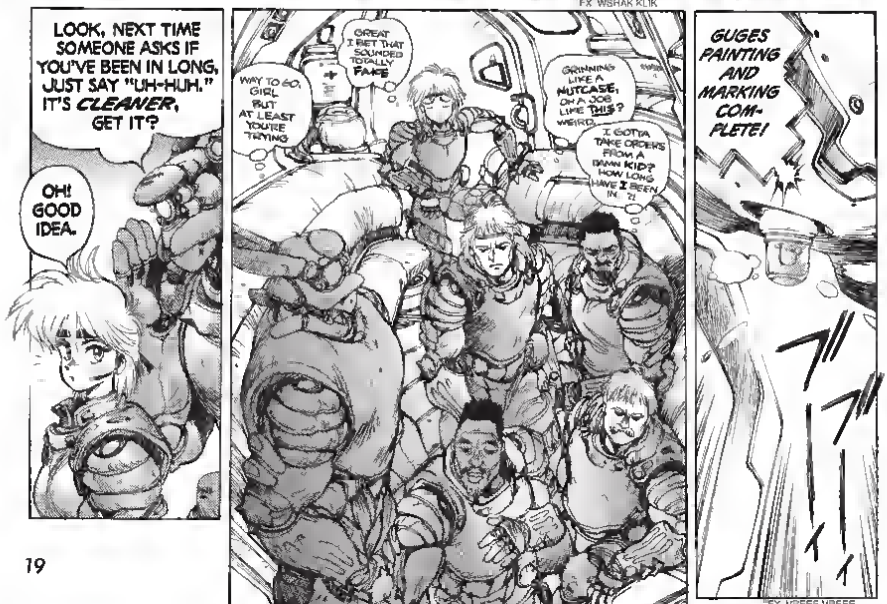
HERE'S THE SITREP.
IN TWENTY MINUTES WE'LL BE IN POSITION ABOVE AN ARMS SMUGGLER--A CARGO SHIP.
THEY'VE TRACKED HER FROM SPAIN, WITH A STOP IN LISBON.
NOW THEY'RE UNDER ESWAT, STANDING BY.
A REGULAR SWAT TEAM'S TAGGING HER IN A SUBMERSIBLE. THEY WERE SUPPOSED TO GO IN WHEN SHE CONTACTED HER OLYMPUS CLIENT.
ESWAT

THERE'S OUR QUARRY, OFF A RECONSAT FEED.
FOURTEEN MINUTES AGO, SOMEONE INFILTRATED THE TARGET.
WHOA NOT SWAT..?
OUR FRIEND HERE LOOKS LIKE A CYBORG BUILT FROM THEIR PARTS.
YOU REMEMBER THOSE THREE MISSING FRENCH EMBASSY SP...?
HMMM
KCHAK
...AND TAKE THIS CREEP OUR-SELVES?
SO WE LEAVE THE ARMS TO SWAT...
SUCKS, BUT BETTER THAN HAVING THE SWAT BOYS SCREWING UP THE CAMERA INSERTION.
NONE. AND WE'VE LOST TRACK OF THE QUARRY, TOO.
ANY INTERIOR VIDEO OR SHIP SCHEMATICS?
DAMN! A SECURO MODEL PEEPER!
←05MM ROUNDS
07MM X 35MM X 42

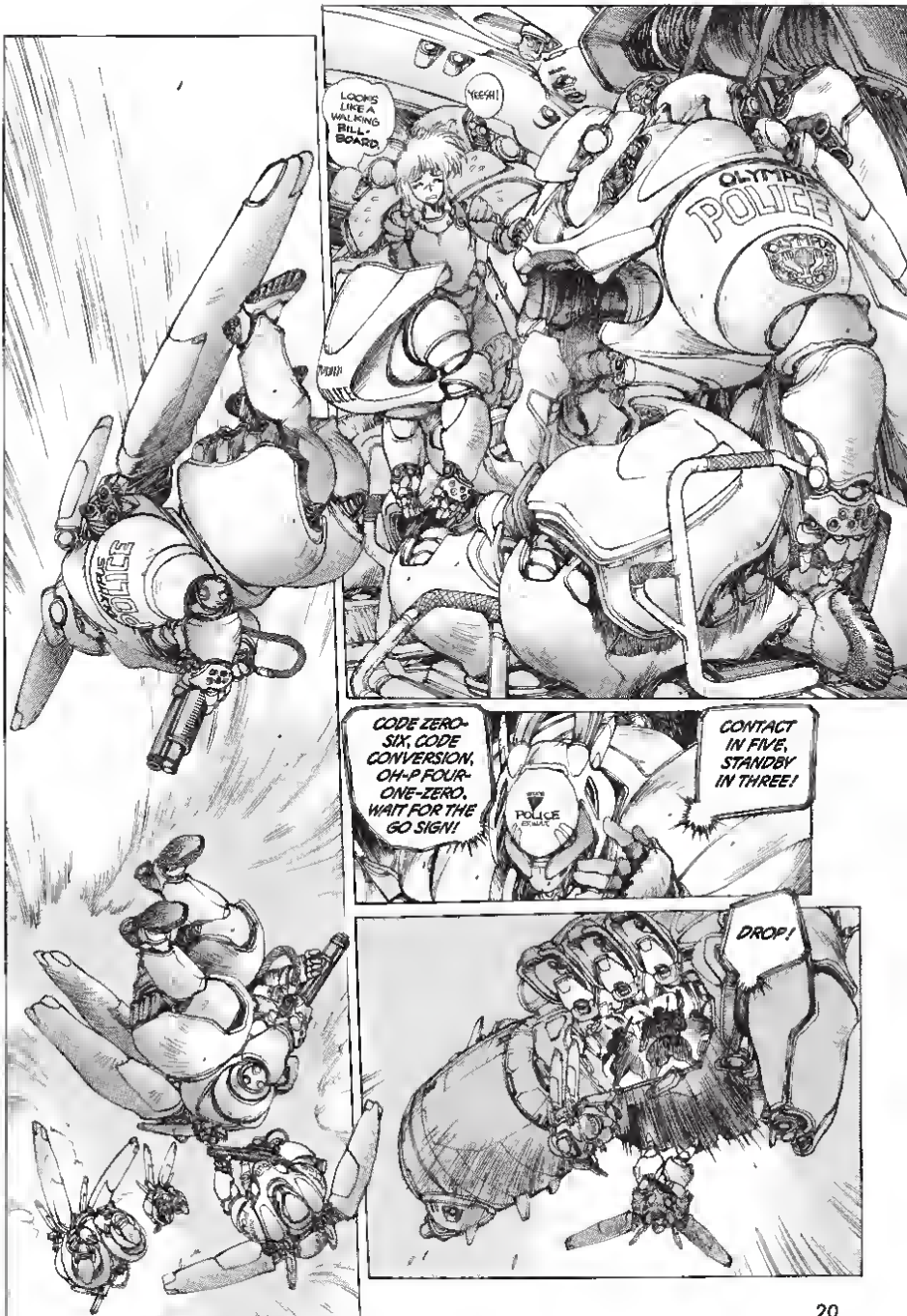
THE QUARRY LEAVES TWO DIFFERENT TRACKS. NIMBLE, VERY TECHNICAL. BE CAREFUL.
YEAH... AND A CERTAIN EMBASSY STINKS BAD. BUT IT'S THE OLD DIPLOMATIC IMMUNITY DODGE.
DID THEY CHECK THE BLACK MARKET MECHS AND CHOPSHOPS WHEN THOSE GUYS WENT MISSING?


OH, RIGHT! I'D JUST ENLISTED. SO...ONE YEAR AND FOUR MONTHS? ANYWAY, I'M ZANNAH, AND HE'S ACCEPTOR. GOOD TO MEET YOU.
WASN'T THAT YOU HAVING IT OUT WITH LANCE AND THE FIELD COMMANDER IN '27?
NOVEMBER? THE TRAINING GROUND...?
HAHN...?
HAVEN'T SEEN YOU GUYS BEFORE. BEEN IN LONG?

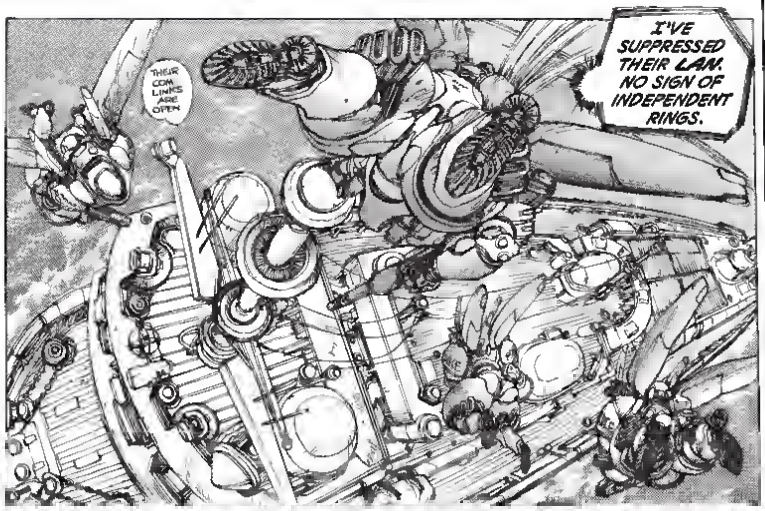
FX WSHAK KLIK


LOOK, NEXT TIME SOMEONE ASKS IF YOU'VE BEEN IN LONG, JUST SAY "UH-HUH." IT'S CLEANER, GET IT?
OH! GOOD IDEA.
GREAT. I BET THAT SOUNDED TOTALLY FAKE.
WAY TO GO, GIRL. BUT AT LEAST YOU'RE TRYING.
GRINNING LIKE A NUTCASE. ON A JOB LIKE THIS? WEIRD.
I GOTTA TAKE ORDERS FROM A BRAIN KID? HOW LONG HAVE I BEEN IN...?
GUGES PAINTING AND MARKING COMPLETE!

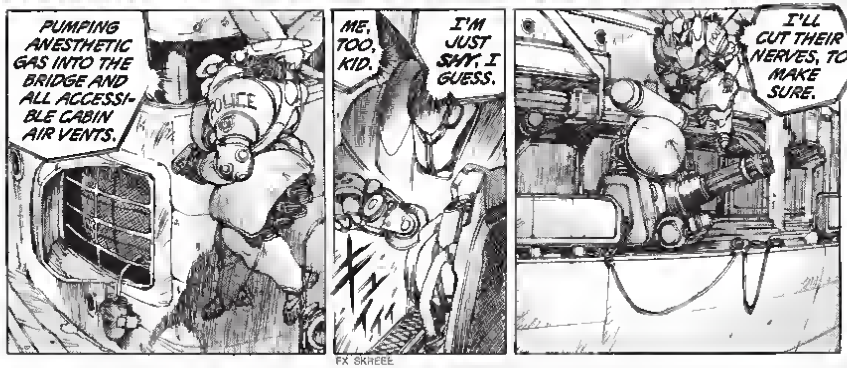
FX VREEE VREEE


LOOKS LIKE A WALKING BILL-BOARD.
YEEAH!
OLYMPUS POLICE
POLICE
CODE ZERO-SIX, CODE CONVERSION, OH-P FOUR-ONE-ZERO, WAIT FOR THE GO SIGN!
POLICE
CONTACT IN FIVE, STANDBY IN THREE!
DROP!

109 TO 113, SEC-CHAN.
ROGER, 48. WIND NNE, 5 KNOTS.
48 TO 113... LOST SYNCH BETWEEN THE HI-FREQ COIL AND HERMES DRIVER. CUTTING POWER TO UNIT, WILL DEPLOY PARAFOIL.
I DON'T KNOW IF HE'LL OFFLOAD OR JUST HIJACK THE WHOLE SHEBANG, BUT SHOULDN'T WE TAIL HIM TO HIS PALS?
SO THE QUARRY'S AFTER THE SMUGGLED WEAPONS? IS THAT OUR LINE, BRI?
IF HE SHAKES US, WE'RE SCREWED. SO... BETTER NOT.
CONSID-ERED IT. BUT WE'RE AT SEA, RIGHT?
WASH YOUR MOUTH OUT, DEJINAN.
OKAY OKAY, BY THE DAMN RULES, THEN
POLICE

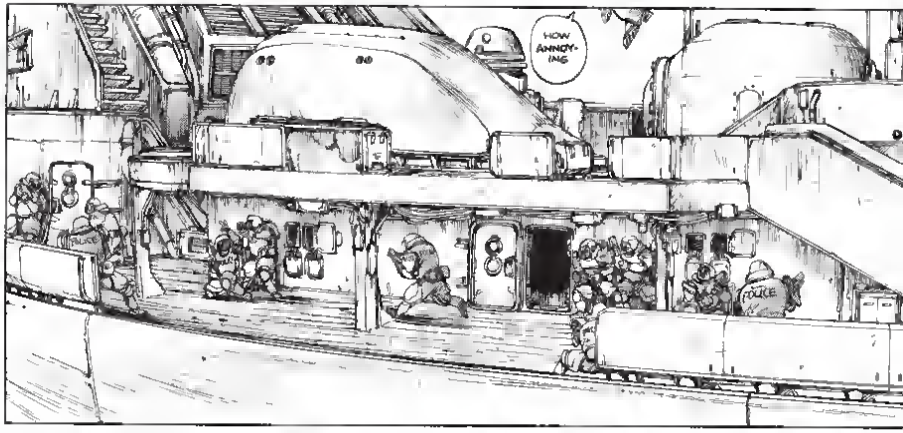

THEIR COM LINKS ARE OFFLINE
I'VE SUPPRESSED THEIR LAN. NO SIGN OF INDEPENDENT RINGS.

FX FWAP


PUMPING ANESTHETIC GAS INTO THE BRIDGE AND ALL ACCESSIBLE CABIN AIR VENTS.
POLICE
ME, TOO, KID.
I'M JUST SHY, I GUESS.
I'LL CUT THEIR NERVES, TO MAKE SURE.
FX SKREEE

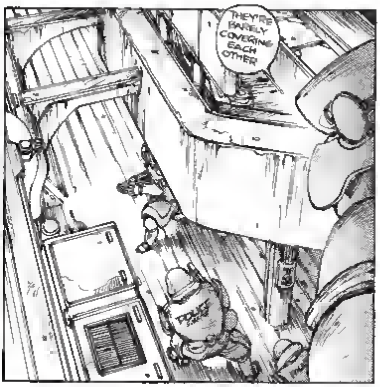
SUITEN LISBON LINE
POLICE
PARTY TIME!
POLICE
FX WHEEOOOS !!!

DID I TRIP AN ALARM?
NO SIGN OF IT.
NEGATIVE ON THE OL' NERVE CUTTING. THEY'RE WRAPPED IN ULTRA-ARAMID FIBER.
WHAT'S WRONG?!
AH?!
FX: VRRZZK
FX: HAAAA
WHA-?!
FX: THUK

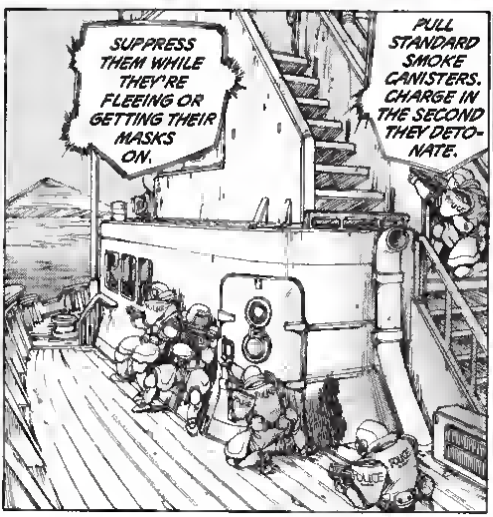

HOW ANNOYING
POLICE

WE'RE SITTING DUCKS FOR AN ANTI-TANK GUN.
JUST FLOATING OUT HERE?

PROVIDE FIRE SUPPORT THROUGH THE BULKHEADS IF NECESSARY.
92, MONITOR THE ENGINE ROOM AND HOLD TEAMS' CAMERAS. 74, THE CABIN TEAM. 109, MONITOR THE BRIDGE TEAM.
PATIENCE DEUNAN
POLICE


THEY'RE BARELY COVERING EACH OTHER
POLICE

ALL TEAMS IN POSITION!
POLICE
S.W.A.T


SUPPRESS THEM WHILE THEY'RE FLEEING OR GETTING THEIR MASKS ON.
PULL STANDARD SMOKE CANISTERS. CHARGE IN THE SECOND THEY DETONATE.
POLICE
FIRE

ESWAT 109 TO SWAT CAM-UNIT! YOU'RE NOT SET ON IFR!
OOPS! SORRY!
BEEP
POLICE

ENJOY IT-- I DON'T THINK WE'RE CUT OUT FOR COMMAND DUTY.
I DIDN'T KNOW YOU HAD ANY SECRET DESIRES.
HEH HEH... ONCE, JUST ONCE, I WANTED TO SAY THIS...
POLICE
E.S.W.A.T.
GO!
ALL UNITS... SET!
*FX CHAK
Aw SHIT!
*KROF K*OF K*OF

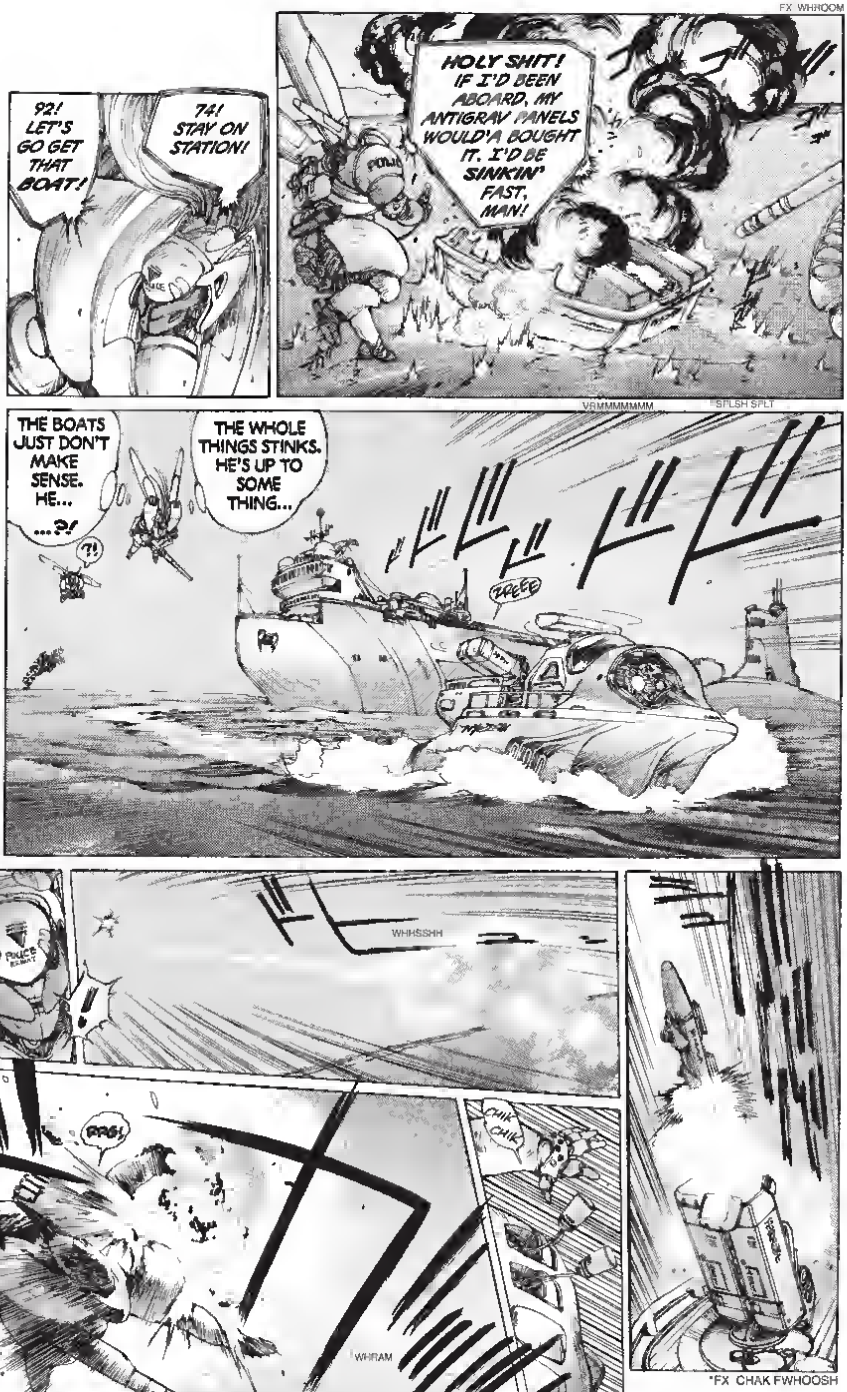
*FX KOFF KOFF HKK KHF
DID YOU UNDO THE LOCK?
HURRY! I PULLED THE PIN!
SQUAD LEADER! THE DOOR WON'T OPEN! REQUEST SHAPED CHARGE AUTHORIZATION!
POLICE
POLICE!
DON'T MOVE!
TAKE COVER UNLESS YOU WANT A FACE FULL OF SHRAPNEL!
ARE ALL THESE GUYS IDIOTS?!
FX SPAKK
FX SPITT
WOW...THE SECONDARIES PENETRATE! SHIPS ARE SURE FLIMSY...
BET I COULD TAKE OUT A WALL WITH MY SIDEARM GOING
*KSHOOM
*PEW!
*TKOW!
*PWOW!
SPAKKASPAKKA
109! IT'LL PENETRATE FULL-DEPTH! WATCH YOUR ANGLE!

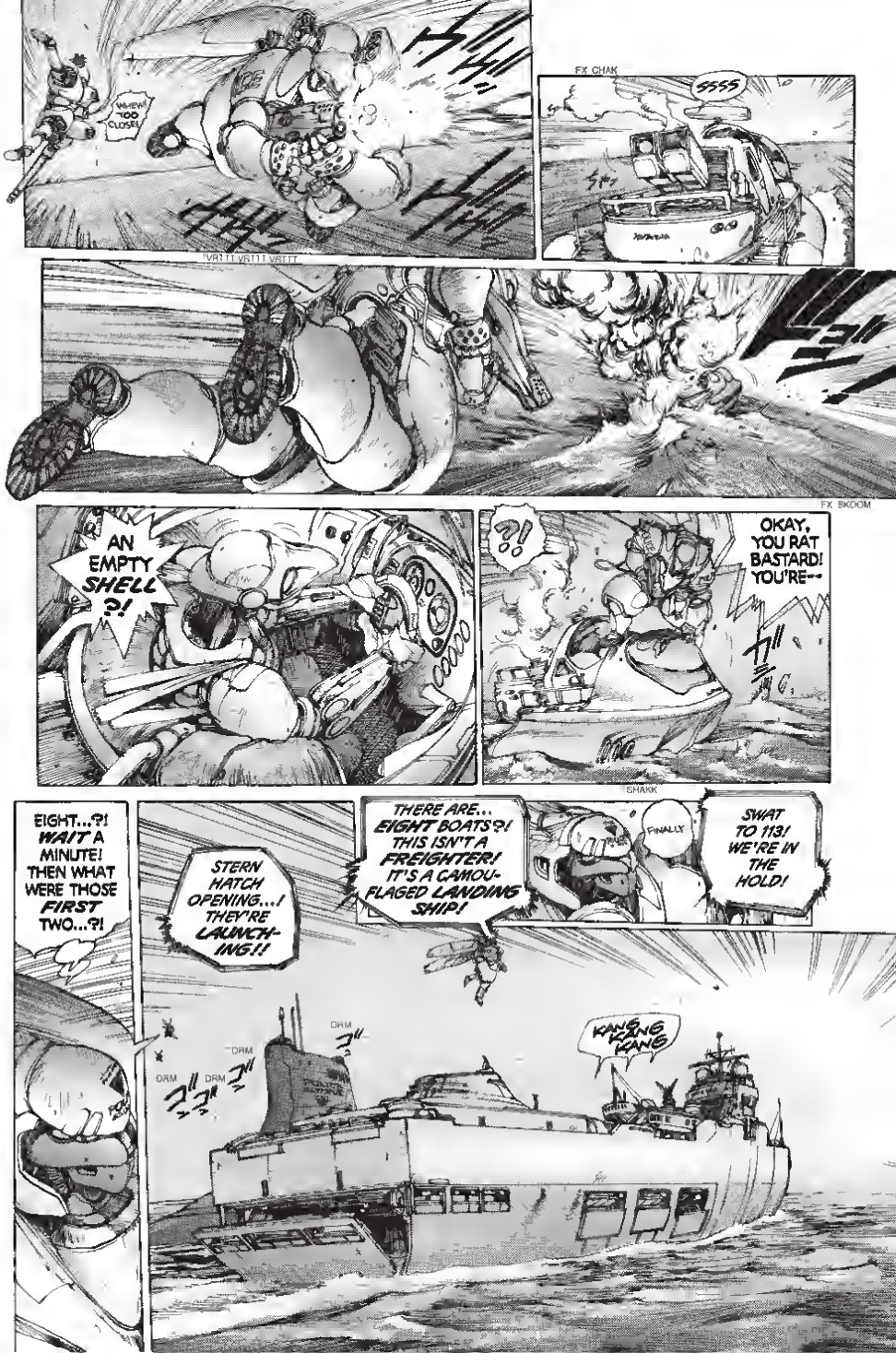
WHOA!
?!
POLICE
WH... WHAT ABOUT MY GRENADE?!
WANNA SKIP THE CHARGE...?
FX FWHDD PHUTT FH JTT
113 TO ALL GUGES-- MONITOR LINE TWO.
YEAH.
92 TO 113. ARE YOU GETTING THE VID FROM THE HOLD...?
POLICE ESWAT
109 TO 113! I'LL POP AND RECON. WATCH MY GUGES!
ROGER. BE CARE-FUL!
I THINK OUR BOY IS LONG GONE, BRIAREOS.
HMM...
HIS WORK?

*FX PAT PAT
BE A GOOD BOY, NOW! ♡
*SHAKSSHH
*CHKK
HEY! YOU TWO!!
GIVE ME AN ESCORT!
I DON'T WANT YOUR TAILS SHOOTING AT ME!
?!
THAT VOICE... THAT FRAME... IT'S THAT POISON-TONGUE DAME!
YES, MA'AM!
POLICE SWAT
...
KRANGG
92, COVER ME! 74, STAND BY! IT'S PROBABLY A DECOY, BUT...
*FX KBLOOSH
*FX VREEEEE

109 TO 113... I'VE GOT A BAD FEELING ...
IT WON'T BE THE QUARRY! LET'S JUST TAKE IT!
SMUGGLER FLEES, FIGHTS BACK WITH HEAVY WEAPONS. IT HAPPENS. STAY IN ITS DEAD ZONE.
FX WHISSH
IF YOU WERE IN HIS POSITION, WHAT WOULD YOU DO?
JUDGING FROM THE TRACKS AND SHELL CASINGS I SAW IN THE SP FILE, THIS GUY'S REAL TROUBLE.
HASN'T THE HOLD TEAM REACHED THE LIFE-BOATS YET?
I'D SEND LIFEBOATS IN ALL DIRECTIONS, DISPERSE US...
GUESS I WON'T JUST CHARGE IN THERE IN MY GUGES.
NO. I STILL HEAR GUNFIRE... BAD NEWS.
DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT HE'S PACKING.
POLICE

FX: SHAKK
DOESN'T LOOK LIKE WARNING SHOTS WILL STOP HIM...
ROGER!
IT SEEMS MORE INTO RUNNING THAN FIGHTING... SEE IF YOU CAN CUT THE POWER BEFORE THEY LAUNCH MORE BOATS.
FX: VZZZ VZZZ
ROGER--
74 TO 113! A HIGH-SPEED BOAT JUST LEFT THE SHIP -- AND I SAW OUR QUARRY AT THE HELM!
BACK ME UP IF HE SHOOTS A SUBROC OR SOMETHING.
FX: VREEE
SNIK
WHKOOM
AHH!

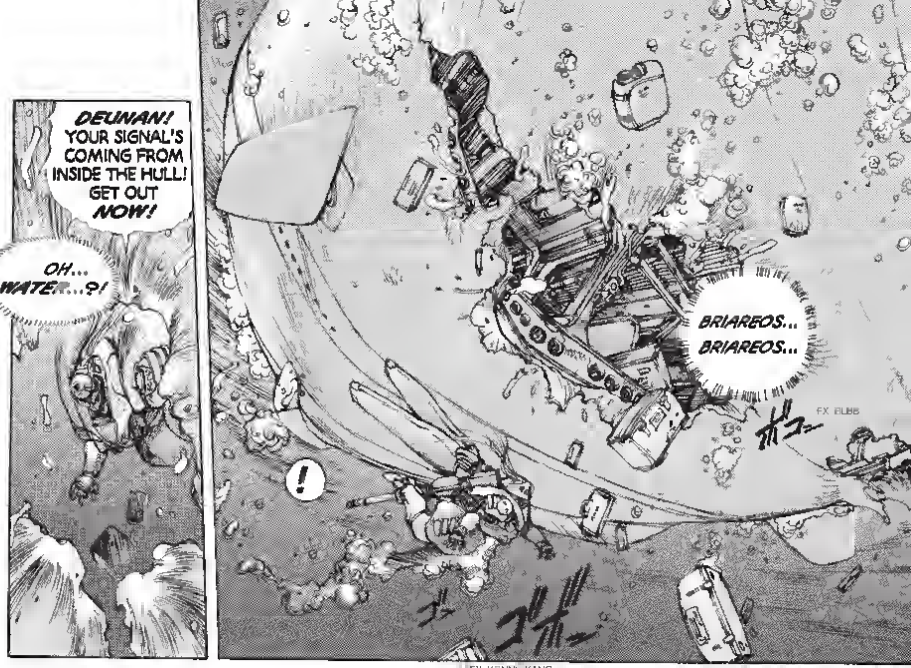

92! LET'S GO GET THAT BOAT!
74! STAY ON STATION!
HOLY SHIT! IF I'D BEEN ABOARD, MY ANTIGRAV PANELS WOULD'A BOUGHT IT. I'D BE SINKIN' FAST, MAN!
FX WHROOM
VRUMMMMMM
SPLSH SPLT
THE BOATS JUST DON'T MAKE SENSE. HE...
...?!
?!
THE WHOLE THINGS STINKS. HE'S UP TO SOME THING...
ZREEE
POLICE ROBOT
!
WHHSSHH
RRR!
CHIK CHIK
WHRAM
*FX CHAK FWHOOSH

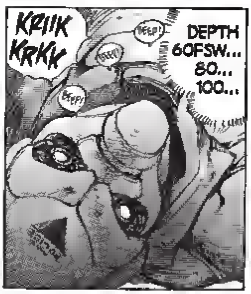

WHOA!! TOO CLOSE!
FX CHAK
SSSS
VRTTT VRTTT VRTTT
FX BKOOM
AN EMPTY SHELL ?!
?!
OKAY, YOU RAT BASTARD! YOU'RE--
SHAKK
EIGHT...?! WAIT A MINUTE! THEN WHAT WERE THOSE FIRST TWO...?!
STERN HATCH OPENING...! THEY'RE LAUNCH-ING!!
THERE ARE... EIGHT BOATS?! THIS ISN'T A FREIGHTER! IT'S A CAMOU-FLAGED LANDING SHIP!
FINALLY
SWAT TO 113! WE'RE IN THE HOLD!
DRM
DRM
DRM
DRM
KANG KANG KANG

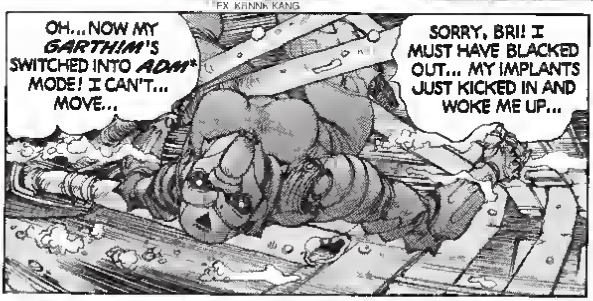
DAMN! 92! 74! 109! TAKE OUT THEIR ENGINES, OUTERMOST BOATS FIRST! TWO-MAN UNITS! SWAT, ALERT THE-?!
FX: VRMMM VRMMM
FX: WHRMRRR
FX: BKRROOOM
FX: WHRLOOSH RMEEE
WHAT TH-
AUGHH !!
HE'S SINKING THE SHIP!
TRICKED !!

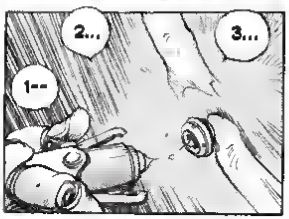
SRRAK
WHBLOOSHH
DEUNAN
!!
FX: KLANGG
FX: W-WOOOM
FX: VMMBB RUMBB

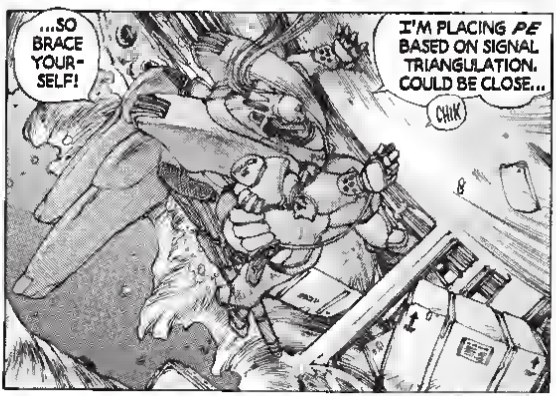
109!
109!
The submersible has its hands full just getting clear of the sinking ship
WE'VE LOST CONTACT WITH THE SUB!
FORGET THE BOATS! RESCUE THE SWAT TEAMS!
SAVE AS MANY AS YOU CAN! WHATEVER IT TAKES!
FX RUDDUDDHHH






OH... NOW MY GARTHIM'S SWITCHED INTO ADM* MODE! I CAN'T... MOVE...
SORRY, BRI! I MUST HAVE BLACKED OUT... MY IMPLANTS JUST KICKED IN AND WOKE ME UP...





Implants: Standard ESWAT issue micromachines. They reside in the blood stream to produce antidotes, viral protection, and emergency medical intervention

**ADM—Atmospheric Diving Mode. Her suit's shock resistant material is responding to the water pressure. At the maximum design depth of 400FSW the body is exposed to pressures equivalent to those about 20FSW—but there's no need to surface immediately, which is truly convenient. However, the difficulty in breathing could cause oxygen deprivation*

FX WHMPH
YOU OKAY?!
EH?! REALLY?
YOU SURFACE FIRST!
THANKS TO MY PRINCE...
FX FWHRTT
IDIOT! 165 FEET AND DROPPING! DOES YOUR VEST STILL WORK?!
NOT A VERY CLASSY ENTRANCE, WAS IT...?

FX: VREEEE

FX: KCHAK WHSKK

SAY...!

COULDN'T BE THE *BENDS*... NOT DOWN LONG ENOUGH.

SQUEEZE..?

DAMN...MY INDEX FINGER'S TINGLING, CLEAR TO THE WRIST.

FX: FWHOOOSHH

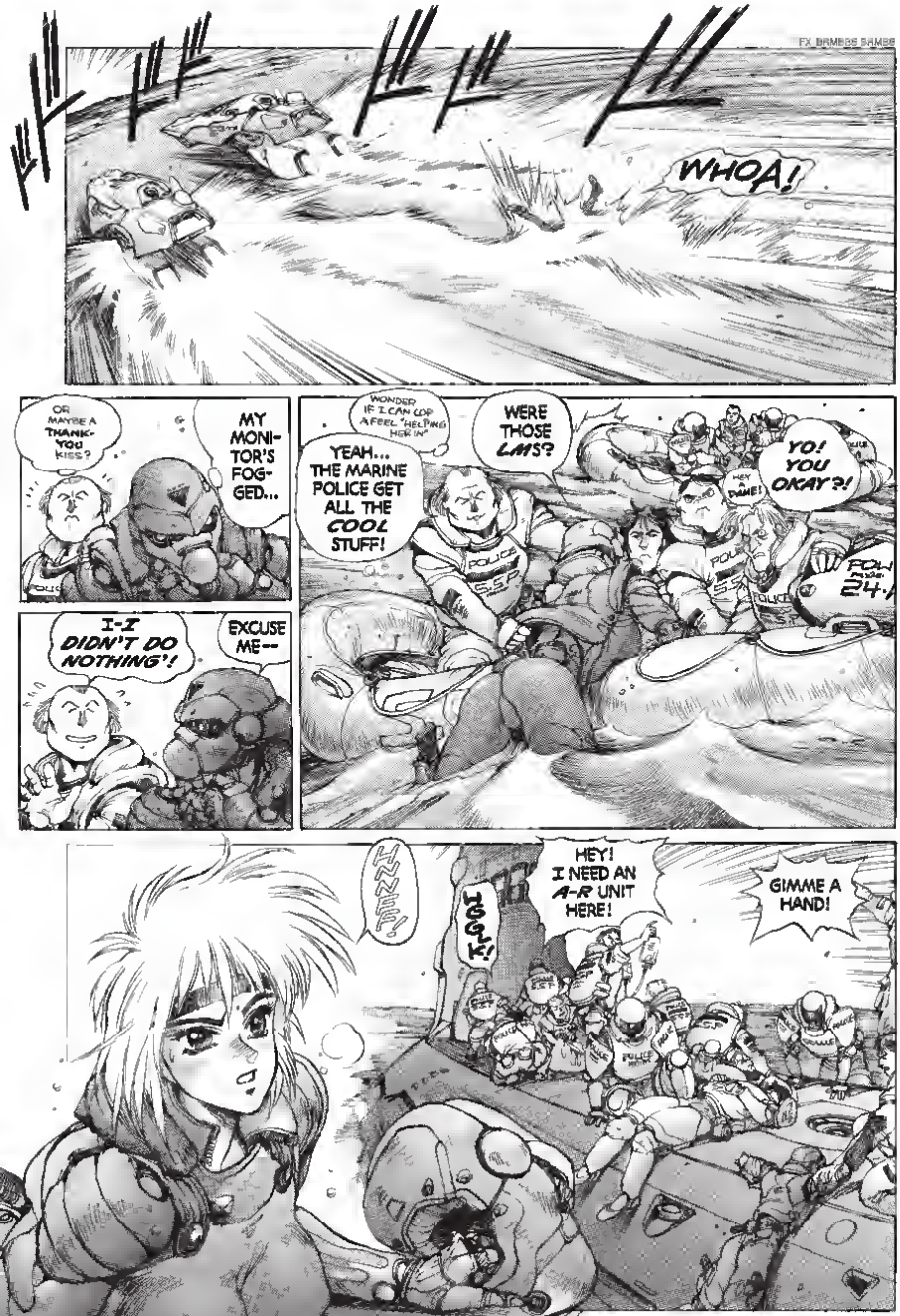
FX: SPL...SH

POLICE OLYMPUS

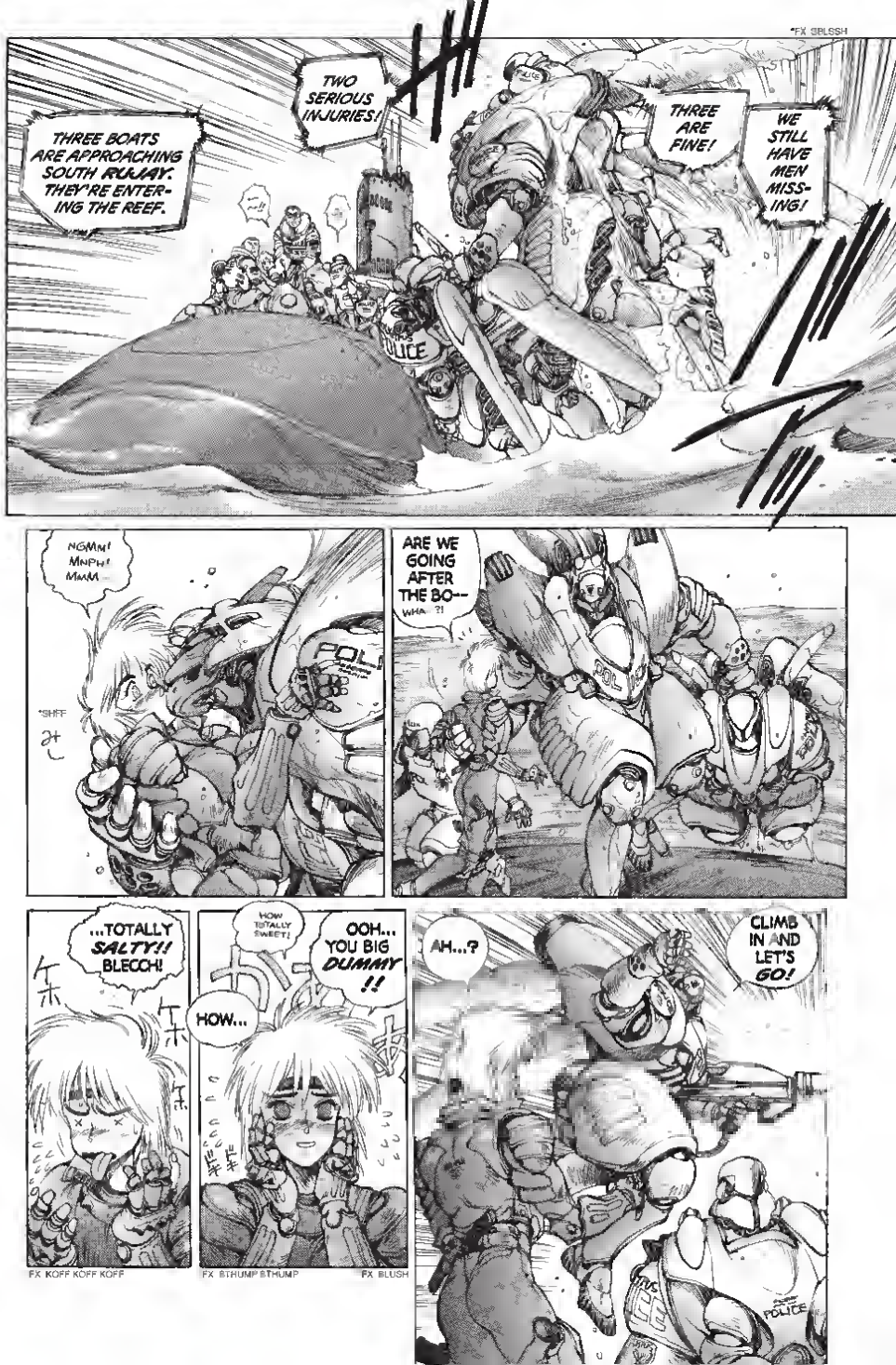
YEEK!!

POLICE OLYMPUS

The present JSDF Steinke Hood submarine escape device surfaces at 400FPM, so it would take about 30 seconds from a depth of 165FSW. Actually, she should extend one arm over her head and rotate to check for obstacles as she ascends



A-R Artificial Respiration


*FX SPLSSH
THREE BOATS ARE APPROACHING SOUTH RUJAY. THEY'RE ENTERING THE REEF.
TWO SERIOUS INJURIES!
THREE ARE FINE!
WE STILL HAVE MEN MISSING!
NGMM! MNPH! MMM
*SHFF
ARE WE GOING AFTER THE BO--
WHA ?!
...TOTALLY SALTY!! BLECCH!
HOW TOTALLY SWEET!
OOH... YOU BIG DUMMY!!
HOW...
AH...?
CLIMB IN AND LET'S GO!
*FX KOFF KOFF KOFF
*FX BTHUMP BTHUMP
*FX BLUSH

FX: FSSHHAK
FX: BRRRR
FX: VREEE GCHNK
NOT EVADING... NOT FIGHT-ING...?!
FX: SPAK SPAK
FX: BUDDA BUDDA

THIS IS THE POLICE! YOUR BOAT IS SINKING... PUT DOWN YOUR WEAPONS AND ABANDON SHIP!
POLICE
YOU THINK HE'S ON THE LIFE-BOAT?!
THE TIDE'S GOT IT... IT'S DRIFTING ASHORE AT KITASUITEN BEACH.
113 TO SUB... WHERE'S THAT FIRST LIFEBOAT? THE ONE THAT BLEW UP?!
FX GRMMMES
CHAK
GUESS WE WERE RIGHT.
THE PROP IS STILL TURNING... HAND CRANKED? NO MOTOR NOISE...
YEAH. COUNTING ON DEPTH AND DISTANCE.
!

By "depth and distance," Bri means that it's too shallow to approach the boat from underwater, while the threat of more anti-aircraft weaponry would keep pursuers at a distance. Moreover, the suspect knows that they want an arrest, and won't shoot to kill. So it all seems too deliberate to be pure chance.

FX: HMMMHH
SUB TO 113... TWO MORE BOATS EMPTY DECOYS. STILL PURSUING THREE.
92 TO 113... THIS TUB'S EMPTY! OVER.
ROGER, 92 OVER.
POLICE SWAT
I'LL TAKE THE LAND SIDE. DON'T KILL HIM!
SUPPRESSION BEFORE THERE'S ANY COLLATERAL.
NO SENSE WASTING WARNING SHOTS, HUH?
FX: SKRSSHH
FX: GRSSH GRSSH
FX: GRSSH GRSSH GRSSH

The props rotate 90 degrees to work as wheels

*FX KISH
*FX SKRASSH
*FX SHFF
*FX GRRSH KRNCH
*FX FWHT
FX FWHAM
*FX FWHAMM
*FX SKAUSSHH

HUH? IT DIDN'T TRANSLATE INTO FRENCH! IS MY TRANSCHIP ON THE FRITZ...?
HALT WHERE YOU ARE!! ONE MOVE AND IT'S THE SCRAPYARD!
!
AND TOO BAD IF YOU HIT A LIMB OR TWO... RIGHT?
WELL, I'LL TRY A "WARNING SHOT."
...THE QUARRY SEEMS TO WANT ONE.
WE DON'T WANT A FIGHT, BUT...
FX SPAK SPHAK
KCHOOM
RIGHT. I'LL BE EVER SO CAREFUL.

Bri's assumed French would be the appropriate **lingua franca** since the quarry's come up from West Africa

FX WHKOOM
WAKEY, WAKEY!
FX BKAM SPAK
FWHTT
*WHSHIK
!
HEY!

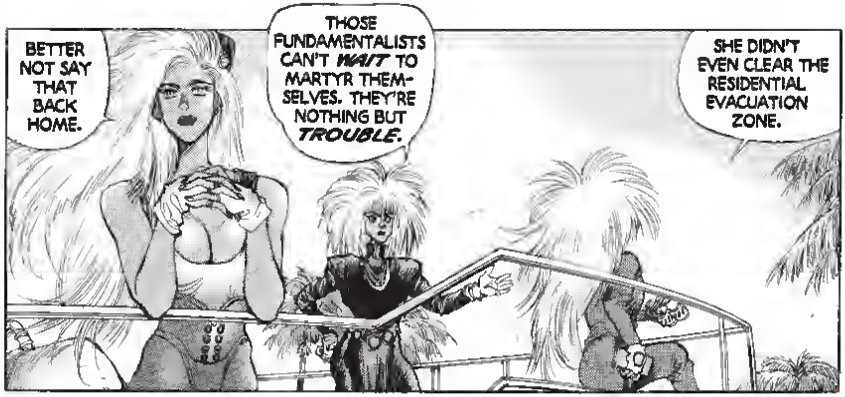
WHOSH
FX WHSHHK
FWHAM
KRAK
OLYMPUS
POLICE
?
SHAK
OLYMPUS
POLICE
WHSSH
FWDD

FWHSSH
VREEE
KSHAK
KSHANG
WHDD
OLYMPUS
OH MY!
SPAK
AK SPAK
FX FWHTT
It's hard to tell in the central panels, but the first whip stroke and the second attack (the backhash from the first stroke), don't move across the same plane of attack. The tip traces a light curve, like drop of water.

SHE'S NO DECOY-- SHE'S A DAMN MARTYR! WHAT A PAIN IN THE ASS...
I HATE THOSE GUYS
*FX. SPAK SPAK
FWHPP
DAMN!!
DEUNAN! FALL BACK! SHE MAY BLOW!
SSHHCHOK

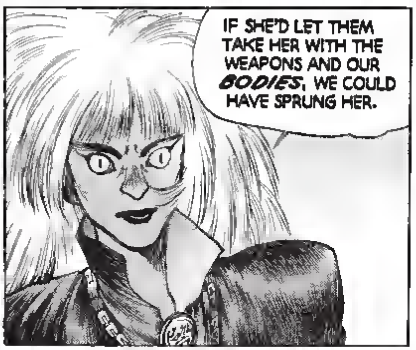
*FX WHSSH
FX KANG
SHAK
*FX FWAF FWOP
HUH?
*FX THUD
*FX KRAK KRAK KRAK KRAK
JUST NEED TO TAKE OUT THOSE WIRE-SPINNERS...
CLINK
*KESH
THE EXPLOSION'S NEXT WEEK.
NOPE.
THE SPINNERS ARE STILL ACTIVE, SO BE CAREFUL.
WHOA... NICE SHOOTIN', ZANNAH!
MAN, THAT IS NASTY...
*SPAK
SPAK
FWHIT
SPAK

Bri means "as seen by the Olympus value system."
AS "WE" SEE IT...YES. ..... ANYWAY...92! CHECK HER "CARGO."
FORGET IT-- SHE'S A FRIGGIN' SUICIDE, MAN!
DAMN IT... I FEEL LIKE SHIT.
NO. AND SHE STILL TOOK A CRAPLOAD OF TIME.
IT WASN'T SHE WHO LEFT THOSE EMBASSY FOOT-PRINTS. HMM...
....
WHAT'S GOING ON HERE BRI ?!

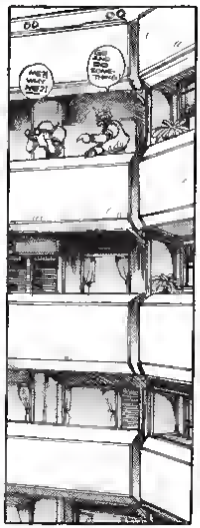

BETTER NOT SAY THAT BACK HOME.
THOSE FUNDAMENTALISTS CAN'T *WAIT* TO MARTYR THEMSELVES. THEY'RE NOTHING BUT *TROUBLE.*
SHE DIDN'T EVEN CLEAR THE RESIDENTIAL EVACUATION ZONE.

SAY... ISN'T THAT...?!
HMPH... *MORE* SIGHTSEERS.
WHAT DO YOU MEAN "WHAT FOR"...?!

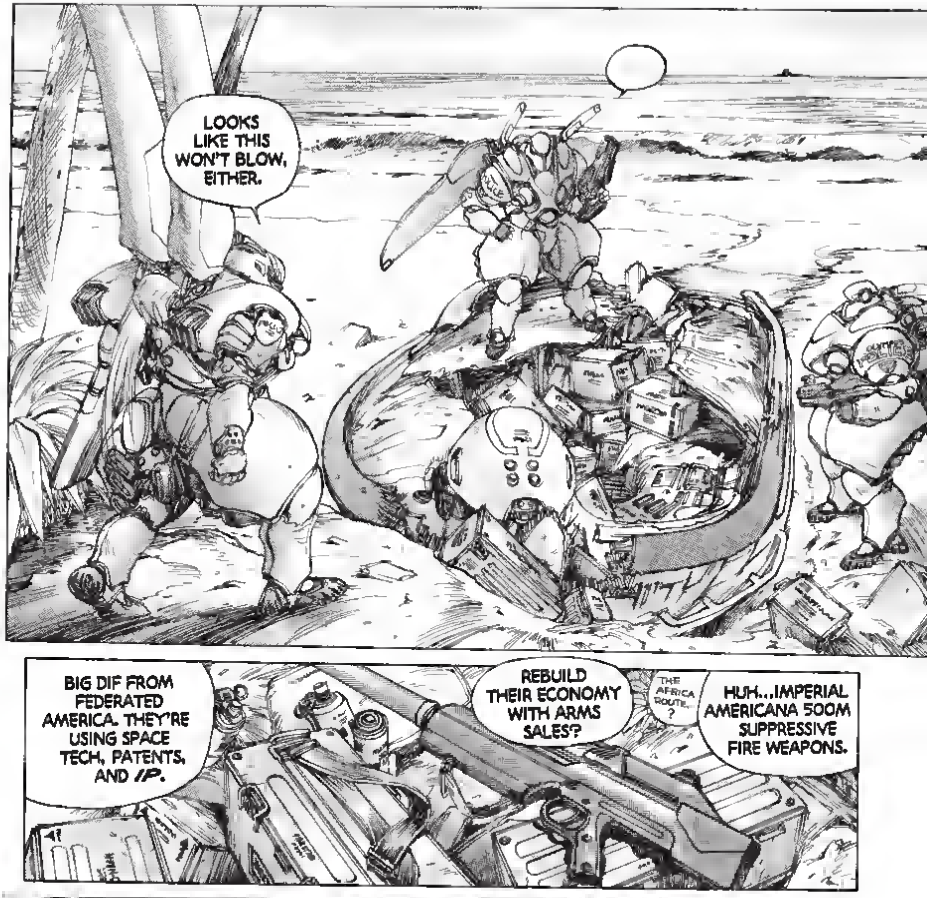
WHAT FOR?

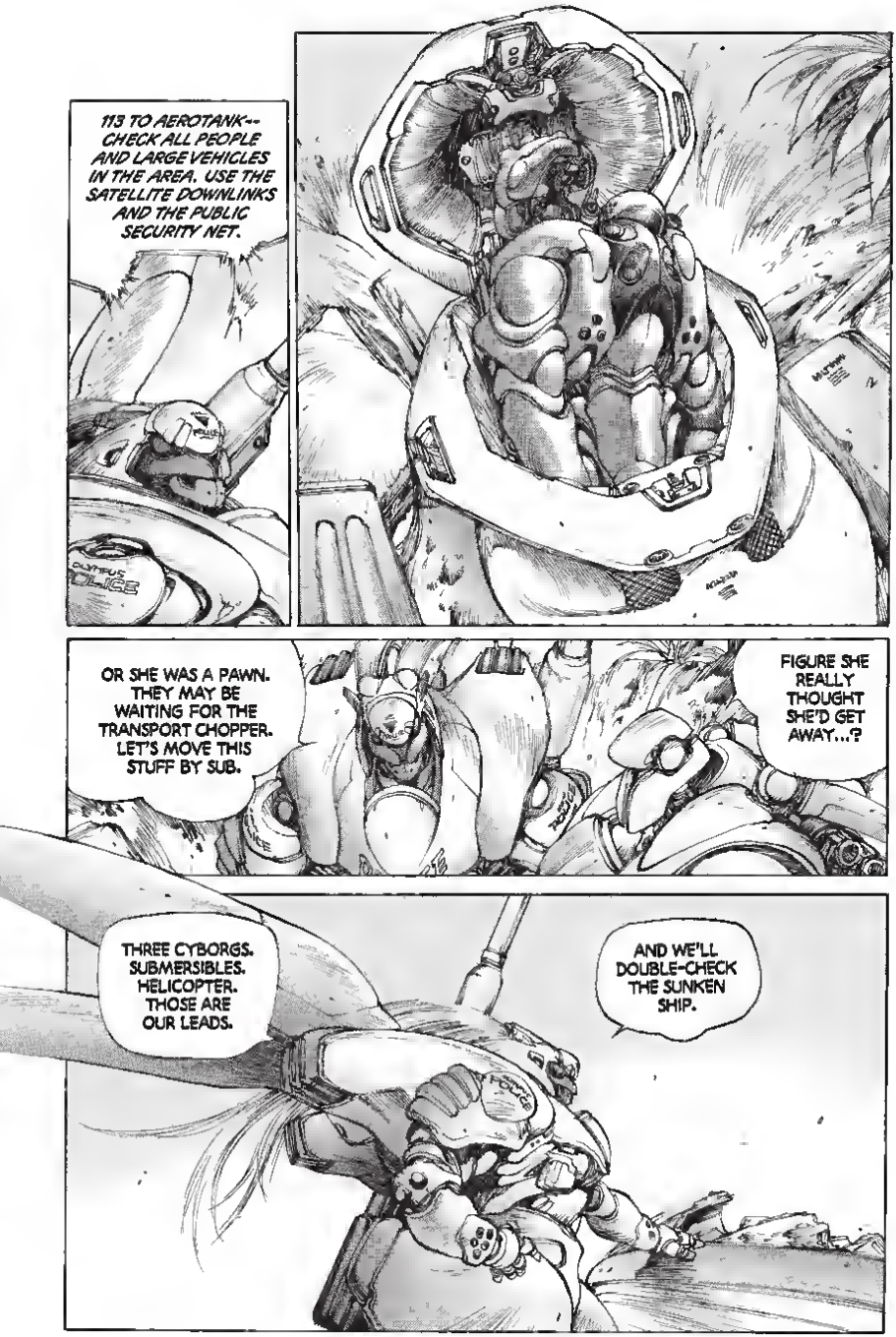

IF SHE'D LET THEM TAKE HER WITH THE WEAPONS AND OUR *BODIES*, WE COULD HAVE SPRUNG HER.

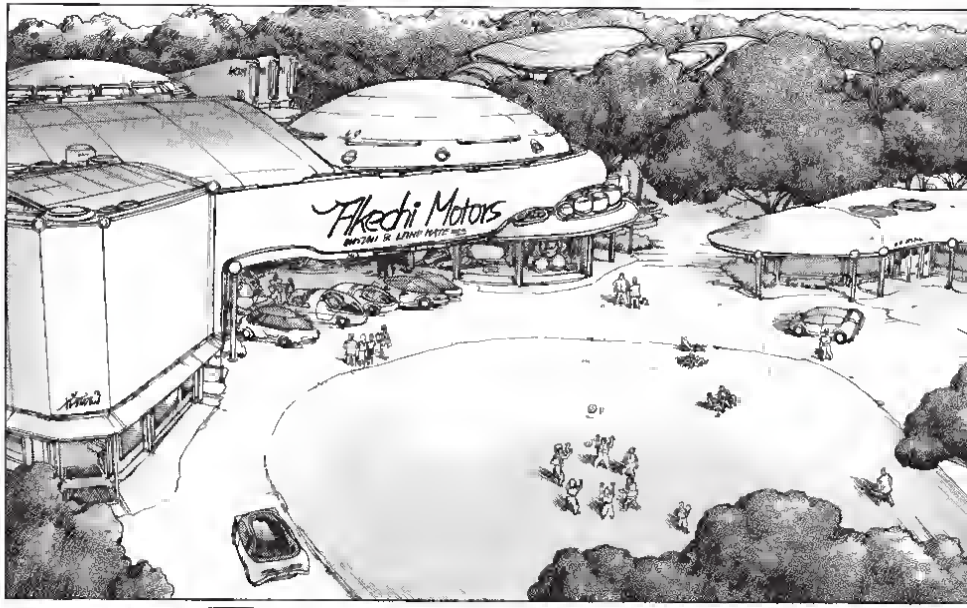
JUST THE SAME MODEL *CYBORG*...? NO...IT'S REALLY *HIM!*

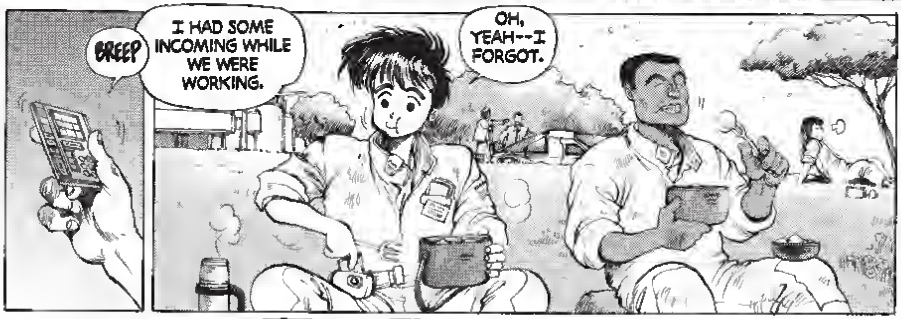


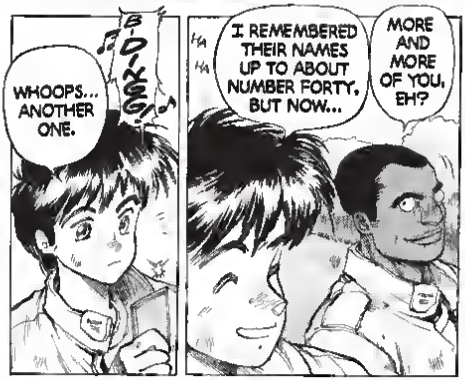
WELL, WELL... FANCY MEETING YOU HERE...
THE CHOPPER WON'T THEY LIFT IT OUT.
NAH TOO RISKY.
DON'T I KNOW IT.
HIM? SOKAK THE SAS GUY? YOU SEE HIM EVERYWHERE, GIRL.
SO...HE DIDN'T DIE. HE'S MADE OF LUCK.
NOT FOR LONG.
BUT FORGET HIM...AT LEAST UNTIL WE GET OUR COMBAT BODIES.
THEY MAY HAVE SPOTTED US, TOO.
IF SOKAK'S AFTER THE WEAPONS, I WANT TO BE RIGHT BEHIND YOU... DEAR.
I DO.
THEN WHO BACKS UP ENYO?
DEINOA. GO CHECK OUT THAT ONE COP WITH THE DIFFERENT BODY TYPE.


LOOKS LIKE THIS WON'T BLOW, EITHER.
BIG DIF FROM FEDERATED AMERICA. THEY'RE USING SPACE TECH, PATENTS, AND IP.
REBUILD THEIR ECONOMY WITH ARMS SALES?
THE AFRICA ROUTE...?
HUH...IMPERIAL AMERICANA 500M SUPPRESSIVE FIRE WEAPONS.
YEAH. AND THOSE ULTRAHARDENED SUITS ARE DEAD RINGERS FOR ORBITAL PLANT PRODUCTS.
THE THREE BIG CASES LOOK LIKE POSEIDON LUMINA CORP STUFF.


113 TO AEROTANK-- CHECK ALL PEOPLE AND LARGE VEHICLES IN THE AREA. USE THE SATELLITE DOWNLINKS AND THE PUBLIC SECURITY NET.
OLYMPUS POLICE
OR SHE WAS A PAWN. THEY MAY BE WAITING FOR THE TRANSPORT CHOPPER. LET'S MOVE THIS STUFF BY SUB.
FIGURE SHE REALLY THOUGHT SHE'D GET AWAY...?
THREE CYBORGS. SUBMERSIBLES. HELICOPTER. THOSE ARE OUR LEADS.
AND WE'LL DOUBLE-CHECK THE SUNKEN SHIP.



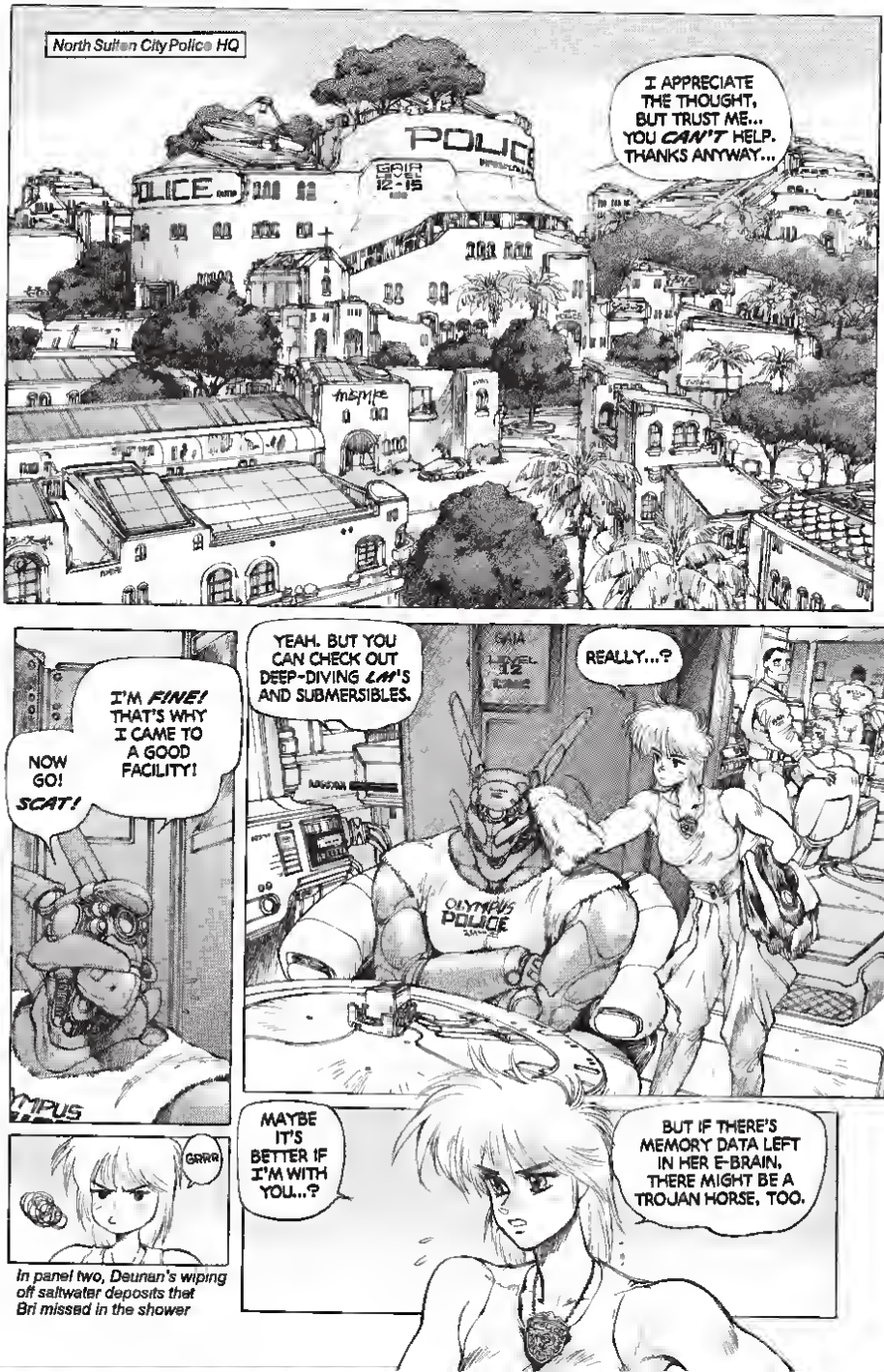




SAME OLD, SAME OLD.
THIS IS THE TARTARUS CRECHE, LETTING YOU KNOW YOU HAVE A NEW LITTLE BROTHER! FOR DETAILS, SELECT LINE ZERO-ZERO-TWO-ONE.
B-DING!
-KLIK-
BEEP
BEEP
BEEP

The three sounds in panel four are "MEMORY ONE," "ERASE," and "RUN." Also, note that Akechi Motors has expanded, with a shot in the arm from auto sales

DOOM
ANYWAY, HONEY... MR. GARCIA, THE MAN I'VE BEEN SUPERVISING, IS IN THE HOSPIT--AHH!! I SAID NO!! NO!! SO, WATCH THE KIDS, 'KAY? I'LL BRING THEM RIGHT OVER!
THUD
VANGG
SKRASH
EEK!
YOSHITSUNE, DEAR? IT'S ME, HITO-- OUCH! STOP THAT!
WHAM SKRASH
NYEE HEE HEE!
Hitech motors
HOME SWEET
?
MIYAMOTO...!!
YOU'RE ABOUT TO FIND OUT PERSONALLY JUST HOW ROUGH!!
SOUNDS ROUGH. POOR GIRL.
THAT'S TOO WEIRD! DID YOU CHECK THE BILL OF LADING?!
HE'S OUT TODAY. ANYWAY, THE CLIENT JUST CALLED, AND HE'S SPITTING MAD. SAYS HE'S GOTTEN THE BILL, BUT NO LANDMATE!
OH, RIGHT...THAT HECATOMBE. I FINISHED IT LAST WEEK. DID YOU ASK RAYMOND IN ACCOUNTING?
YOU HANDLED PRESTON'S RED LM, RIGHT? WHAT HAPPENED TO IT?
WANT SOME HELP?
HEY! NO FAIR!!
HA HA HA HA HA
I'VE GOT AN URGENT MEETING AT CYBERCRAFT. SORRY, KID, BUT LOOK AFTER IT, OKAY?!


North Sultan City Police HQ
POLICE
I APPRECIATE THE THOUGHT, BUT TRUST ME... YOU CAN'T HELP. THANKS ANYWAY...
I'M FINE! THAT'S WHY I CAME TO A GOOD FACILITY!
NOW GO! SCAT!
YEAH. BUT YOU CAN CHECK OUT DEEP-DIVING LAB'S AND SUBMERSIBLES.
REALLY...?
OLYMPUS POLICE
GRRR
MAYBE IT'S BETTER IF I'M WITH YOU...?
BUT IF THERE'S MEMORY DATA LEFT IN HER E-BRAIN, THERE MIGHT BE A TROJAN HORSE, TOO.

In panel two, Deunan's wiping off saltwater deposits that Bri missed in the shower

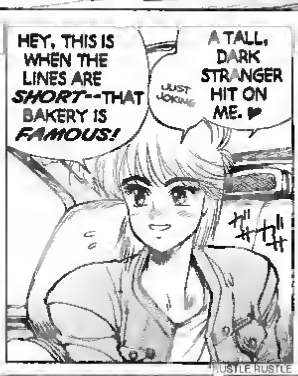
Hum
FX: SMILE
I'M ON MY LUNCH BREAK. YOU WANNA GRAB A BITE SOME--
UH... SURE!
EH?!
'SCUSE ME... GOT A MINUTE?
109 TO HQ. IS THIS RICK IN TECHNICAL? CONNECT ME TO OSAKO.
ROGER, 109
ESPECIALLY TRANSPORTS WITH GOOD ENDURANCE! IN DETAIL!!
BACK IN AN HOUR!
ACTUALLY, I NEED A LIST OF ALL LANDMATES AND SUBMERSIBLES CAPABLE OF OPERATING DOWN TO, SAY, 6500FSW THAT HAVE BEEN STOLEN, PURCHASED, OR RENTED IN THE LAST FEW WEEKS.
HAHN ?!

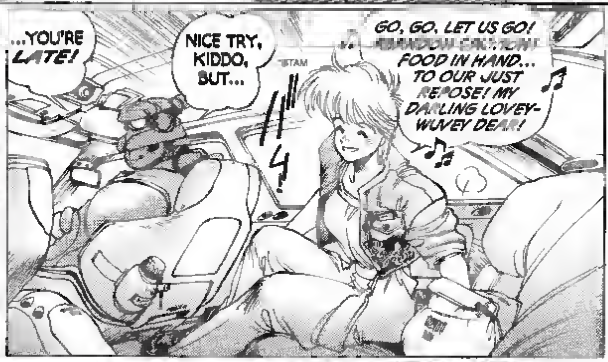
ESWAT has only one headquarters, so she won't say she's calling from Suiten Police HQ.

I'M SORRY, SIR. BOTH THE BOSS AND THE ACCOUNTS MANAGER ARE OUT...
I'M REALLY SORRY ABOUT ALL THIS, SIR. WE'LL DOUBLE-CHECK OUR RECORDS AND GET RIGHT BACK TO YOU.
THAT'S RIGHT, SIR. TO THE WAREHOUSE. A LOANER...? YES, WE HAVE ONE.
NO, SIR. OF COURSE NOT! SHIPPING SAYS A WOMAN WITH LONG HAIR SIGNED THE TRANSFER PAPERS.
YEESH WHAT A PAIN
BEEP
OH, GAWD... MY LIFE IS HELL...
HEY, YOU! WE PAY YOU TO WORK, NOT SLEEP!
A COMPLAINT, HUH?
YEAH. THE RECORDS SHOW WE DELIVERED IT, BUT THE CLIENT INSISTS HE NEVER GOT IT.
ACK!!
HEY! WHO ATE MY LUNCH?!
TH... THEY'RE HERE.
HECATE! HECATE, WHERE ARE YOU?!
OH, SELENE, NO! DON'T GO IN THERE!

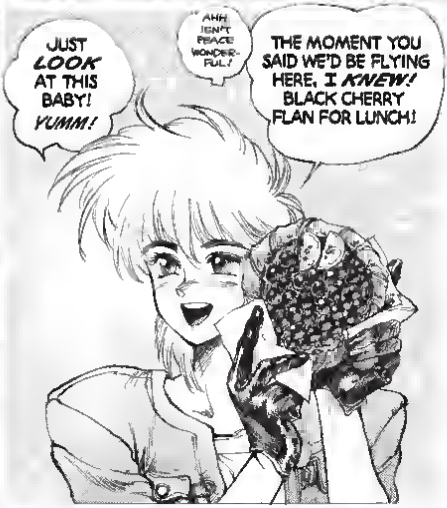
*EX TMP TMP TMP TMP TMP TMP

AHAHA HAHA!
I DON'T KNOW WHY, BUT THERON WON'T LET GO. SO JUST TAKE THE OTHER TWO, OKAY?
OH!
OVER HERE, HITOMI!
HA HA HA... HEH.
OH, NO! NOT THE CAFETERIA!!
SHRIEK!
SKRASH!
HECATE! IF YOU EAT THAT CAT, YOU'LL GET A TERRIBLE HAIRBALL, JUST LIKE LAST TIME!
PFT!
HSSS!
HUH?
FX: TMP TMP TMP TMP TMP
YOU ARE SUCH A DEAR!
BYE BYE!
IT'S OKAY... I'LL MANAGE. SOMEHOW.
MMF
MGN
SELENE!
OOH!!
STOP THIEF!!
IT'S NOT NICE TO STEAL! HOW MANY TIMES DO I HAVE TO TELL YOU?!
YOU THINK THAT HID IT...?


HEY, THIS IS WHEN THE LINES ARE SHORT--THAT BAKERY IS FAMOUS!
A TALL, DARK STRANGER HIT ON ME.
JUST JOKING


...YOU'RE LATE!
NICE TRY, KIDDO, BUT...
STAM
GO, GO, LET US GO! [illegible] FOOD IN HAND... TO OUR JUST REPOSE! MY DARLING LOVEY-WUVEY DEAR!

AND I THOUGHT I ASKED HIM SO NICELY. HMPH! ANYWAY, TWENTY-TWO HITS.
OH, I DID IT MYSELF, FINALLY.
MMM
SO... HOW'D YOUR DATA MINING GO?
sniffle
sobe
THAT TRAFFIC KOTUS QUESTIONED ME TWICE -


JUST LOOK AT THIS BABY! YUMM!
AHH ISN'T PEACE WONDERFUL?
THE MOMENT YOU SAID WE'D BE FLYING HERE, I KNEW! BLACK CHERRY FLAN FOR LUNCH!

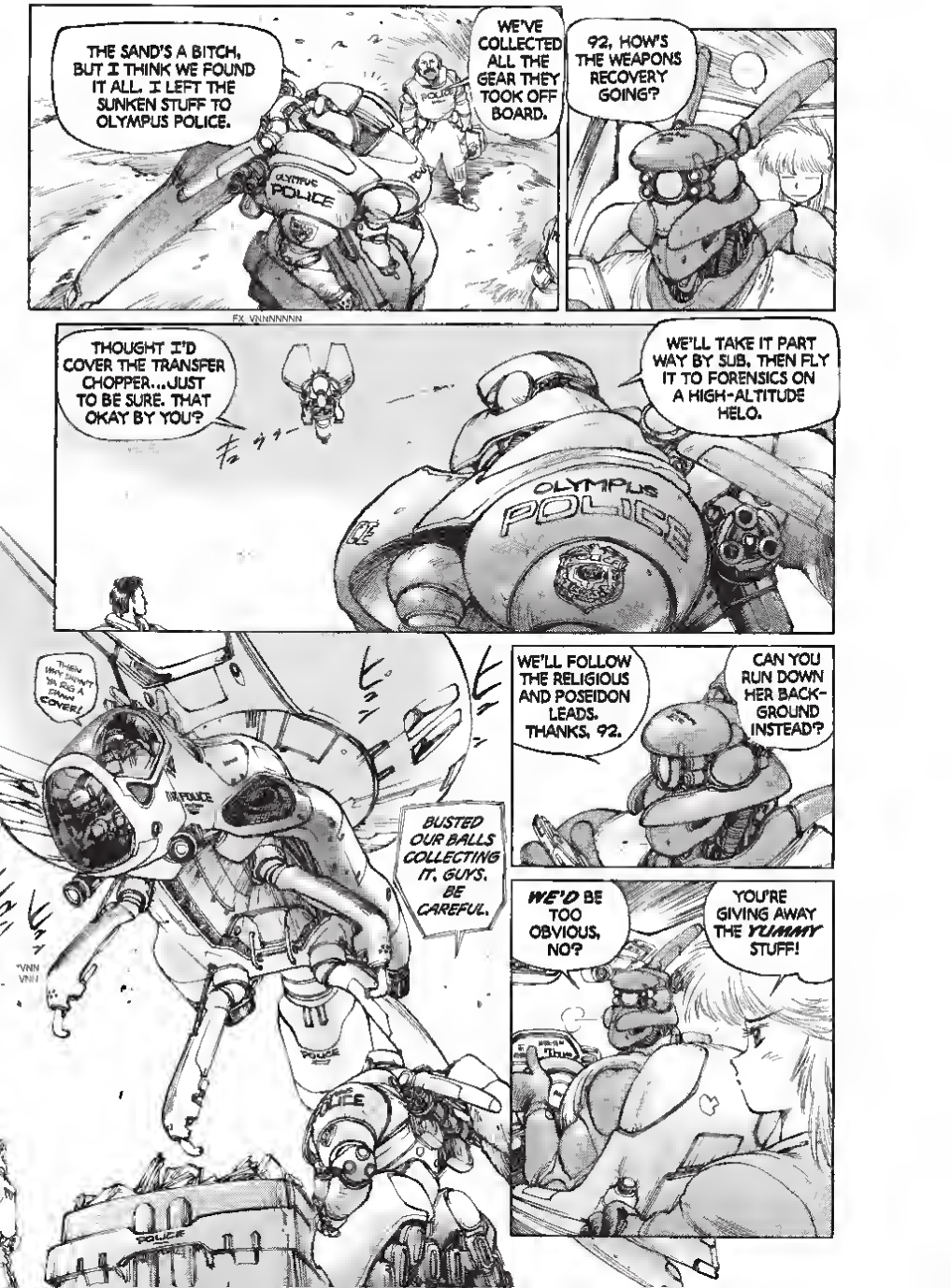
VRMMMM
...AND TWO WERE JUST PURCHASED BY PRESTON COAST GUARD, INC.
COLLETTE DIVING SERVICES IS LEASING TWENTY OF THEM...
MMPH!
I'M HARDLY ONE TO TALK, BUT YOUR INTERPERSONAL SKILLS STINK, DEUNAN. SO...?
WELL, THERE WAS SOME MUNMA LITURGY LEFT IN HER E-BRAIN.
I DUNNO... MIGHT BE EASIER SAID THAN DONE. THAT MARTYR...?
I FIGURE MMF WE CAN DO IT ALL OURSELVES.
Please watch the road when you drive ... unless, of course, you're a multi-function cyborg
ALTHOUGH, MUNMA THINKS CHRISTIANS, BUDDHISTS, AND OLYMPIANS ARE "INFIDELS" TOO...
THE FEDERATION REFUSES TO CALL THEIR RELIGIOUS LEADER A "MUFADI"...
HMM... A BIT SIMPLISTIC. BUT... YEAH. THAT'S PROBABLY OUR BEST ANGLE.
THEN THEY'RE TARGETING THE ISLAMIC FEDERATION CONFERENCE. RIGHT?

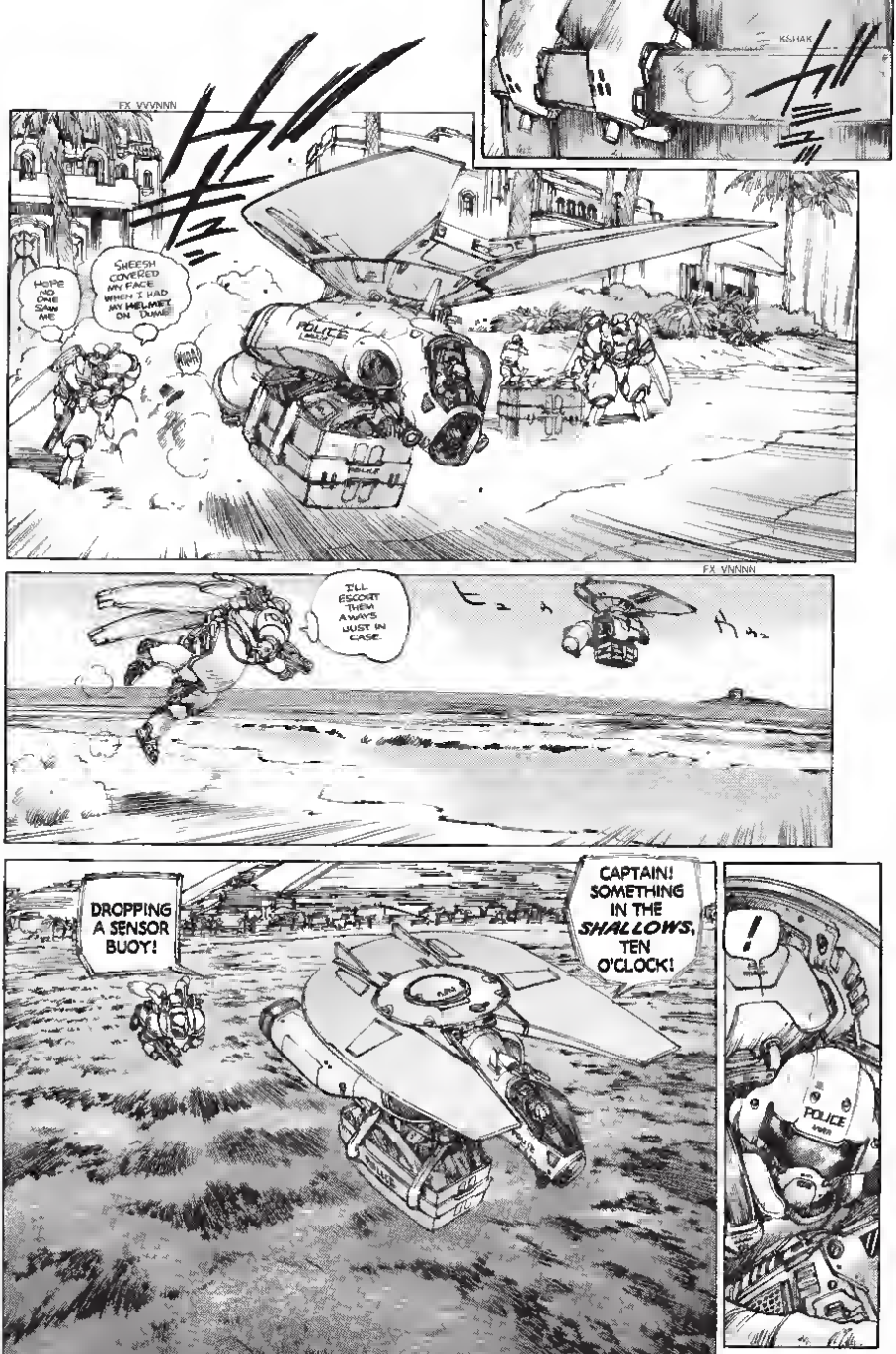
...THOSE ULTRA-VIBRATION CUTTERS WERE TOP-OF-THE-LINE POSEIDON GEAR. SO IT'LL BE EASY TO TRACE THEM BACK.
EH HEH HEH
ACCORDING TO RICK IN TECH-NICAL...
YEAH, BUT THEIR RELIGION *ADVOCATES* TERRORISM...
SO WHAT DO THEY EXPECT?
JUST BECAUSE THEY BELIEVE IN MUNMA DOESN'T AUTOMAT-ICALLY MAKE THEM TERRORISTS. THAT'S NOT VERY *PC*, DEUNAN!
IF IT'S POSEIDON *CORPORATE TECH*, I DON'T WANT TO TOUCH IT. I'LL TAKE ON TERRORISTS, NO SWEAT, BUT POSEIDON'S LAWYERS? *FORGET IT*.
RICK DOESN'T HAVE A CLUE.
I'M FINE. PIG OUT TO YOUR HEART'S CONTENT.
SHEESH, WHAT A KID.
ASK NICE AND *MAYBE* YOU CAN HAVE A BITE
BEHOLD! THEIR SUPER-FANTASTIC *PEACH CRÊPE SPECIAL!*
WHAT'S WRONG? DISLOCATE YOUR *MOUTH*?
AU LUCKIN!
FX VRMMMM
SPLAT
AW, JUST KIDDING. I'LL GIVE YOU HALF IF YOU--
AH?!
SHRINK

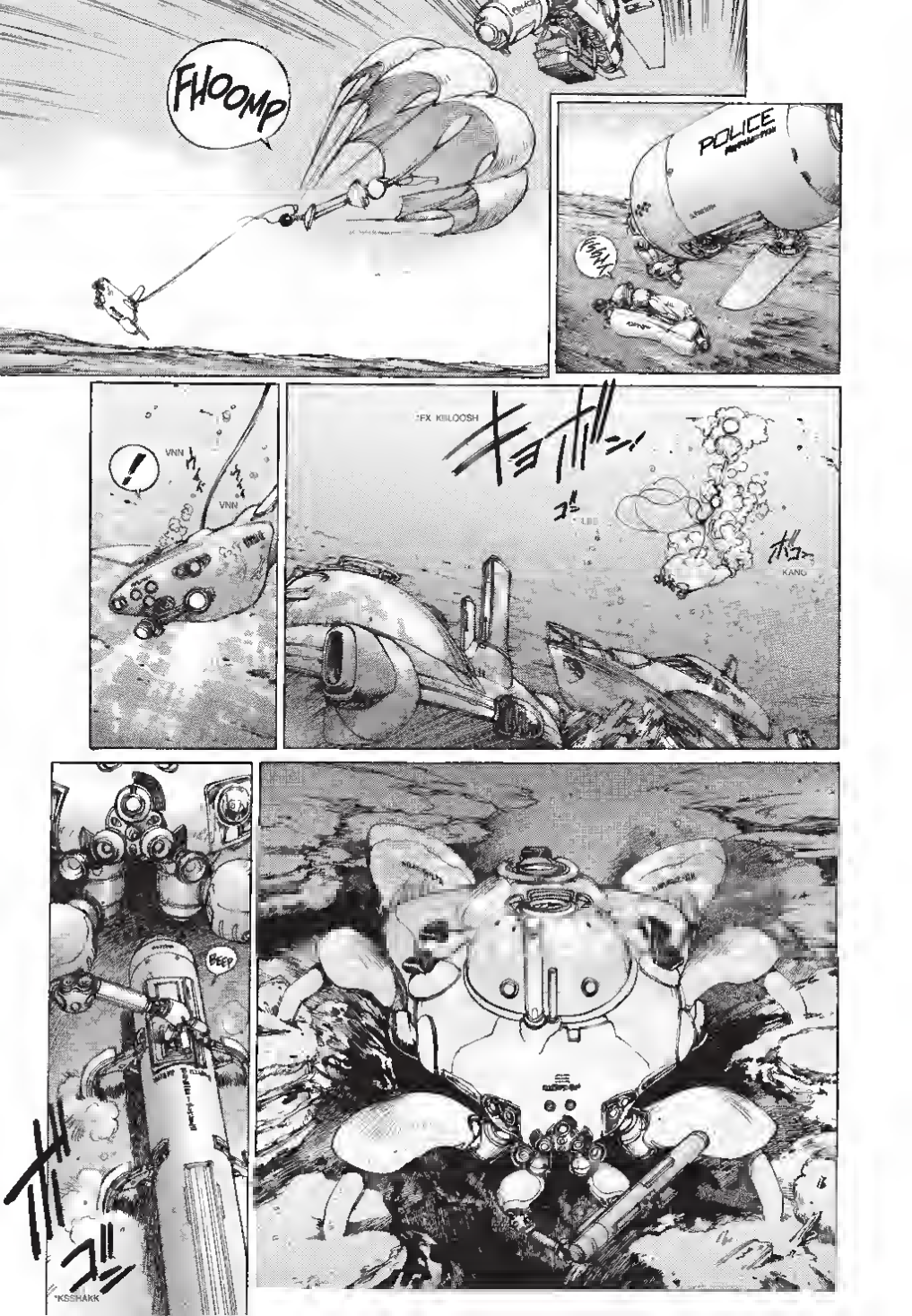
*FX SKREEK
*FX VRMMBB
YEAH. PRETTY MUCH.
FX SHMP
REMEMBER THE FRENCH EMBASSY AFFAIR?
FX VNNN
FX VNNN
I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE ON VIP DETAIL FOR THE ISLAMIC FED CON.
THANKS. HOW KIND OF YOU.
DIDN'T WANT EAVESDROPPING. AND WE WERE IN THE AREA.
YOU DRAGGED ME OUT HERE FOR THAT? IS YOUR HANDCOMP BROKEN?
WE'VE GOT A BODY ON A WEAPONS SMUGGLING CASE, A MUNMA BELIEVER LINKED TO THE ATTACK. THE WEAPONS SANK WITH HER SHIP. WE THOUGHT YOU SHOULD KNOW.

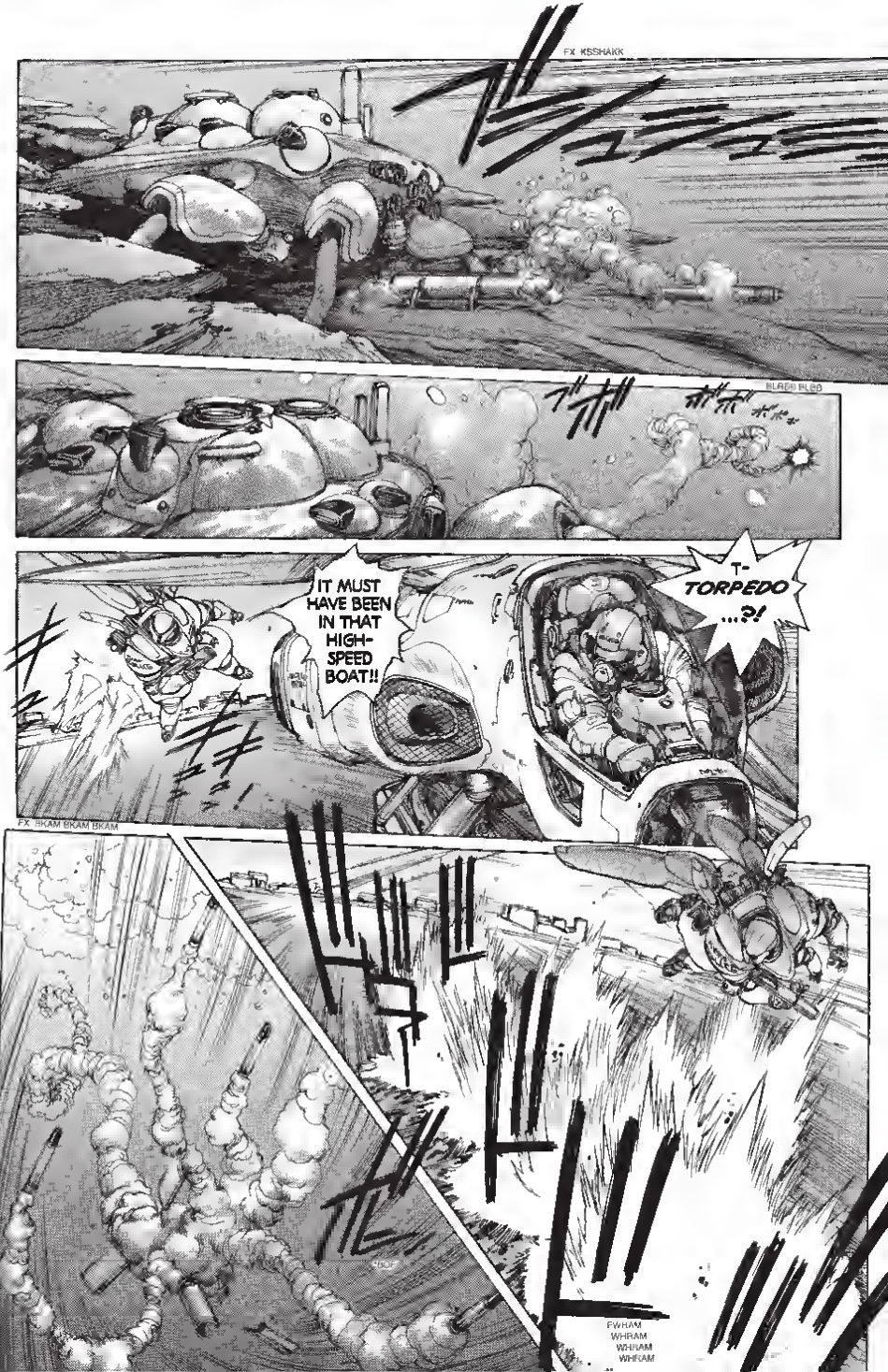
YOU'RE WARPED, GIRL!
JESUS! WHAT ARE YOU SO PISSED OFF ABOUT?!
NNGRR!
TRY EATING MORE FRUIT. THAT SHOP OVER THERE HAS GREAT PRODUCE, RIGHT OFF THE TREE.
YOU KNOW... YOU DON'T LOOK SO HOT, DELINAN. YOU GETTING YOUR VITAMINS?
HA HA HA HA
113 HERE, OVER.
92 TO 113, OVER.
BEEP
MORE LIKELY INS...IF SHE CAME IN LEGALLY, SHE'D HAVE HAD TO REGISTER.
ICA PAPERS ...?
KSSHH SKSSH
THAT'S ABOUT IT
ROGER, 92.
FORWARDING HER OFFICIAL IDENTITY.
POLICE

ICA. International Cyborg Association
INS is the Immigration and Naturalization Service.

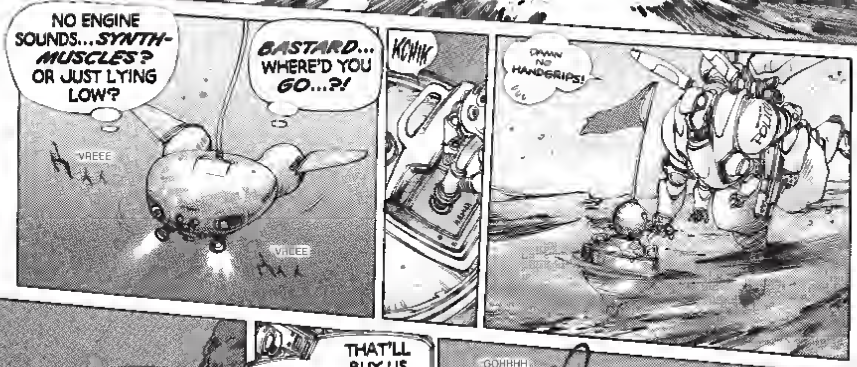

THE SAND'S A BITCH, BUT I THINK WE FOUND IT ALL. I LEFT THE SUNKEN STUFF TO OLYMPUS POLICE.
WE'VE COLLECTED ALL THE GEAR THEY TOOK OFF BOARD.
92, HOW'S THE WEAPONS RECOVERY GOING?
FX: VNNNNNNN
THOUGHT I'D COVER THE TRANSFER CHOPPER...JUST TO BE SURE. THAT OKAY BY YOU?
WE'LL TAKE IT PART WAY BY SUB. THEN FLY IT TO FORENSICS ON A HIGH-ALTITUDE HELO.
OLYMPUS POLICE
THEN WHY DIDN'T YA DO A DAMN COVER!
WE'LL FOLLOW THE RELIGIOUS AND POSEIDON LEADS. THANKS, 92.
CAN YOU RUN DOWN HER BACK-GROUND INSTEAD?
BUSTED OUR BALLS COLLECTING IT, GUYS. BE CAREFUL.
VNN VNN
WE'D BE TOO OBVIOUS, NO?
YOU'RE GIVING AWAY THE YUMMY STUFF!

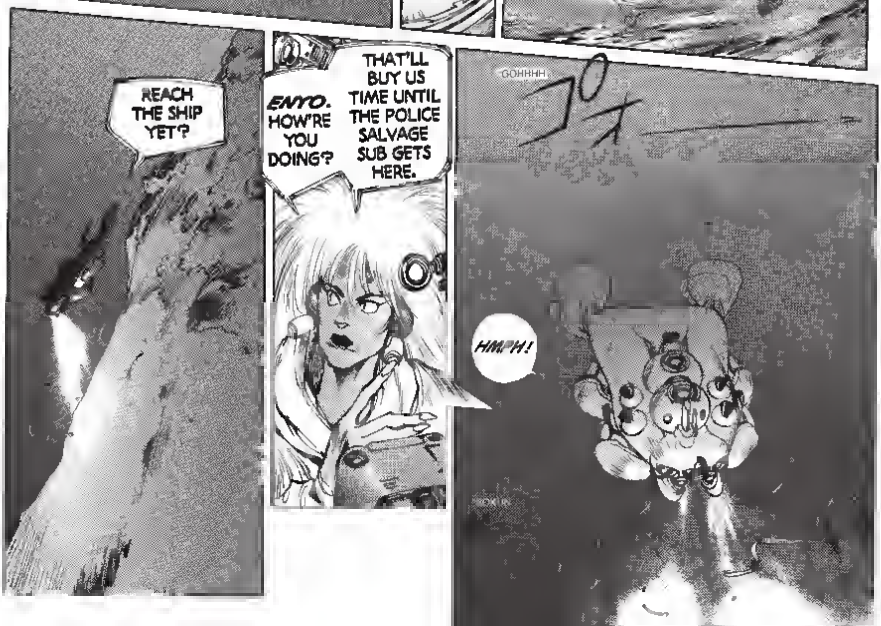

KSHAK
FX. VVVNNN
HOPE NO ONE SAW ME
SHEESH COVERED MY FACE WHEN I HAD MY HELMET ON. DUHH
POLICE
FX. VNNNN
I'LL ESCORT THEM A WAYS JUST IN CASE.
DROPPING A SENSOR BUOY!
CAPTAIN! SOMETHING IN THE SHALLOWS, TEN O'CLOCK!
!
POLICE


FHOOMP
POLICE
VNN
VNN
!FX KILOOSH
KANG
BEEP
*KSSHAKK

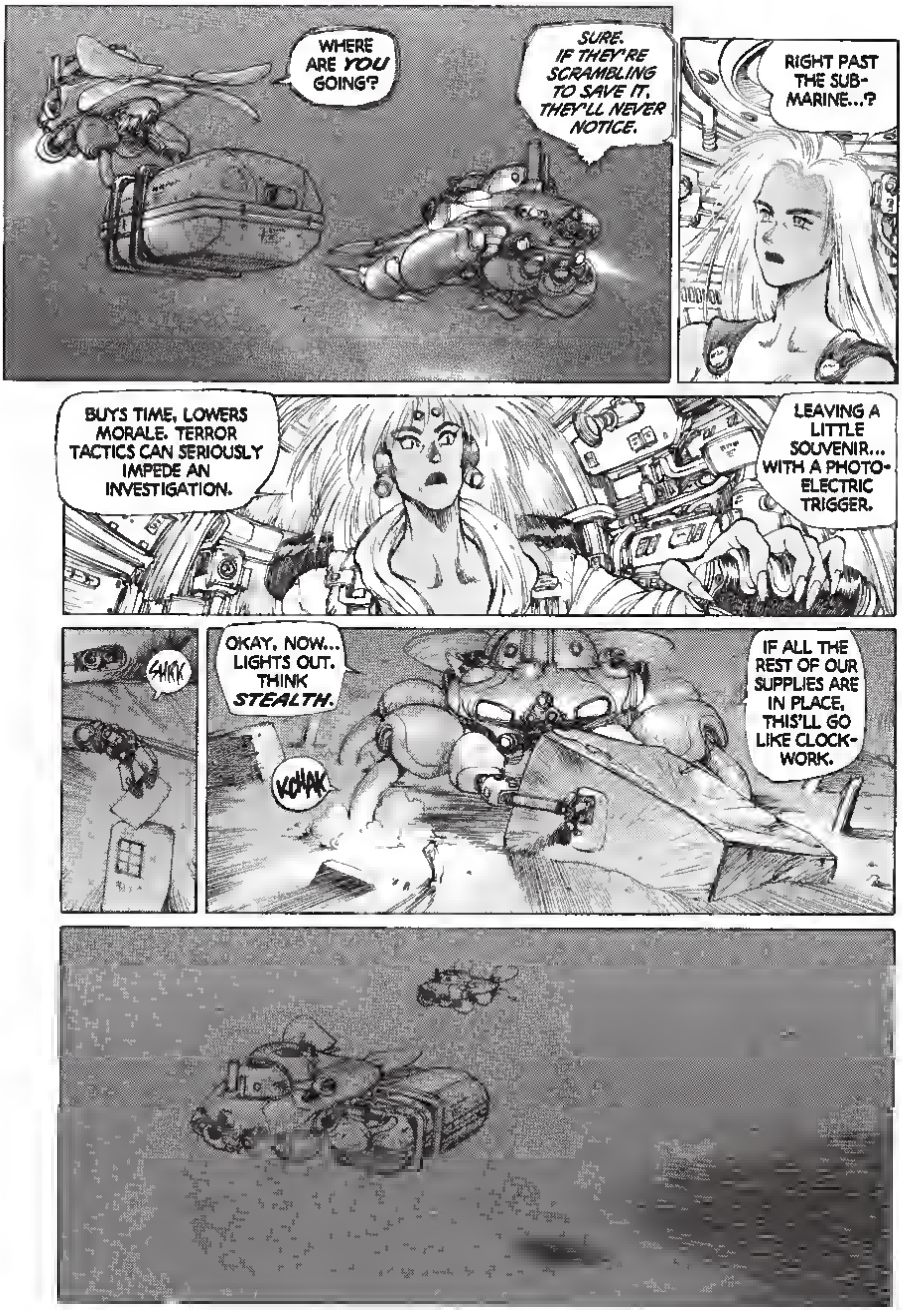

FX KSSHAKK
BLADD BLAD
IT MUST HAVE BEEN IN THAT HIGH-SPEED BOAT!!
T-
TORPEDO
...?!
FX BKAM BKAM BKAM
FWHAM
WHHAM
WHHAM
WHHAM

AAHH!!
WHKOOM
BKOOM
WHAM


NO ENGINE SOUNDS... SYNTH-MUSCLES? OR JUST LYING LOW?
BASTARD... WHERE'D YOU GO...?!
VREEE
VREEE
KCHK
DAMN NO HANDGRIPS!


REACH THE SHIP YET?
ENYO. HOW'RE YOU DOING?
THAT'LL BUY US TIME UNTIL THE POLICE SALVAGE SUB GETS HERE.
GOHHHH
HMPH!
BOX IN

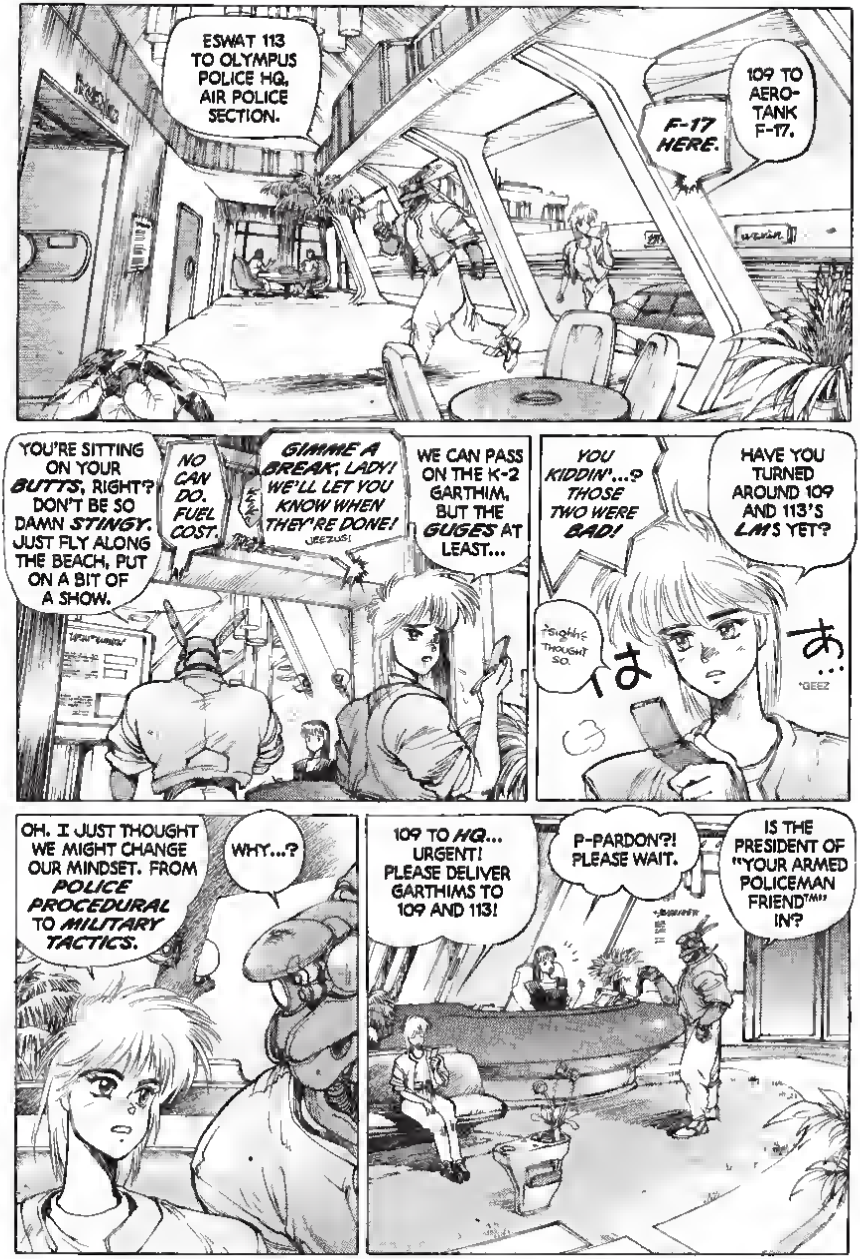
THAT SUB ISN'T GOING TO SINK ON TOP OF ME, IS IT?
THE FORMER SHIP, RIGHT? YES. I HAVE THE CARGO-- ALL INTACT.
AND THOSE POLICE HARD-SHELLS... NO ONE FOLLOWED YOU?
NO, THEY'LL BE TRYING TO BEACH THEMSELVES ABOUT NOW.
THE MORE TIME GOES BY, THE WIDER THEY'LL SPREAD THEIR NET. WE WAIT IN THE SHALLOWS UNTIL NIGHT-FALL, AND GO ASHORE WHEN THEY'RE OVER-STRETCHED.
SO WHAT'S THE PLAN?
THEY'LL PROBABLY STAKE OUT THE COAST-LINE.
NOTHING SO FAR.
FX KSSH KSSSHH KHANG

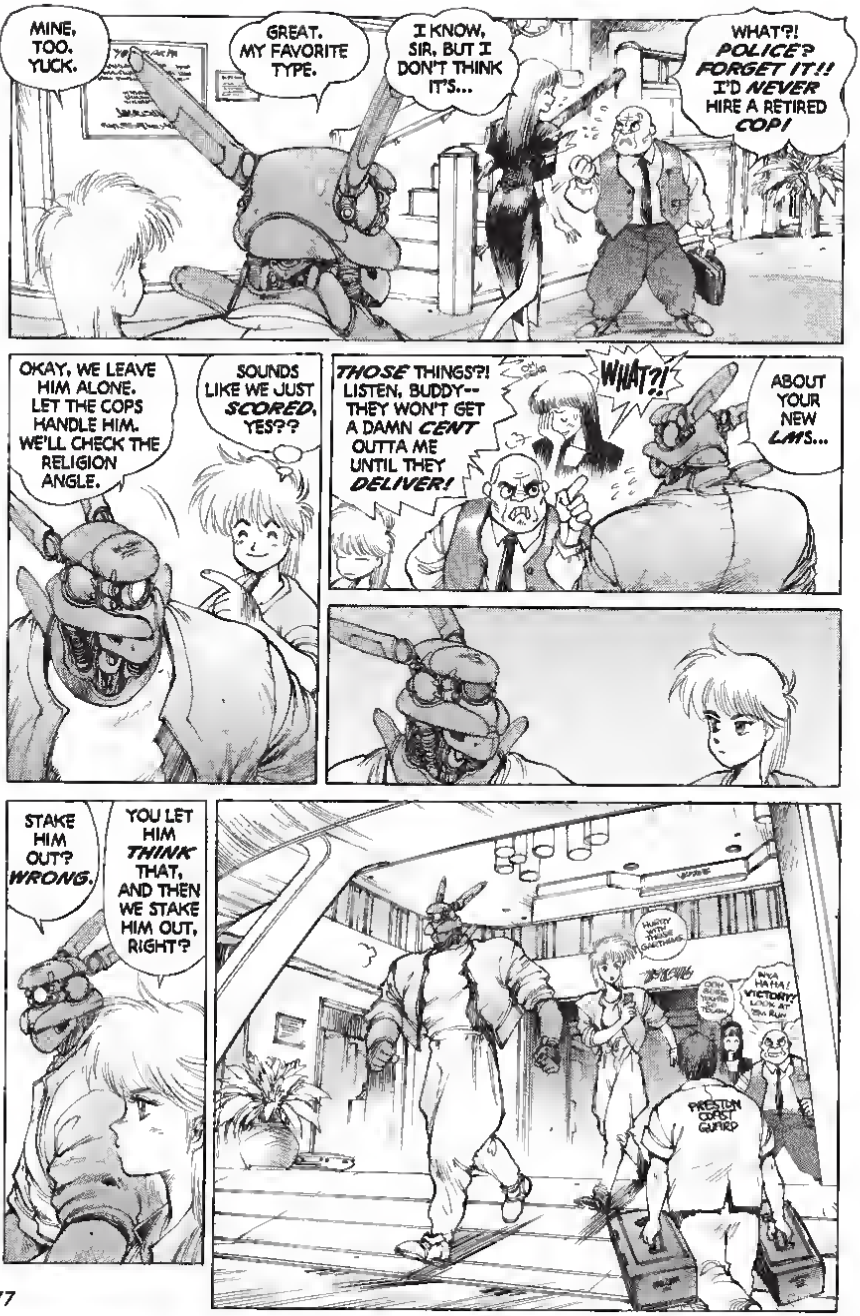

WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
SURE. IF THEY'RE SCRAMBLING TO SAVE IT, THEY'LL NEVER NOTICE.
RIGHT PAST THE SUB-MARINE...?
BUYS TIME, LOWERS MORALE. TERROR TACTICS CAN SERIOUSLY IMPEDE AN INVESTIGATION.
LEAVING A LITTLE SOUVENIR... WITH A PHOTO-ELECTRIC TRIGGER.
SHKK
OKAY, NOW... LIGHTS OUT. THINK STEALTH.
KCHAK
IF ALL THE REST OF OUR SUPPLIES ARE IN PLACE, THIS'LL GO LIKE CLOCK-WORK.

FX BURSSH
DECK THREE FLOODING! AH! THE BATTERIES!!
DOWN AT THE STERN!
BLOW THE AFT TRIM TANK! NOW!!
STARBOARD VENT JAMMED! WE'RE LISTING!
OUTER PORT HULL BREACHED, SECTIONS THREE, FOUR AND SIX!
BLOW THE STARBOARD TANKS! FLOOD THE PORT MAIN TANK!
FLOOD THE NEGATIVE BUOYANCY TANK, TOO!
FORGIVE ME, BEEF CRITTERS.
KRCH
SKRUNCCHH
WE NEED TWO GIANT SQUID. PRONTO!
NINE-TRIPLE-ZERO TO THAT SUN-BATHING SUBMARINE. YOU WANT TO PLAY BEACH VOLLEYBALL OR WHAT?
WHOA... THEY CAN DO THAT?!
YOU BET. WAVE AT THE NICE SATELLITE.
ESWAT 92 TO MARINE POLICE HEADQUARTERS, SECTION NINE-TRIPLE-ZERO!
PLEASE HOLD.
COOL IT!
AND WE JUST WATCH?! LET'S HELP!
FX VRMMMMM

Marine Police Headquarters is located in Central Police Headquarters--in other words, it's the Central **HQ**'s *Marine Police Division "Nine Triple-Zero" refers to a spy satellite capable of 'seeing" into the ocean to a depth of 9000 meters (about 5 5 miles)--not that it gets that deep near Olympus A Guges can operate down to 700FSW, maintaining 1ATM inside, but it doesn't have the sensors or weaponry for this mission*

It's approximately 625 nautical miles from Verde to Olympus. So that means an astounding deep-sea speed of over 200 knots! Of course, the "Squids" use ultra vibration and the Hermes effect to achieve this
HEY, POSEIDON KNOWS IT, TOO! HA HA HA!
"HA HA HA" MY ASS!
YOU CAN SAY THAT OVER OPEN CHANNELS?!
IT'LL TAKE ABOUT THREE HOURS TO GET THERE.
WE'VE GOT THREE DEPLOYED TO THE POSEIDON FLOATING CITY NUMBER EIGHT OFF VERDE, SO WE CAN ONLY LOAN YOU ONE.
PERFECT. I'LL RECON THE COAST WHILE I'M AT IT.
WSSH
I'LL TRY TO GET THIS STUFF OUT BY AEROTANK.
SOUND GOOD. CAN YOU TAKE CARE OF IT, AND REPORT IN TO 113?
LET'S MOBILIZE THE SUITEN CITY COPS AND HARDEN THE WATERFRONT.
OLYMPUS POLICE
POM
DAMN! THEY OUT-FLANKED US!
AND I LEFT FOUR GUYS!
SO?
THE SUB-MARINE ?!
PRESTON COAST GUARD
WILL YOU GET OVER YOUR DAMN CREPE ?!
SNIFF I C-CAN'T


ESWAT 113 TO OLYMPUS POLICE HQ, AIR POLICE SECTION.
109 TO AERO-TANK F-17.
F-17 HERE.
YOU'RE SITTING ON YOUR BUTTS, RIGHT? DON'T BE SO DAMN STINGY. JUST FLY ALONG THE BEACH, PUT ON A BIT OF A SHOW.
NO CAN DO. FUEL COST.
GIMME A BREAK, LADY! WE'LL LET YOU KNOW WHEN THEY'RE DONE!
JEEZUS!
WE CAN PASS ON THE K-2 GARTHIM, BUT THE GUGES AT LEAST...
YOU KIDDIN'...? THOSE TWO WERE BAD!
*SIGHS THOUGHT SO.
HAVE YOU TURNED AROUND 109 AND 113'S LMS YET?
あ...
*GEEZ
OH. I JUST THOUGHT WE MIGHT CHANGE OUR MINDSET. FROM POLICE PROCEDURAL TO MILITARY TACTICS.
WHY...?
109 TO HQ... URGENT! PLEASE DELIVER GARTHIMS TO 109 AND 113!
P-PARDON?! PLEASE WAIT.
IS THE PRESIDENT OF "YOUR ARMED POLICEMAN FRIEND™" IN?


MINE, TOO. YUCK.
GREAT. MY FAVORITE TYPE.
I KNOW, SIR, BUT I DON'T THINK IT'S...
WHAT?! POLICE? FORGET IT!! I'D NEVER HIRE A RETIRED COP!
OKAY, WE LEAVE HIM ALONE. LET THE COPS HANDLE HIM. WE'LL CHECK THE RELIGION ANGLE.
SOUNDS LIKE WE JUST SCORED, YES??
THOSE THINGS?! LISTEN, BUDDY-- THEY WON'T GET A DAMN CENT OUTTA ME UNTIL THEY DELIVER!
WHAT?!
ABOUT YOUR NEW LAWS...
STAKE HIM OUT? WRONG.
YOU LET HIM THINK THAT, AND THEN WE STAKE HIM OUT, RIGHT?
PRESTON ORPET QUIRD

FX: WHUP WHUP WHUP WHUP WHUP
FX: RRMMMM
LOOKY THERE! THE AIR POLICE, ALREADY!
THEY BETTER BUST ASS. THEIR REPUTATION'S BAD ENOUGH ALREADY.
THAT SPORTS CAR TWO VEHICLES BACK ISN'T PASSING THAT SLOW COUPE RIGHT BEHIND US...
I'LL GIVE THEM A POKE IN THE NEXT SECTOR. BE READY.
YOU'VE BEEN CHECKING OUR TAIL FOR MILES, BRI. FIGURE WE'LL NEED THE CENTO-MASTER...?
ACTUALLY SAFETY'S OFF ALREADY...
SEBURO CENTO (100mm) MASTER
IT'S THE OLD SWITCHEROO-- DIFFERENT CAR. THE ONE THAT'S TWO VEHICLES BACK NOW WAS IN THE PRESTON PARKING LOT.
NAW.
OOPS! THEY TURNED RIGHT.

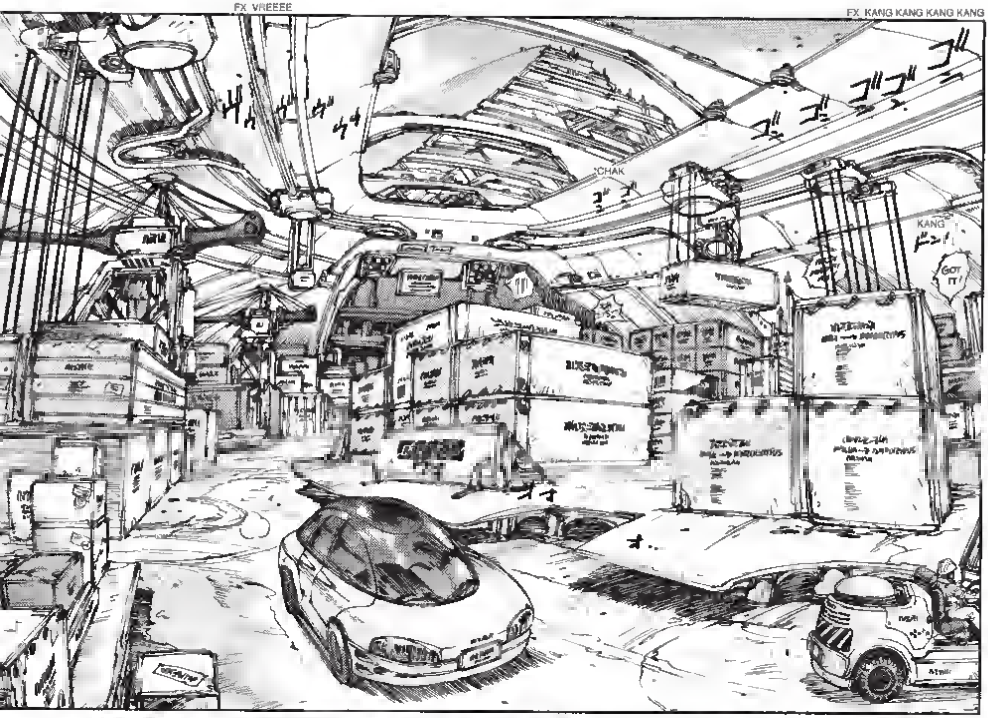
Not that this absolutely proves they're being tailed—that will take further confirmation. For now, though, they have to act on the gut feeling they're being tailed. While running a license plate check, of course.

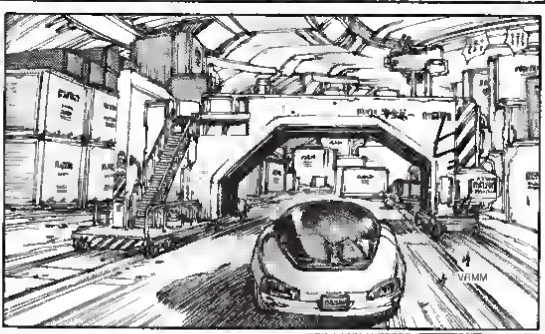
Uh... 113 HERE, SIR.
HUH?
ALPHA TO 113.
109 TO HQ. WE WANT TO SHAKE A TAIL. PICK US A SPOT.
AND WHERE ARE THOSE DAMN GARTHIMS?!
AND TAKE OUR TAIL WITH US...?
INTELLIGENCE INDICATES ALINMA IS INVOLVED. PASS OFF TO MAGUS. YOU TWO RETURN TO YOUR ORIGINAL SHIFT.
YEAH... MAYBE.
AW, LANCE IS JUST BEING A TIGHTASS BECAUSE OF THE ISLAMIC FEDERATION CONFERENCE.
THAT RELIGIOUS CRAP IS MAGUS' BAILIWICK, ANYWAY.
.....
YEAH...BUT I JUST DON'T LIKE BEING TOLD WE'RE NOT GOOD ENOUGH.
IF OUR REGULAR SHIFT WASN'T BORING OLD MARTIAL ARTS TRAINING, YOU COULD SAY WE LUCKED OUT.
YES--SO WE CAN TAIL THEM BACK. NEVER WASTE A GOOD LEAD!
OVER!

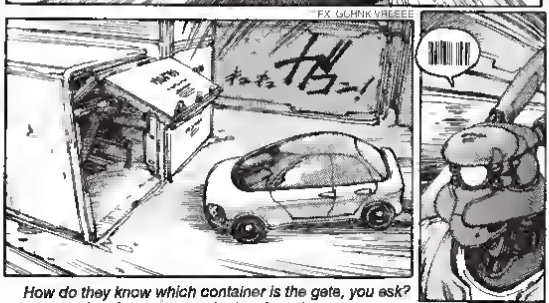
It hardly bears mentioning that the security for the Islamic Federation Conference is extremely tight with the location, timing and participants known only to a select few. The cameraman on the right isn't press, he's ESWAT. The video will be provided to the press later on. Of course, all the participants have brought their own security details with them, but as a matter of custom, the host country (Olympus) is in overall command.

FOUR SECONDS.
THE GATE-- HOW LONG?
FX SHAAAAA
HERE'S THE CLOSEST "NEST"--LEFT LANE, SHARP RIGHT, CONTAINER IN SECTION FOURTEEN.
109 HERE.
HQ TO 109.
THE FLOOR OF THE CAR ATE!
AT LEAST HALF OF IT... SNIFF
WHAT?! YOU JUST ATE!
GEEZ... I'M STARVING...
*FX VRNN
JUST CHECKING..... LOOKS OKAY. THEY "ENTERTAINED" A VIP THERE TWO DAYS AGO.
BRI, WHAT'S THE CONDITION OF THE SAFE HOUSE?

By "entertained" Bri means they kept their man undercover there until the conference to avoid terrorist attacks. If they were pressing minor safe houses like this one into service, you can gather how many foreign dignitaries poured into Olympus for the conference.







How do they know which container is the gate, you ask? Bri searches for a ping on the hatch code

FX: RUSTLE RUSTLE
I FIGURED IT'D JUST BE TWO OR THREE CONTAINERS. THIS PLACE IS HUGE!
WOW...!
AH HA! CANNED PEACHES! BINGO!
DEUNAN! GRAB EQUIPMENT CASE C-TWO.
LET'S SEE. THE NEXT CAR...
COME ON, GIRL! YOU CAN'T POSSIBLY EAT ALL OF THOSE...?
WAAAH!3 ALREADY?! W-WAIT A SEC!
OKAY, WE'RE GOING!
*FX: KSHAAAK

The safe house was built by welding containers together. To make sure no one notices they're out of service, an outer layer of containers is used to transport real goods, and is always changing. Of course, the company that owns the yard is an ESWAT front.

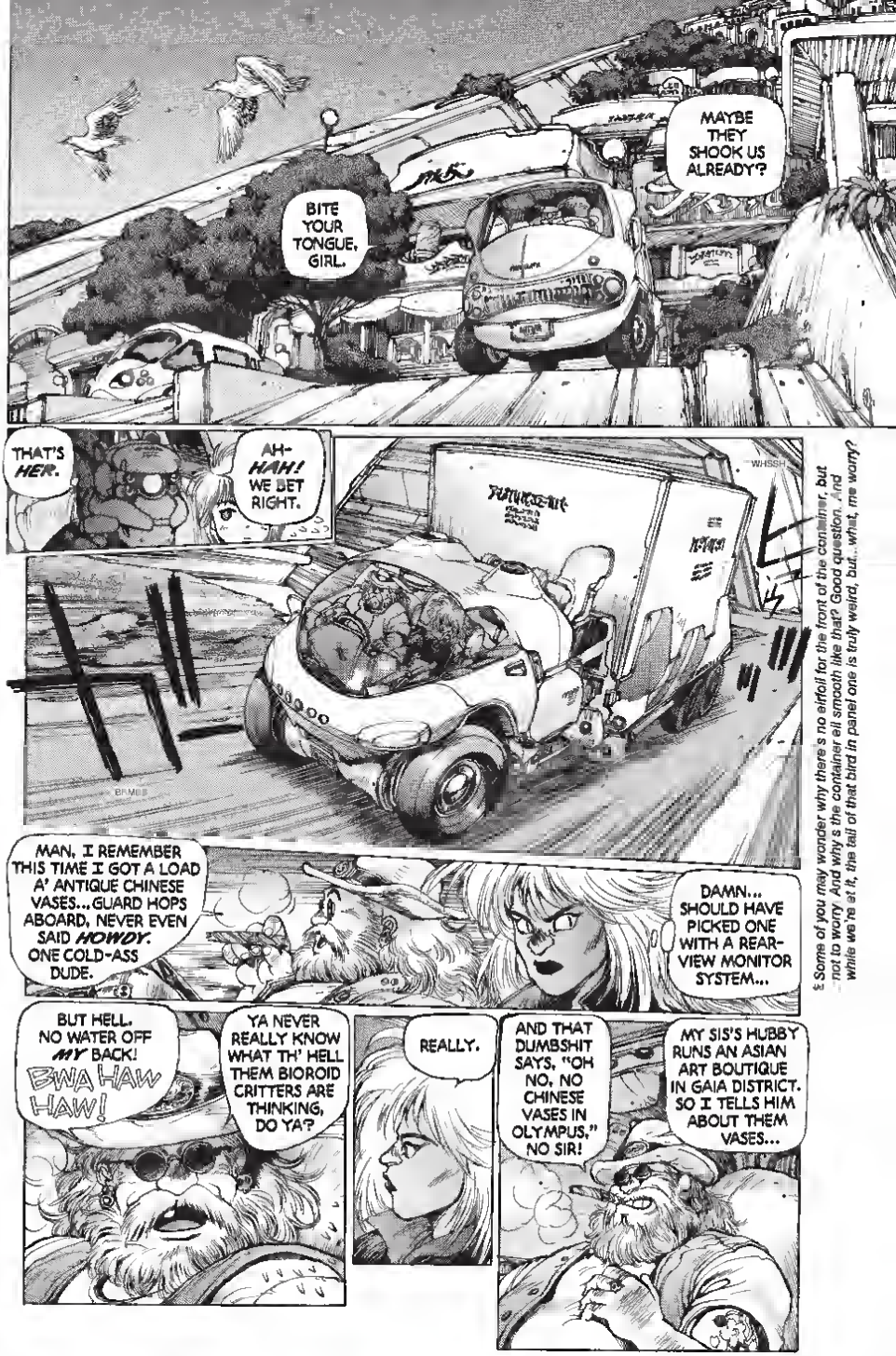
FX: KSHAAAK
I'M JOKING! "HA-HA FUNNY"...! SHEESH!
HUH? 'COURSE I DID! TEE HEE!
WAIT A SEC...YOU DIDN'T PUT MY NAME ON THE CONSUMABLES REPORT, DID YOU?
TRICKED! A SAFE HOUSE?!
NO WAY YOU'LL PULL A SWITCH ON ME!
SLAM
FX: KANG KANG KANG KANG KANG
VREEEE
THD THD
SKREEK
HUH? WHAT'S UP?
AH?! ER... YOU THERE!
SURE, BOSS--NO PROBLEMO.
LOOK, I KNOW YOU'RE BUSY, BUT CAN YOU MOVE THAT CAR FOR ME? HERE'S THE LOT TO DROP IT AT.

Judging from traffic conditions, Deinos can be reasonably sure Bri and Deunan s car has slipped into some ESWAT "nest." So the important question is, is this just some standard operating procedure (in which case there s nothing she can do about it), or did they notice she was tailing them and arrange a reverse tail? If the latter, that will put Bri and company on her tail. So when she says she won't let anyone pull a switch on her, she means that she intends to shake Bri's tail, and then pick up his trail again. (Without him noticing, of course. Otherwise, what s the point?)

I'M RIDING SHOTGUN ON THAT CONTAINER. UNLOCK THE DOOR.
DAMN! NEAR SQUISHED YA, GIRL! WHUTCHA WANT?
*FX SSSH KSSH KSSH
SHREEK
THE OTHER CAR WENT OFF WITH THEM. I'M STUCK.
YOU GOT YER PAPERS?
DURN! FIRST I HEARD OF IT.
HMM. THEY'RE NOT COMING OUT.
THANKS, THIS SAVES ME FROM GETTING CHEWED OUT. YOU'RE A GOOD MAN.
BUMMER. WHAT THE HELL. HOP ABOARD.
*FX KSSHK
WELL, IF THEY HAVE, THEY WON'T USE THE SAME CAR. AND IF THEY HAD A PARTNER, WE MAY HAVE LOST THEM.
FIGURE THEY NOTICED...?
Bri's watching the coastal highway via surveillance satellite

I WONDER IF THAT PLACE IS STILL THERE... EVEN THE DISTILLED WATER STANK OF ROTTEN FRUIT.
HOW CAN YOU STOMACH THAT STUFF IF YOU REMEMBER THAT?
YOU KNOW...THIS REMINDS ME OF WHEN WE WERE STILL OUT IN BADSIDE. REMEMBER? THAT TIME WE FOUND THE CANNED FRUIT FACTORY?
DIFFERENT DRIVER.
WAIT.
AH! HERE THEY COME...
NAW. I'LL TRACK HIM WITH THE SAT.
HMM... .....
BET THEY HAD A MINI-BIKE IN THE TRUNK. WANT TO SPLIT UP?
NO...NOT FOR SURE. BUT MY GUT FEELING IS HE'S A STOOGE.
YOU CAN TELL?
THEN, LET'S GO WITH IT.
IT COULD BE A CYBORG WITH REMOVABLE FACE PLATES. SWITCHED MASKS.
THEY WERE ALL THE RAGE WAY BACK WHEN

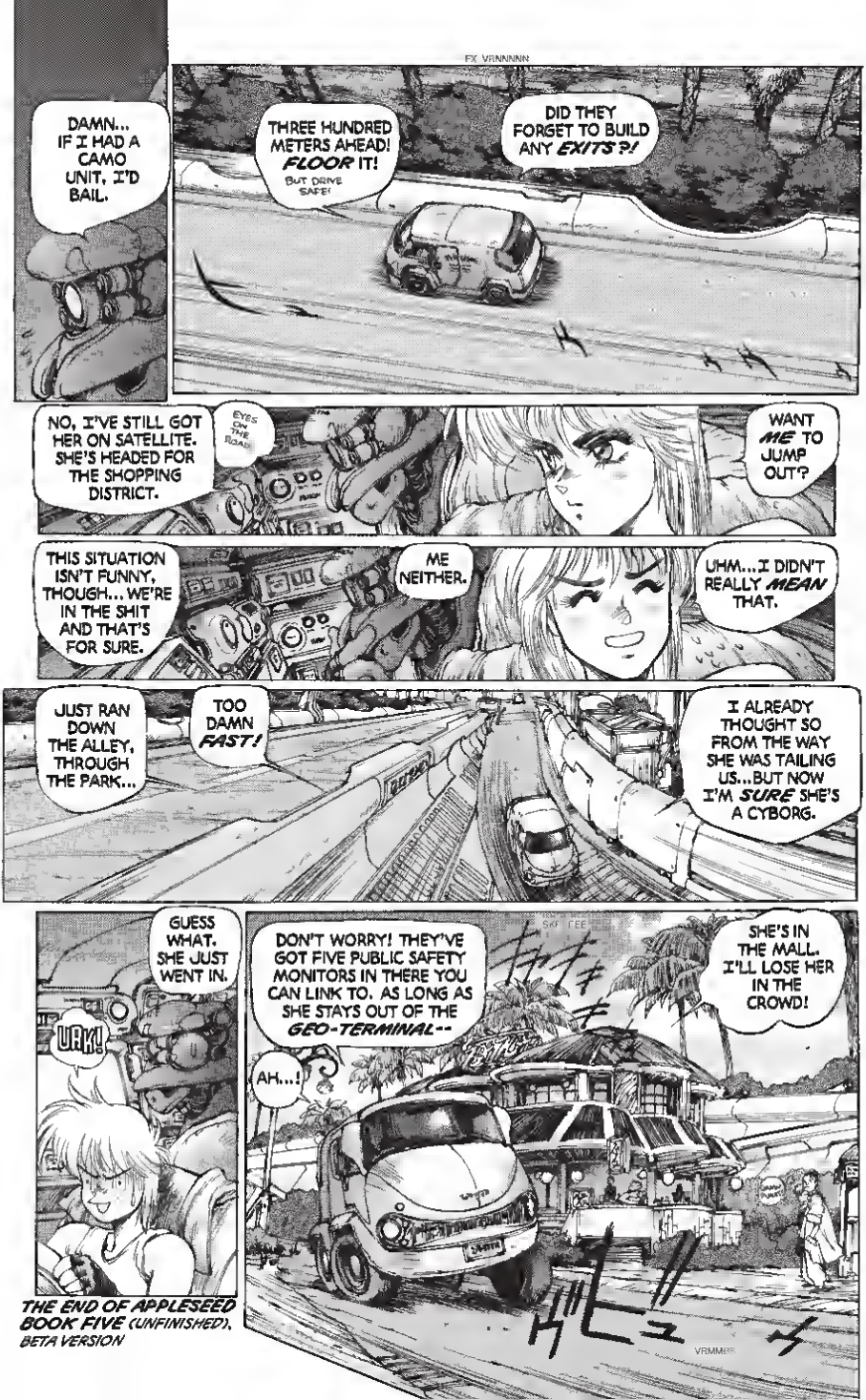
In panel six, Deunan s wondering whether Bri's worried about her safety when he doesn't want to split up, and whether she should leave it alone, or if he s still worried that Lance underappreciates him in which case, does she need to give him some positive reinforcement? "What should I do " she wonders And as to why she isn't watching the container yard exit from panels five all the way through panel eight, well she's distracted by her concern for Bri. Shape up, girl!


BITE YOUR TONGUE, GIRL.
MAYBE THEY SHOOK US ALREADY?
THAT'S HER.
AH-HAH! WE BET RIGHT.
WHSSH
BRMBB
MAN, I REMEMBER THIS TIME I GOT A LOAD A' ANTIQUE CHINESE VASES...GUARD HOPS ABOARD, NEVER EVEN SAID HOWDY. ONE COLD-ASS DUDE.
DAMN... SHOULD HAVE PICKED ONE WITH A REAR-VIEW MONITOR SYSTEM...
BUT HELL. NO WATER OFF MY BACK! BWA HAW HAW!
YA NEVER REALLY KNOW WHAT TH' HELL THEM BIOROID CRITTERS ARE THINKING, DO YA?
REALLY.
AND THAT DUMBSHIT SAYS, "OH NO, NO CHINESE VASES IN OLYMPUS," NO SIR!
MY SIS'S HUBBY RUNS AN ASIAN ART BOUTIQUE IN GAIA DISTRICT. SO I TELLS HIM ABOUT THEM VASES...

Some of you may wonder why there's no airfoil for the front of the container, but not to worry. And why's the container all smooth like that? Good question. And while we're at it, the tail of that bird in panel one is truly weird, but...what, me worry?

FX VRN VRNNNN
Automatic Drive Control System
NAW, IT'S THE ADCS.
CIGAR?! DAMN, NEVER EVEN THOUGHT A' THAT!
IF IT'S THE CIGAR SMOKE, DON'T WORRY. I'M A CYBORG.
VHEEEE
CHAKE
WHOA, THERE... FORGOT TO FIRE UP THE SAFETY GIZMO.
SORRY MA'AM
SO YOU'RE THE CARGO'S "GOOD-LUCK CHARM"...?
OR MAYBE JUST BALLAST
DON'T USE IT MUCH, BUT...
BOOT THAT SUCKER UP, AND IT'S SAFE DRIVING ALL THE WAY HOME. AUTOMATIC, TOO.
FX VRN INNN
I DON'T KNOW. PERHAPS A CASE MAY HAVE BROKEN. STOP THE TRUCK AND I'LL CHECK.
WHUT THE HELL? "ABNORMAL CONDI-TIONS"...?! IT'S A LOAD A' DAMNED FOSSIL SPECIMENS!
THEY COME BACK TO LIFE OR SOMETHING?!
WHEN THE ROAD'S CROWDED, I CAN'T OVERRIDE THE BUGGER. PISSES ME OFF.
SURE DO, FOR ANY OF 'EM ABOUT A THOUSAND FEET FRONT 'N' BACK.
IT KEEPS YOU "NEIGH-BORLY" WITH THE OTHER DRIVERS?
DRIVER! I'M GETTING A SIGNAL FROM THE CONTAINER... ABNORMAL CON-DITIONS OF SOME KIND!
A SINGLE CAR ONE HUNDRED METERS AHEAD... HMM. LET'S PLAY IT SAFE.

DON'T SLOW DOWN!
THEY PULLED OVER.
AH, WELL...IF WE'D BEEN BEHIND HER, SHE'D HAVE READ OUR FACES WHEN WE WENT BY.
WHOOPS!
*VUMMMMMM
*SKREEEK
MAN...DON'T WANT NO CRITTER JUMPIN' OUT AT ME LIKE SOME OL' SF MOVIE!
NO TAIL IN SIGHT...
*FX VREEEE
Of course, Dinoc's aware of satellite surveillance. But since no satellite could catch her changing to the trailer truck in the container yard, she's assuming she's clear.
HEY! LADY! WHERE'D YA GET TO...?!
THEY'LL WHUP MY ASS IF I'M LATE. CAN YA MAKE IT SNAPPY, MA'AM?
FX: KRANG


DAMN... IF I HAD A CAMO UNIT, I'D BAIL.
FX: VRNNNNN
THREE HUNDRED METERS AHEAD! FLOOR IT! BUT DRIVE SAFE!
DID THEY FORGET TO BUILD ANY EXITS?!
NO, I'VE STILL GOT HER ON SATELLITE. SHE'S HEADED FOR THE SHOPPING DISTRICT.
EYES ON THE ROAD!
WANT ME TO JUMP OUT?
THIS SITUATION ISN'T FUNNY, THOUGH... WE'RE IN THE SHIT AND THAT'S FOR SURE.
ME NEITHER.
UHM...I DIDN'T REALLY MEAN THAT.
JUST RAN DOWN THE ALLEY, THROUGH THE PARK...
TOO DAMN FAST!
I ALREADY THOUGHT SO FROM THE WAY SHE WAS TAILING US...BUT NOW I'M SURE SHE'S A CYBORG.
GUESS WHAT. SHE JUST WENT IN.
UHK!
DON'T WORRY! THEY'VE GOT FIVE PUBLIC SAFETY MONITORS IN THERE YOU CAN LINK TO. AS LONG AS SHE STAYS OUT OF THE GEO-TERMINAL--
AH...!
SHE'S IN THE MALL. I'LL LOSE HER IN THE CROWD!
VRMMM
THE END OF APPLESEED BOOK FIVE (UNFINISHED). BETA VERSION

APPLESEED

NOTES

p6 | About those mushroom-like structures I started inserting in the illustrations from *Appleseed* Volume Three on . . . they're modeled on a coral reef, so no, I didn't just lift them from the art album by Roger and Martyn Dean! The couple that's lost their way in the complex are characters from the (theoretical/planned) second volume of *Orion*. Those things flying by in the first panel do observe aerodynamic principles . . . don't they?

p7 | In other words, the "Hope" (Erebus) plan continues to be implemented in stages. As for what *that* means . . . wait for future episodes!

p8 | The sign above the window only reads "Hitom" because the voracious Artemis kids devoured the "i". There's significance to those "grasshopper cookies," too, but you'll find out more about that later (much later). Still, maybe we should think a bit more seriously about insect comestibles?

p11 | They're not jacking directly into the computer to reduce the risk of reverse tracing or automatic counter-measures. One reason this world isn't packed to the gills with computers is because computerization has so many downsides.

p12 | Olympus holds so many summits and diplomatic negotiations that the threat of terrorism is extremely high (not just terrorism against Olympus proper, but strife between the city's various "guests" as well).

p13 | Judging from how peeved Gansui seems to be, he must have spent a lot of time on personal computerization in the past.

p14 | What a sloppily conceived, improbable ship!!

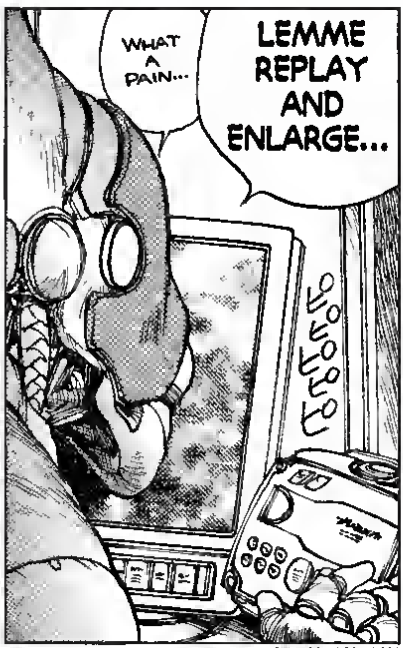
p16 | Knee-mounted vacuum cups, with built-in air pumps. Of course!

p17 | This is an official ESWAT unit; Bn and Deunan are operating as regular ESWAT on this operation.

p18 | Why not a Seburo Gong? Well, she's packing a Gong, too—took closer. Deunan's rendering here is closer to her appearance in *Appleseed* Volumes One and Two than in Volumes Three and Four. Readers who started from Volumes Three or Four may find it a bit disconcerting . . .

p21 | Of course Bri and Deunan are using their own personal code-switching algorithm for their private conversation.

p22 | Since they're using HALD (High Altitude, Low Opening), they should be at about 300 meters in panel one. The objects in the water in the last panel of page 21 are markers deployed by the submarine. Let's say they're designed to blind the ship's TASS (Towed Array Sonar System). Convinced . . . ? (TASS is a passive sonar system.) LAN stands for Local Area Network. In other words, they're not plugged into the Aegis system, but are connecting to local systems. Since they're also talking about rings, it must be a ring-like architecture, rather than bus or star-bus. The weapon system in panel three, page 20 is modeled on Goalkeeper (I prefer Phalanx, myself . . .). I apologize to readers who are disturbed that the ship's chains don't have any studs, or that I didn't give it gooseneck



ventilation ports. But alas, I had to keep the revisions to a minimum when preparing this republished version.

p23 | Those "ultra-aramid" fibers were first marketed as protective gear for folk in the forestry industry, I do believe.

p24 | Infrared imaging (IFR) may evoke images of the movie *Predator*, but when you check out the Hummingbird "stealth" LD, you should get the picture.

p25 | Yes, the ship's hatches are bogus, but it's not because I didn't have any reference material to work from.

p26 | "Shaped charges" are that stuff Sokak called "guts" in *Appleseed* Volume Four. Here I've returned to the classic triangular cross-section. I know the grip lever is still attached to the gas grenade on page 25, panel four, but let's say that you only pull the pin itself on this model. Okay? They're a bit like the S&W 2S.

p27 | Let me just assure you that he wasn't chopped up with a great big knife. The idea I'm using here isn't such a big deal in any case, so don't worry about it.

p28 | I messed up in the first panel and wound up with this . . . forgot the darn leg hatches again, and the composition is a little "one, two, three" . . . I'll just have to fix it in a later edition . . . sniff, sob . . .

p30 | In reality, the smoke would be intensely black.

p31 | Just mentioning it for those of you not in the know, but these things fly using an ultra-high frequency vibration anti-gravity technology called "Hermes" (see the entry in *Appleseed ID*). Those panels on their backs are not wings.

The central hull fin on the high-speed boat (the stabilizer) only extends halfway down the hull, and is meant to create air bubbles in the hull cavity for higher speeds. (This technology really exists.) The missile launcher is pretty slapdash, but I didn't want to just copy *Seawolf* or *Sea Sparrow*. So I gave it hatches, okay? How the devil do they open, I wonder?! And if the launch tubes are square, then wouldn't four fins fit better? Don't think about it too much . . .

Those things Bri is ejecting here are decoys to fox the missiles. I don't know if they're what saved him, but I'm glad he's okay.

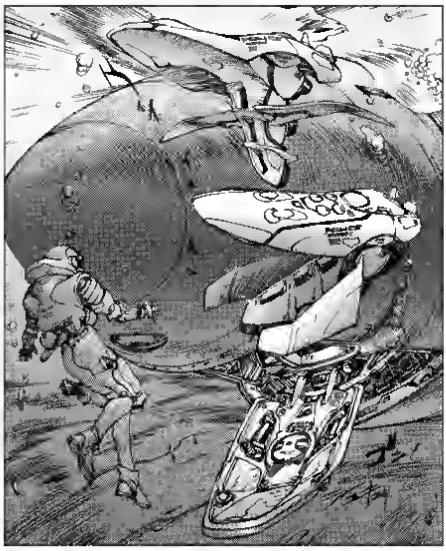
p32 | No, the boat hasn't stopped dead in panel four. Ah, landing ships! You gotta love 'em!

p34 | Come to think of it, there's never been an illustration quite like this one before in all of *Appleseed*. . . weird feeling!

p35 | Yes, the ship's sinking, but the ocean surface still shouldn't look like this . . .

Ships are actually remarkably fragile. They don't have the rigidity of a solid naval architecture hull model. When they sink, they can no longer support their own weight and go to pieces.

That applies to spaceships, too. Keep them in space where they belong, and they're fine. But over-stress them, and they break apart. That's why I absolutely do not believe in space colonies (I agree with the idea in principle; it's just those crazy giant cylinders I can't stand). Wouldn't it be better to build them like a tobacco mosaic virus (each space that would be protein in the virus would house a colony block) . . . ? Lose those giant wings (solar panels) and replace them with scales that flip open and closed. You'd probably want flexible joints as well. There's that scene in the old *Macross* anime where an engine blows, but would a giant spacecraft *really* respond like that, even if it was made of some anti-gravity alloy . . . ? (As a side note, at the time, I knew everyone at the famous *dojinshi* Atlas because I was doing the



last clean-up work on my manga *Black Magic*, which first ran in its hallowed pages. Ah . . . my long lost twenties!) Back to the story . . . Bri, don't get water up your gun barrel!

p36/37 | Those dots on the hull and the props aren't rivets. They're maskers that expel air bubbles to mask underwater noise emissions and deceive enemy sonar. Apparently the air also reduces corrosion and other damage to the hull. Really, I wonder . . . ? The props, of course, are variable pitch.

I did my best to suggest in the cross-section that this was a disguised military ship. The ship's sides are not vertical, but curved to improve its stealth characteristics, but maybe the art is too busy to make that out . . . ? The port and starboard screws spin in opposite directions to cancel out torque, but apparently they have to spin toward the outside of the hull rather than toward the keel. (Does that really make a difference? I suppose it does.) The reason the Garthim emits so few air bubbles is that it's outfitted with a small closed-circulation breathing apparatus. (This is an optional feature for marina ops.) The joints should compress under the pressure and be harder to move, though. The internal plant they refer to is the standard ESWAT-issue micromachine suite, including various different nanomachines for purging chemicals and viruses from the bloodstream and for emergency medical intervention. PE means plastic explosives (although Bri's playing pretty fast and loose with them). The thing like a washer on page 37, panel seven is an electric igniter plug (it's disposable).

p38 | Brings back memories of the flying submarine from *Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea* . . . ! I understand that back about the time my "assistant" Kotetsu Hagane was new upon this earth, his favorite toy was a rubber-band-drive *Seaview*. One day it "crash dived" into the inlet for the bathtub's hot water heater, and that was the end of that. In panel three, Deunan isn't as badly hurt as it might seem.

p39 | About those water police Landmates—it would probably improve their stability if I extended the forward hull fin down to touch the water and added horizontal fins . . . okay. So they're unstable. But my mindset was to think of them like motorcycles, so go easy on me! (I'm afraid the bow is going to pitch and make them harder to control, though. Is that worth the improved maneuverability?)

Deunan! Don't take off that helmet until you're safely aboard! The front half of these helmets, the part approximating the facial bones, flips up from a point near the ear. When you close it, you wrap around the neck fastener, and seal.

p40 | Bri . . . ! If you kiss her like that, Deunan will cut her lips on her own front teeth! *Gong!* goes your faceplate! *Goosh!* goes her blood . . . ! Yuck.

p41 | "Swiss army boats" they're *not*. But those arms are pretty convenient, with space to store lots of things. Oops, I forgot to give the speed boat an anchor . . .

p43 | I just stuck in these "prop wheels" for laughs. But if another materials revolution comes along and cheap space alloys start hitting the market, even these may not seem so laughable anymore.

When you look at the lines of the mecha in *Appleseed*, think of the peculiar weight, balance, tensile strength, etc. of new, hi-tech specialized materials. If you simply think of these designs like uniform objects molded out of clay, a lot of them will seem oddly unbalanced.

p44 | The boat can't have been moving so fast that it would actually shatter like that . . . in which case, Bri could have attacked it after all, and . . . oh, heck. Sorry.

p45/46 | Grenade launcher, right?

p47/48 | In this scene she's suppressing the Hermes anti-grav effect so she can pin the enemy cyborg with the full weight of her Guges. Not a smart move, actually. Oh well, it was a snap decision, so

let's forgive her . . . My apologies for presenting you with such an unrealistic, manga-esque fight scene . . . If they were non-altered humans, her neck would have snapped (been dislocated), and end of story. BTW, that was Bri's nice shooting, there.

p49 | The wire is made of a hard material to keep you from cutting yourself on it under normal conditions. If you don't apply a lot of force to it, it remains relatively (although not perfectly) straight.

p50 | The hatch is on the right side, so she draws with her right hand. But in the next panel she's already shifted her grip to her left auxiliary hand (didn't draw every stage of that, sorry).

p51 | That last illo reminds me of *Dominion*. . . It's not like I draw all my bad guys to look bad at first sight.

p52/53 | Come on, ladies . . . if you're going to peek, be a *little* more discreet. That's what I feel like telling them. But if all three of them were stealthily observing the fight in full camouflage, it wouldn't make much of a drawing (if you can discern the wearer, then the camo's failed). So . . . I didn't do it.

The surveillance satellite should have nailed them, too. But since the satellites are zoomed in on the body and boat, they're not performing the broad area surveillance that would have caught our threesome. Or that's my working assumption, anyway.

The name of the third woman, by the way, is Pemphredo.

p55 | The ship's gone down in what looks to be about two-hundred meters . . . but on the map, the ocean bed around Olympus Island is four to six thousand meters down . . . whoops. Eh heh heh . . . sorry.

p71 | Regarding the tail flippers of the mecha our three gals are using, I've given them four flippers to cancel out torque. In reality, though, they should suppress torque by using not two flippers together, but two on the outside and two on the inside. If you don't, you create noisy little whirlpools, and that's not good. In retrospect, maybe I should heve designed a weter-jet propulsion systems using artificial muscle sacks, like squids and octopi. Actually, you could get some small, added jet-propulsive effect when the peddles come together if they're designed to squeeze the water as they close. When the two flippers pull apart again, water flows into the gap between them. As they open, it could be like undoing a seal so the water would be almost forced out (undo it from the outside edges, perhaps?). The container they're retrieving from the sunken ship is modeled on an ASROC anti-submarine missile transport container.

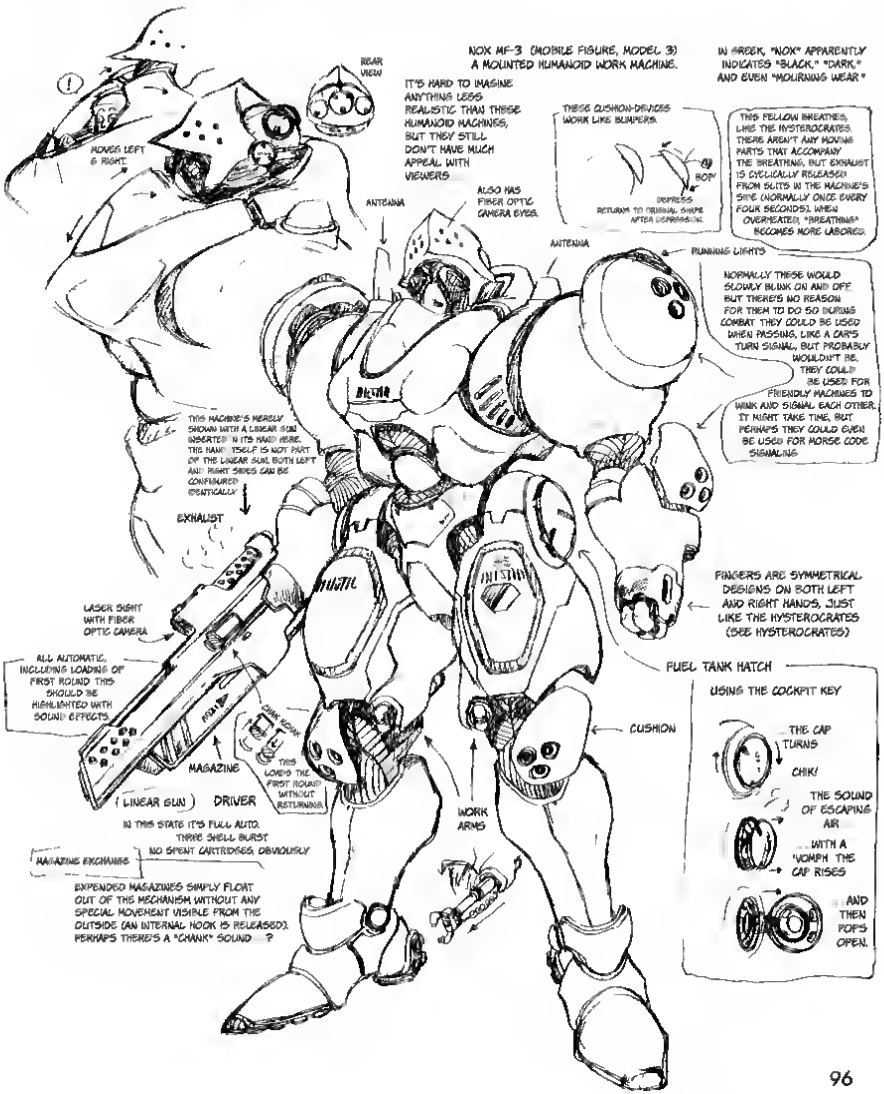
APPLESEED

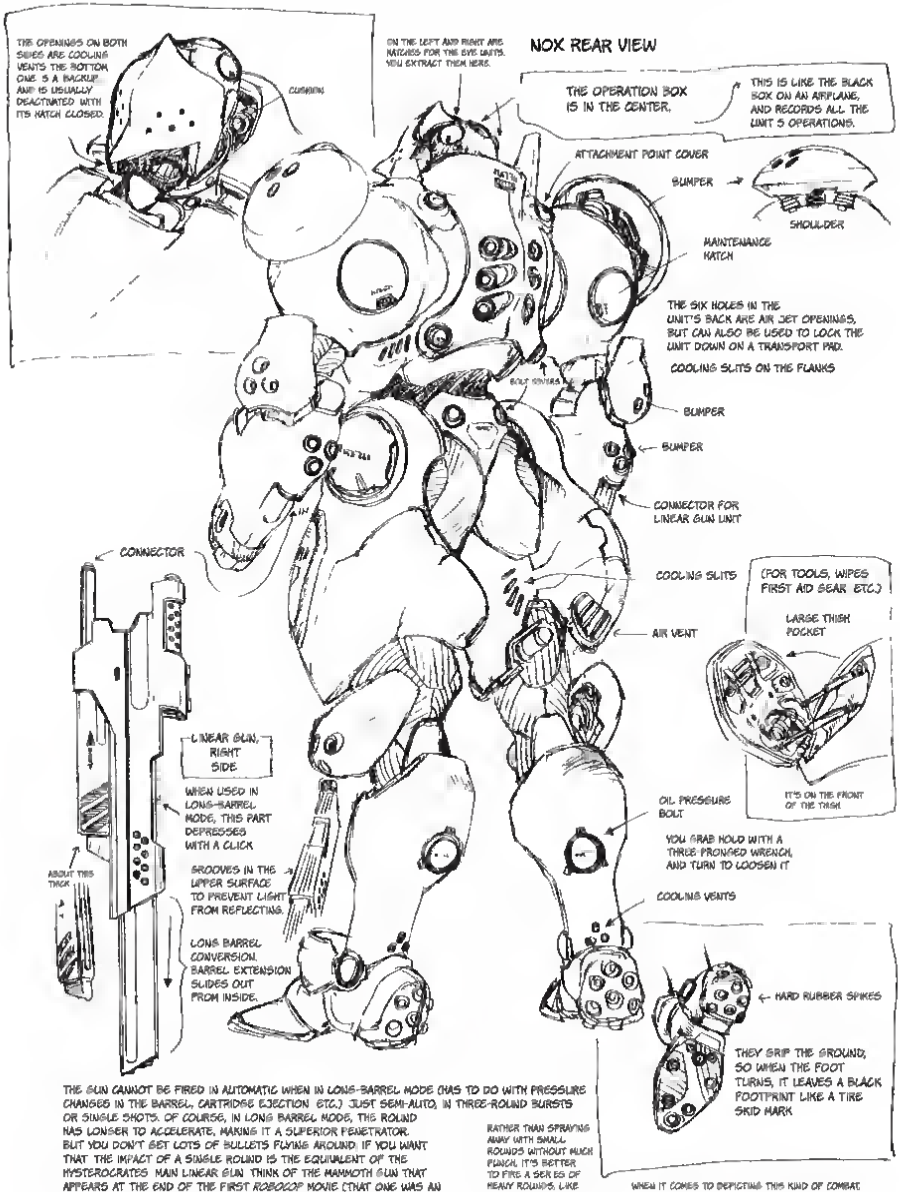
NOTES

marketed by TOHO INC director HIRO NEGISHI production RING RECORDS/TOHO/MOVIC

MECHA DESIGN REFERENCE MATERIALS

Masamune Shirow created these sketches and notes when he was asked to help design the mecha for *Bounty Dog*, a two-volume Original Video Animation marketed by Toho in 1994. This was only a request for ideas, so some of the designs differ from those in the final video, and some do not appear at all. On the other hand, they are rendered much more freely and playfully than would often be the case with design sketches. *(Text: Seishinsha Editorial Division)*


NOX MF-3 (MOBILE FIGURE, MODEL 3)
A MOUNTED HUMANOID WORK MACHINE.
IN GREEK, "NOX" APPARENTLY INDICATES "BLACK," "DARK," AND EVEN "MOURNING WEAR."
REAR VIEW
MOVES LEFT & RIGHT
IT'S HARD TO IMAGINE ANYTHING LESS REALISTIC THAN THESE HUMANOID MACHINES, BUT THEY STILL DON'T HAVE MUCH APPEAL WITH VIEWERS
THESE CUSHION-DEVICES WORK LIKE BUMPERS.
BODY
DEPRESS
RETURN TO ORIGINAL SHAPE AFTER LOADING/ETC.
THIS FELLOW BREATHES, LIKE THE HYSTEROCRATES. THERE AREN'T ANY MOVING PARTS THAT ACCOMPANY THE BREATHING, BUT EXHAUST IS CYCLICALLY RELEASED FROM SLITS IN THE MACHINE'S SIDE (NORMALLY ONCE EVERY FOUR SECONDS). WHEN OVERHEATED, "BREATHING" BECOMES MORE LABORED.
ANTENNA
ALSO HAS FIBER OPTIC CAMERA EYES.
ANTENNA
RUNNING LIGHTS
NORMALLY THESE WOULD SLOWLY BLINK ON AND OFF BUT THERE'S NO REASON FOR THEM TO DO SO DURING COMBAT. THEY COULD BE USED WHEN PASSING, LIKE A CAR'S TURN SIGNAL, BUT PROBABLY WOULDN'T BE. THEY COULD BE USED FOR FRIENDLY MACHINES TO WINK AND SIGNAL EACH OTHER. IT MIGHT TAKE TIME, BUT PERHAPS THEY COULD EVEN BE USED FOR MORSE CODE SIGNALING
THIS MACHINE'S MERELY SHOWN WITH A LINEAR GUN INSERTED IN ITS HAND HERE. THE HAND ITSELF IS NOT PART OF THE LINEAR GUN. BOTH LEFT AND RIGHT SIDES CAN BE CONFIGURED IDENTICALLY.
EXHAUST
LASER SIGHT WITH FIBER OPTIC CAMERA
FINGERS ARE SYMMETRICAL DESIGNS ON BOTH LEFT AND RIGHT HANDS, JUST LIKE THE HYSTEROCRATES (SEE HYSTEROCRATES)
ALL AUTOMATIC, INCLUDING LOADING OF FIRST ROUND. THIS SHOULD BE HIGHLIGHTED WITH SOUND EFFECTS.
FUEL TANK HATCH
USING THE COCKPIT KEY
CUSHION
THE CAP TURNS
CHIK!
THE SOUND OF ESCAPING AIR
...WITH A 'WOMPH' THE CAP RISES
AND THEN POPS OPEN.
MAGAZINE
(LINEAR GUN) DRIVER
THIS LOADS THE FIRST ROUND WITHOUT RETURNING.
IN THIS STATE IT'S FULL AUTO. THREE SHELL BURST
NO SPENT CARTRIDGES, OBVIOUSLY
MAGAZINE EXCHANGE
EXPENDED MAGAZINES SIMPLY FLOAT OUT OF THE MECHANISM WITHOUT ANY SPECIAL MOVEMENT VISIBLE FROM THE OUTSIDE (AN INTERNAL HOOK IS RELEASED). PERHAPS THERE'S A "CHANK" SOUND...?
WORK ARMS

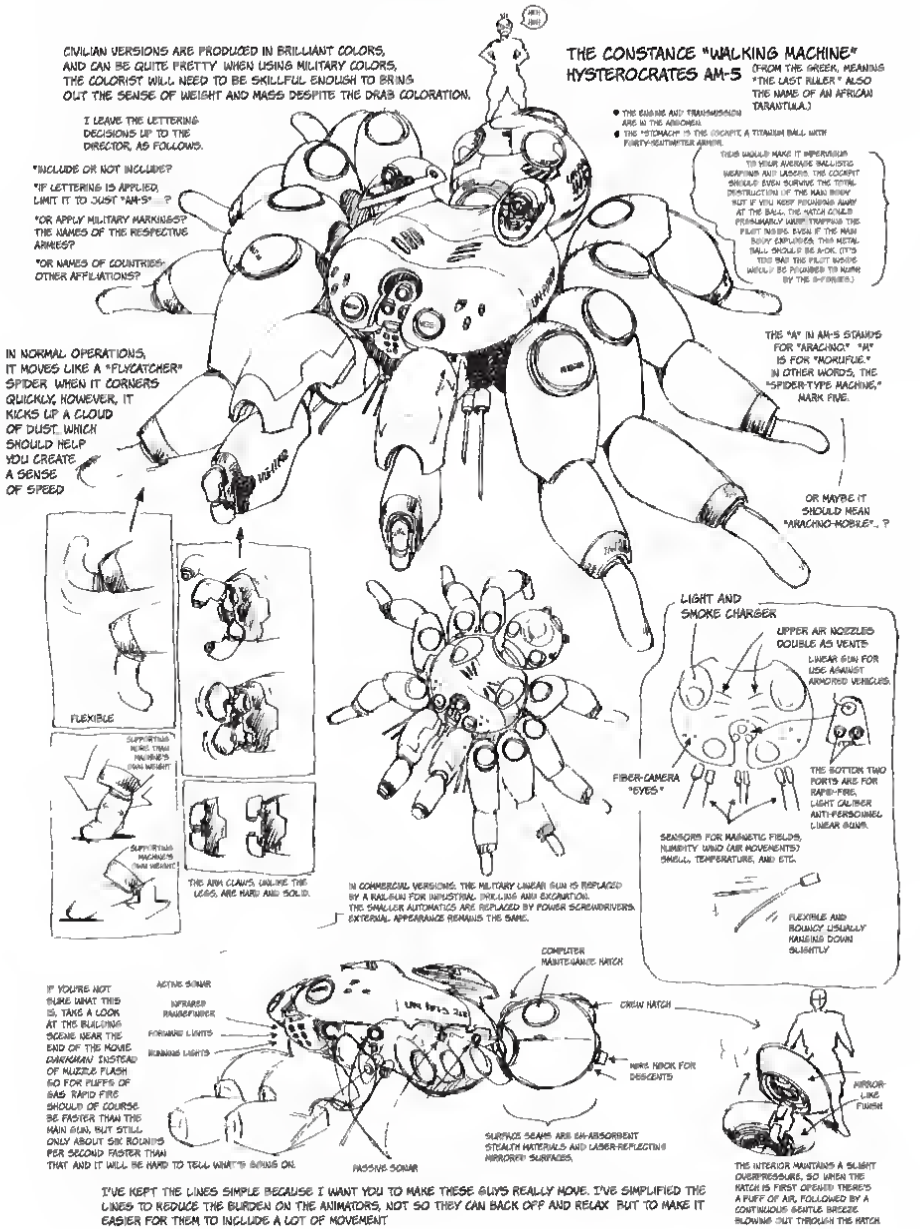

THE OPENINGS ON BOTH SIDES ARE COOLING VENTS THE BOTTOM ONE IS A BACKUP AND IS USUALLY DEACTIVATED WITH ITS HATCH CLOSED.
CUSHION
ON THE LEFT AND RIGHT ARE HATCHES FOR THE EYE UNITS. YOU EXTRACT THEM HERE.
NOX REAR VIEW
THE OPERATION BOX IS IN THE CENTER.
THIS IS LIKE THE BLACK BOX ON AN AIRPLANE, AND RECORDS ALL THE UNIT'S OPERATIONS.
ATTACHMENT POINT COVER
BUMPER
SHOULDER
MAINTENANCE HATCH
THE SIX HOLES IN THE UNIT'S BACK ARE AIR JET OPENINGS, BUT CAN ALSO BE USED TO LOCK THE UNIT DOWN ON A TRANSPORT PAD.
COOLING SLITS ON THE FLANKS
BOLT COVERS
BUMPER
BUMPER
CONNECTOR FOR LINEAR GUN UNIT
CONNECTOR
COOLING SLITS
(FOR TOOLS, WIPES FIRST AID GEAR ETC.)
LARGE THIGH POCKET
AIR VENT
IT'S ON THE FRONT OF THE THIGH.
LINEAR GUN, RIGHT SIDE
WHEN USED IN LONG-BARREL MODE, THIS PART DEPRESSES WITH A CLICK
ABOUT THIS THICK
GROOVES IN THE UPPER SURFACE TO PREVENT LIGHT FROM REFLECTING.
LONG BARREL CONVERSION. BARREL EXTENSION SLIDES OUT FROM INSIDE.
OIL PRESSURE BOLT
YOU GRAB HOLD WITH A THREE PRONGED WRENCH AND TURN TO LOOSEN IT
COOLING VENTS
HARD RUBBER SPIKES
THEY GRIP THE GROUND, SO WHEN THE FOOT TURNS, IT LEAVES A BLACK FOOTPRINT LIKE A TIRE SKID MARK

THE GUN CANNOT BE FIRED IN AUTOMATIC WHEN IN LONG-BARREL MODE (HAS TO DO WITH PRESSURE CHANGES IN THE BARREL, CARTRIDGE EJECTION ETC.) JUST SEMI-AUTO, IN THREE-ROUND BURSTS OR SINGLE SHOTS. OF COURSE, IN LONG BARREL MODE, THE ROUND HAS LONGER TO ACCELERATE, MAKING IT A SUPERIOR PENETRATOR. BUT YOU DON'T GET LOTS OF BULLETS FLYING AROUND. IF YOU WANT THAT THE IMPACT OF A SINGLE ROUND IS THE EQUIVALENT OF THE MYSTEROCRATES' MAIN LINEAR GUN (THINK OF THE MAMMOTH GUN THAT APPEARS AT THE END OF THE FIRST *ROBOCOP* MOVIE (THAT ONE WAS AN ANTI-TANK RIFLE). SCALE IT UP AND THE VISUALS SHOULD COME ALIVE.

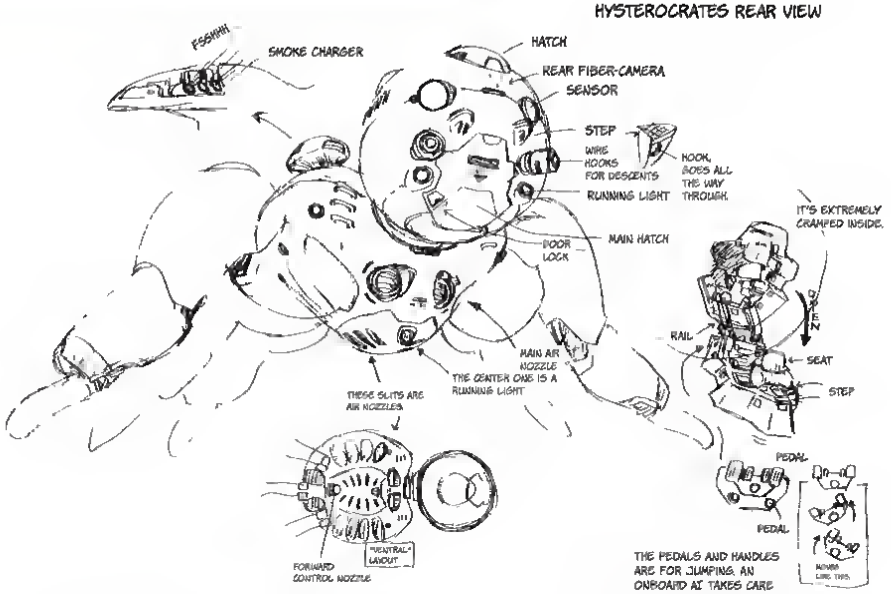
RATHER THAN SPRAYING AWAY WITH SMALL ROUNDS WITHOUT MUCH FINESSE, IT'S BETTER TO FIRE A SERIES OF HEAVY ROUNDS, LIKE HEAVYWEIGHTS SLUGGING IT OUT IN A PRIZE FIGHT

WHEN IT COMES TO DEPICTING THIS KIND OF COMBAT, HAYAO MIYAZAKI IS *AMAZING*. IN THIS ONE RESPECT, I WOULD SAY *LAPUTA* IS YOUR BEST MOVIE.

Constance Heavy Industries (one of the lunar industrial companies) "Walking Machine" Hysterocrates AM-5. (In the actual video, it's called a "Hystero," and is considerably smaller.)


CIVILIAN VERSIONS ARE PRODUCED IN BRILLIANT COLORS, AND CAN BE QUITE PRETTY WHEN USING MILITARY COLORS, THE COLORIST WILL NEED TO BE SKILLFUL ENOUGH TO BRING OUT THE SENSE OF WEIGHT AND MASS DESPITE THE DRAB COLORATION.
THE CONSTANCE "WALKING MACHINE" HYSTEROCRATES AM-5 (FROM THE GREEK, MEANING "THE LAST RULER" ALSO THE NAME OF AN AFRICAN TARANTULA.)
I LEAVE THE LETTERING DECISIONS UP TO THE DIRECTOR, AS FOLLOWS.
*INCLUDE OR NOT INCLUDE?
*IF LETTERING IS APPLIED, LIMIT IT TO JUST "AM-5" ?
*OR APPLY MILITARY MARKINGS? THE NAMES OF THE RESPECTIVE ARMIES?
*OR NAMES OF COUNTRIES: OTHER AFFILIATIONS?
THE ENGINE AND TRANSMISSION ARE IN THE ARACHNEA
THE "STOMACH" IS THE ESCAPE & TITANIUM BALL WITH FORTY-EIGHTMETER ARMOR.
THIS WOULD MAKE IT IMPERVIOUS TO YOUR AVERAGE BALLISTIC WEAPONS AND LASERS. THE COCKPIT SHOULD EVEN SURVIVE THE TOTAL DESTRUCTION OF THE MAIN BODY BUT IF YOU KEEP POUNDING AWAY AT THE BALL THE HATCH COULD PRIMARILY MORE TRAPPING THE PILOT INSIDE. EVEN IF THE MAIN BODY EXPLODES, THIS METAL BALL SHOULD BE A-OK. IT'S TOO BAD THE PILOT WOULD WOULD BE POUNDED TO MUSH BY THE SHRAPNEL.)
THE "A" IN AM-5 STANDS FOR "ARACHNO." "M" IS FOR "MORIFUE." IN OTHER WORDS, THE "SPIDER-TYPE MACHINE," MARK FIVE.
IN NORMAL OPERATIONS, IT MOVES LIKE A "FLYCATCHER" SPIDER. WHEN IT CORNERS QUICKLY, HOWEVER, IT KICKS UP A CLOUD OF DUST, WHICH SHOULD HELP YOU CREATE A SENSE OF SPEED
OR MAYBE IT SHOULD MEAN "ARACHNO-MOBILE"...?
FLEXIBLE
SUPPORTING KNEE TAKES MACHINE'S OWN WEIGHT
SUPPORTING MACHINE'S OWN WEIGHT
THE ARM CLAWS, UNLIKE THE LEGS, ARE HARD AND SOLID.
LIGHT AND SMOKE CHARGER
UPPER AIR NOZZLES DOUBLE AS VENTS
LINEAR GUN FOR USE AGAINST ARMORED VEHICLES
FIBER-CAMERA "EYES"
THE BOTTOM TWO PORTS ARE FOR RAPID-FIRE, LIGHT CALIBER ANTI-PERSONNEL LINEAR GUNS.
SENSORS FOR MAGNETIC FIELDS, HUMIDITY, WIND (AIR MOVEMENTS), SMELL, TEMPERATURE, AND ETC.
IN COMMERCIAL VERSIONS, THE MILITARY LINEAR GUN IS REPLACED BY A RAILGUN FOR INDUSTRIAL DRILLING AND EXCAVATION. THE SMALLER AUTOMATICS ARE REPLACED BY POWER SCREWDRIVERS. EXTERNAL APPEARANCE REMAINS THE SAME.
FLEXIBLE AND BOUNCY, USUALLY RAISED DOWN DELICATELY
IF YOU'RE NOT SURE WHAT THIS IS, TAKE A LOOK AT THE BUILDING SCENE NEAR THE END OF THE MOVIE DARKMAN. INSTEAD OF MUZZLE FLASH SO FOR PUFFS OF GAS. RAPID FIRE SHOULD OF COURSE BE FASTER THAN THE MAIN GUN, BUT STILL ONLY ABOUT SIX ROUNDS PER SECOND FASTER THAN THAT AND IT WILL BE HARD TO TELL WHAT'S GOING ON.
ACTIVE SONAR
INFRARED RANGEFINDER
FORWARD LIMITS
RUNNING LIGHTS
PASSIVE SONAR
COMPUTER MAINTENANCE HATCH
CREW HATCH
NAVEL KNOCK FOR DESCENTS
SURFACES SEAMS ARE EM-ABSORBENT STEALTH MATERIALS AND LASER-REFLECTING MIRRORED SURFACES.
MIRROR-LIKE FINISH
THE INTERIOR MAINTAINS A SLIGHT OVERPRESSURE, SO WHEN THE HATCH IS FIRST OPENED THERE'S A PUFF OF AIR, FOLLOWED BY A CONTINUOUS GENTLE BREEZE BLOWING OUT THROUGH THE HATCH.
I'VE KEPT THE LINES SIMPLE BECAUSE I WANT YOU TO MAKE THESE GUYS REALLY MOVE. I'VE SIMPLIFIED THE LINES TO REDUCE THE BURDEN ON THE ANIMATORS, NOT SO THEY CAN BACK OFF AND RELAX BUT TO MAKE IT EASIER FOR THEM TO INCLUDE A LOT OF MOVEMENT

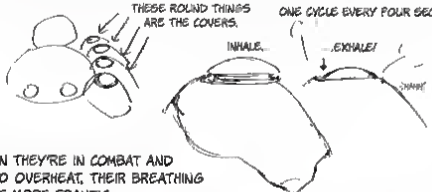
HYSTEROCRATES REAR VIEW



THE PEDALS AND HANDLES ARE FOR JUMPING. AN ONBOARD AI TAKES CARE OF NORMAL WALKING AND TURNING. LIKE RIDING A HORSE! CONSEQUENTLY, WHEN THE UNIT DETECTS A TARGET IN ITS VICINITY WHILE IN COMBAT MODE IT WILL NOTIFY THE PILOT AND AUTOMATICALLY ORIENT ITSELF TOWARD THE THREAT WITHOUT WAITING FOR A COMMAND A BIT INCONVENIENT PERHAPS?

THIS MECHA BREATHES!

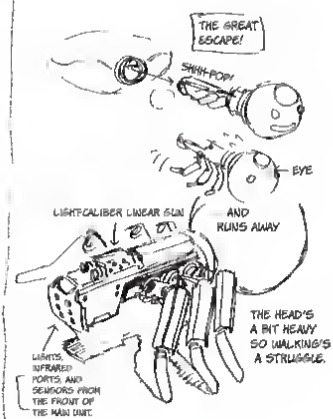
FOR COOLING. (OUTSIDE THE CITY, ON THE LUNAR SURFACE, THE BREATHING IS EVEN MORE LABORED.) THE HYSTEROCRATES HAS SO MANY MOVING PARTS THAT IT'S CONSTANTLY BREATHING OUT THROUGH ITS SHOULDERS TO EXHAUST FRICTION HEAT



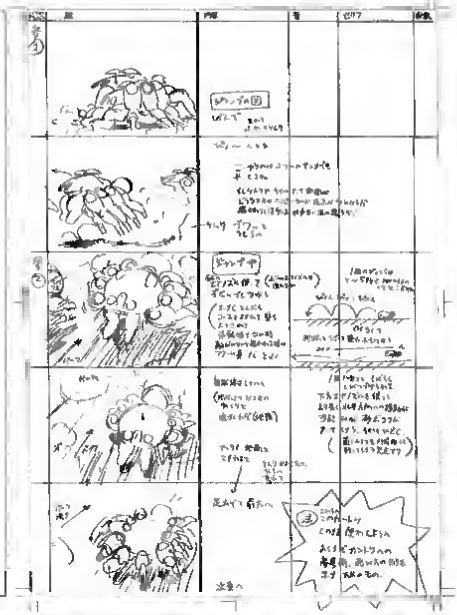
SO WHEN THEY'RE IN COMBAT AND BEGIN TO OVERHEAT, THEIR BREATHING BECOMES MORE FRANTIC (APPROXIMATELY ONE CYCLE PER SECOND)

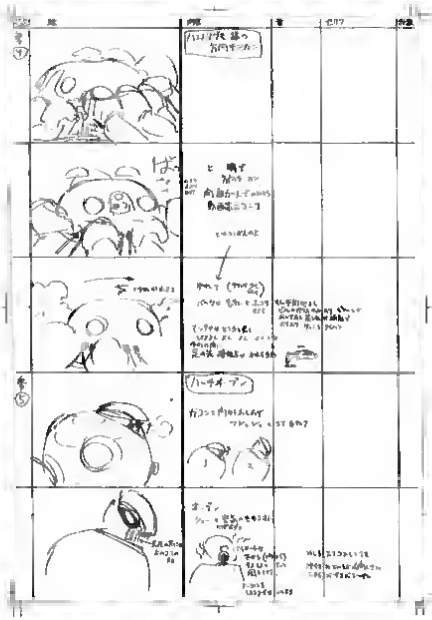
INTERESTING TO WATCH I THINK, BUT TIME-CONSUMING TO ANIMATE. LET THE DIRECTOR DECIDE WHETHER TO INCORPORATE THIS FEATURE OR NOT. IT'S ENOUGH TO INCLUDE IT IN JUST A FEW SCENES OR AT CRUCIAL MOMENTS.

YOU CAN TELL FROM THE SHOULDER/BREATHING ACTION HOW FATIGUED THE MACHINE IS. MACHINE FATIGUE AND PILOT FATIGUE ARE SEPARATE MATTERS. EVEN WHEN A MECHA ISN'T BREATHING HEAVILY, YOU CAN DISTINGUISH THE HOT ONES FROM THE COLD ONES WITH YOUR INFRARED, AND DETERMINE WHICH ARE MORE FATIGUED THAT ALLOWS YOU TO MAKE CERTAIN TACTICAL DECISIONS ON THE BATTLEFIELD. FOR INSTANCE, IF YOU'RE FACING THREE UNITS, YOU CAN IGNORE THE ONES THAT ARE FATIGUED AND SLOW, AND HIT THE MORE ACTIVE ONES WITH SHORT, POP-UP ATTACKS


THE GREAT ESCAPE!
SHHH-POOF
BYE
LIGHT-CALIBER LINEAR GUN
AND RUNS AWAY
THE HEAD'S A BIT HEAVY SO WALKING'S A STRUGGLE.
LIGHTS, INFRARED PORTS, AND SENSORS FROM THE FRONT OF THE MAIN UNIT

A short storyboard sequence describing the way the Hysterocrates units move (just enjoy the art . . . the tiny writing is unreadable!). Below are two spacesuit designs.





Dome cluster city for lunar surface (a Constance Heavy Industries product). The dome interior concept differs from the final video version. The video only used the exterior designs.

LUNAR CITY

CITIES ON THE LUNAR SURFACE ARE ALL DESIGNED BY EITHER CONSTANCE H. I. OR BY FREUD CORPORATION.

THE FREUD CORPORATION CITIES RESEMBLE THE *BLADE RUNNER*-ESQUE STRUCTURES IN THE ORIGINAL DESIGN CONCEPT, ONLY SMALLER. CONSTANCE H. I. BUILDS HIGH-TECH CITIES COMPOSED OF SELF-REPLICATING DOMES ERECTED BY MICROMACHINES. THESE ARE MASSIVE CONSTRUCTIONS CURRENTLY COVERING HALF THE MOON'S SURFACE.

CONSTANCE HEAVY INDUSTRIES
DOME CITY (EXTERIOR)

FIGURE A

EXTERIOR SURFACES ARE PHOTOVOLTAIC. THEY'RE POLISHED MIRROR-BRIGHT, AND REFLECT THE SKY.

A FREUD CORP CITY

A CLUSTER OF DOMES NEAR THE CENTRAL HOLLOW. CONSIDER IT A HIVE OF MICROMACHINES. WHILE I CALL THEM MICROMACHINES, THEY'RE ACTUALLY A COLONY (COLONY IN THE SENSE OF A TERMITE COLONY) OF HI TECH WORMS SEVERAL CENTIMETERS LONG. THEY REPRODUCE, CONTROL THEIR TOTAL MASS AND BUILD DOME-SHAPED HIVES. HEIGHT IS LIMITED BY THE STRUCTURAL INTEGRITY OF THE BUILDING MATERIAL USED (IN THIS CASE THE LUNAR SURFACE ITSELF); NO SKYSCRAPERS HERE! THE FIGURE ABOVE SHOWS THREE BLOCKS, WHICH IS TO SAY THREE HIVE GROUPS. THE HIVES ARE CONNECTED BY THE AIRPORTS ON TOP OF THE STRUCTURES. SURFACE ROADS WITHIN THE BLOCKS DO NOT CONNECT WITH OTHER BLOCKS (THIS IS BECAUSE THE DOMES ARE STILL GROWING, AND OVER TIME, THE BLOCKS WILL MERGE INTO ONE ANOTHER). THE SMALL DOMES ON THE EDGES OF THE BLOCKS ARE STILL IN THEIR GROWTH STAGE. THE LIMIT ON DOME GROWTH BEING STRUCTURAL INTEGRITY, ONCE A DOME REACHES ITS MAXIMUM STABLE SIZE, THE NEARBY MICROMACHINES BEGIN TO ERECT ANOTHER ONE.

MAXIMUM SIZE

SECONDARY DOME

IN THIS WAY THE MICROMACHINES BUILD DOMES ONE, TWO, THREE, AND SO ON, UNTIL YOU HAVE A STRUCTURE LIKE THAT IN FIGURE A. IT'S RARE FOR THE HUMAN INHABITANTS OF THE DOMES TO SEE THE MICROMACHINES. THE WALLS ARE THICK, LAYERED LIKE A PIE SLICE, SO IT TAKES MORE THAN YOUR AVERAGE ACCIDENT TO EXPOSE THE MICROMACHINES WITHIN.

CROSS-SECTION

FIGURE B

ROTATES, LIKE THIS

DOCKING BAY

IN THE OLDER SETTLEMENTS, THERE ARE MAMMOTH DOME COMPLEXES WHERE TEN OR TWENTY BLOCKS HAVE ALREADY FUSED TOGETHER. IN FIGURE A, THE BLOCKS ARE STILL SCATTERED, INDICATING THAT IT'S A RELATIVELY NEW CITY.

OUT IN THE BOONIES WHERE THE CONSTANCE SURVEY TEAMS ARE STILL AT WORK, THE DOMES ARE EVEN MORE SCATTERED.

RUNWAY/APRON

SPACE BUSES USE THE DOCKING BAYS. THEY LOOK A BIT LIKE THIS.

BUS

MONORAIL TRACKS AND FREEWAYS FOLLOW THE OUTER WALLS OF THE DOMES, LIKE THIS.

FIGURE C. DOME INTERIOR

THE TOP OF THE DOME LOOKS LIKE THIS

STATION

THE DOME INTERIORS ARE MULTI-LEVELED. A TYPICAL LEVEL LOOKS LIKE THIS

MONORAIL

THE AVERAGE DOME IS BETWEEN 200 AND 300 METERS IN DIAMETER.

MAN-MADE STRUCTURES ERECTED INSIDE THE TERRAFORMED DOMES

FREEWAYS FOLLOW THE OUTLINES OF THE DOMES, AND HAVE SPEED BANKS.

THE LARGER DIVIDING WALLS IN THE INTERIOR WOULD LOOK LIKE THIS.

LET'S STOP CALLING THESE "MICROMACHINES" AND USE A CONTRACTION OF "CENTIMETER ROBOTS" INSTEAD. TO WIT, "CEBOTS."

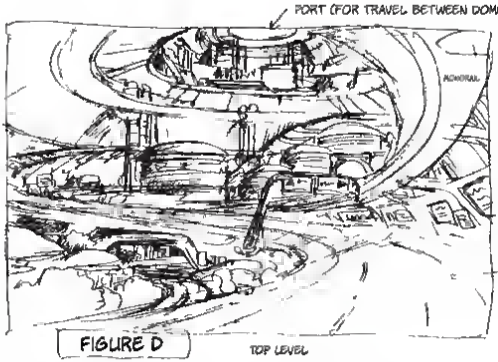


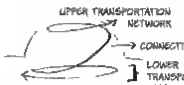
FIGURE D

THE DOME INTERIOR IS A MULTI-LEVEL ARCOLOGY MONORAIL AND FREEWAYS RUN AROUND THE TOP AND BASEMENT LEVELS.

THE UNDERGROUND TRANSPORTATION NETWORK IS USED PRIMARILY FOR CARGO TRAFFIC IS MOSTLY TRUCKS AND OFFICIAL VEHICLES THE UPPER LEVELS ARE HOME TO RESIDENCES, BUSINESS OFFICES, AND LABORATORIES. HERE YOU FIND MORE PRIVATE AND CORPORATE CARS, AND TOURIST BUSES THE ROADS NEAR THE PORT CAN GET CONGESTED

I THINK YOU CAN SHOW THE FOLLOWING MOVEMENTS IN THE VIDEO

* FROM LANDING ON THE MOON, TO THE CONSTANCE LABS — PORT TO UPPER LEVEL
* FIRST CHASE SCENE — FROM THE CENTRAL LEVEL TO THE BASEMENT LEVEL.



SINCE THE CHARACTERS ARE ENTERING A REMOTE DOME CONNECTED TO THE FACILITY FOR ALIEN SPECIES, WE CAN EASILY DEPICT THE DOME'S INTERIOR IF THEY TAKE THE CONNECTING ROAD FROM THE UPPER TO LOWER LEVEL AFTER ARRIVING AT THE PORT

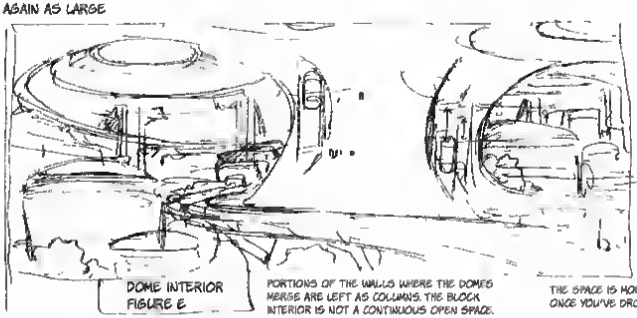
IT WOULD ALSO BE INTERESTING TO USE THE CONNECTOR ROADS DURING CHASE SCENES

JUDGING FROM THE STORY SETTINGS YOU'VE SENT ME, YOU SEEM TO BE CONSIDERING CHASE SCENES LIKE A DIRECT-CONTACT BATTLE RACE. I THINK YOU CAN PRODUCE SOME INTERESTING EFFECTS AND ENHANCE THE SENSE OF SPEED IF YOU STAGE THE CLOSE-IN COMBAT ON THESE CURVING ROADS (ALMOST EVERY ROAD IN THE DOME IS CURVED) RUNNING THROUGH AN INTERIOR SPACE LIKE A GIGANTIC DEPARTMENT STORE ATRIUM, ONLY THREE TIMES AGAIN AS LARGE

EACH DOME BEING 200 TO 300 METERS IN DIAMETER YOU'D WANT ABOUT THIS MUCH SPACE FOR A SINGLE BLOCK.

IF THEY'RE TOO SPACIOUS, IT WON'T FEEL LIKE YOU'RE ON THE MOON.

STILL, A 100 METER HIGH, 200 TO 300 METER WIDE DOME IS PRETTY DARN BIG.



PLEASE COME UP WITH SOME DECENT DESIGNS FOR THE INTERIOR BUILDINGS NOT THESE SLOPPY SCRIBBLES

DOME INTERIOR FIGURE E

PORTIONS OF THE WALLS WHERE THE DOMES MERGE ARE LEFT AS COLUMNS. THE BLOCK INTERIOR IS NOT A CONTINUOUS OPEN SPACE.

THE SPACE IS MORE DEVELOPED AND CROWDED ONCE YOU'VE DROPPED DOWN A FEW LEVELS.

THERE'S A BOOK ON DOME CITIES THAT, WHILE RATHER DIFFERENT IN IMAGE, COULD BE A USEFUL REFERENCE WORK.

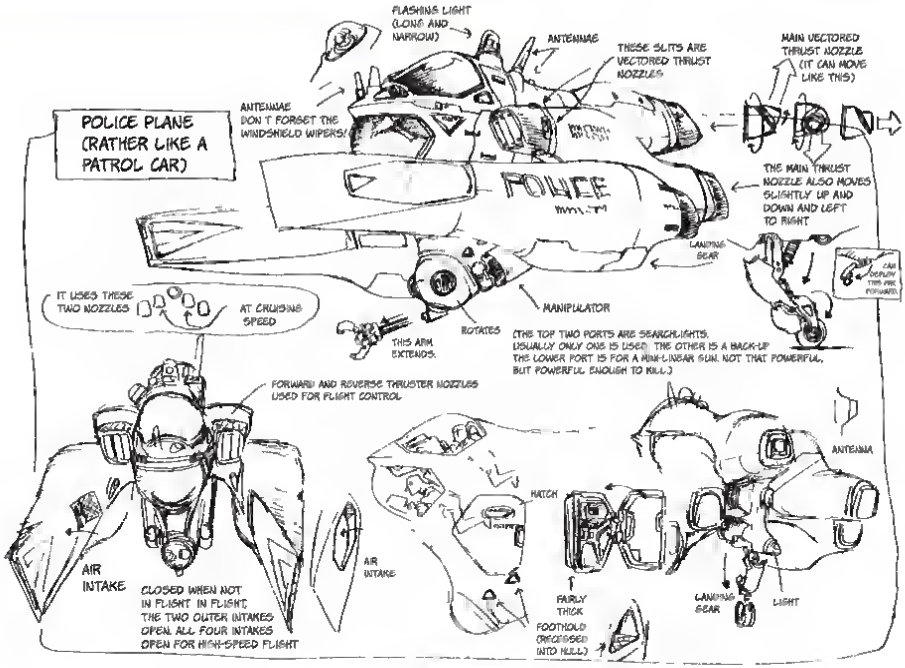
MAGNETIC STORM, BY ROGER AND MARTYN DEAN, PUBLISHED BY PAPER TIGER PUBLISHING COMPANY
(YOU SHOULD BE ABLE TO FIND IT IN ANY LARGE BOOKSTORE. IT'S SQUARISH IN SHAPE, ABOUT A FOOT ON A SIDE.)

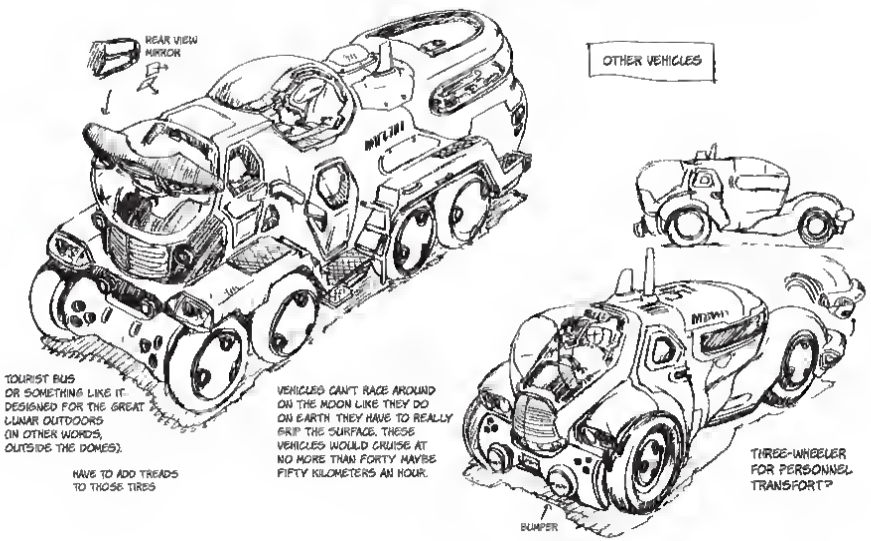
IN THE SECOND HALF OF THE BOOK YOU'LL FIND PLANS OF HOUSES USING DOMES (RATHER LIKE MUSHROOMS) AND A CITY. IT SHOULD COME IN HANDY FOR CONCEPTS AND IDEAS . BUT WITHOUT INFRINGING COPYRIGHT, PLEASE! LIFTING THEM DIRECTLY OUT OF THE BOOK WOULD BE A CRIME. SO BE CAREFUL! I THINK YOU'LL FIND LOTS OF OTHER INSPIRATIONAL ART IN THERE IN ADDITION TO THE MATERIAL ON DOMES

IT MIGHT HELP YOU TO UNIFY YOUR IMAGES WHEN YOU'RE ORDERING OUT OTHER DESIGN CONCEPT SHEETS AND CONSULTING WITH THE DIRECTOR.

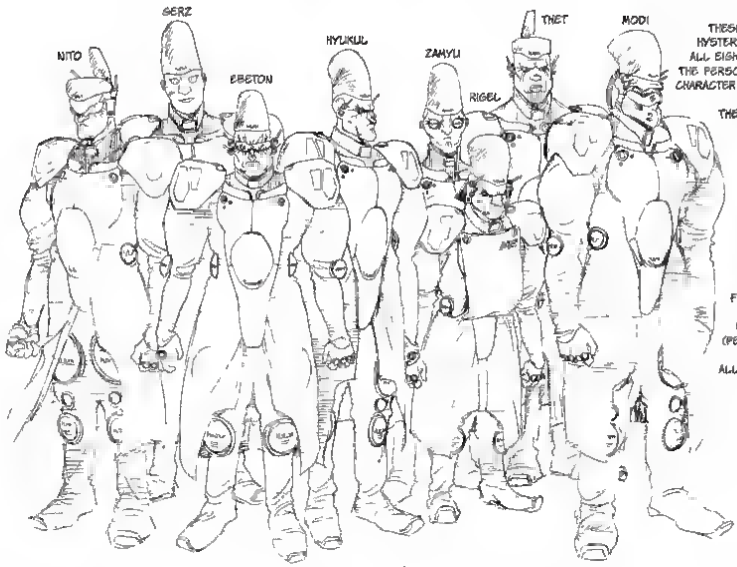
SINCE THIS STORY IS A VARIATION ON THE "PRINCESS KAGUYA" LEGEND IT WOULD BE NICE TO HAVE A CITYSCAPE THAT EVOKES A GROVE OF BAMBOO. FOR INSTANCE, INCREASING THE NUMBER OF ELEVATOR COLUMNS IN FIGURE E SO THEY LOOK LIKE A BUNDLE OF BAMBOO.

This page is the design sheet for police planes and various vehicles.


POLICE PLANE (RATHER LIKE A PATROL CAR)
FLASHING LIGHT (LONG AND NARROW)
ANTENNAE
THESE SLITS ARE VECTORED THRUST NOZZLES
MAIN VECTORED THRUST NOZZLE (IT CAN MOVE LIKE THIS)
ANTENNAE DON'T FORGET THE WINDSHIELD WIPERS!
POLICE
THE MAIN THRUST NOZZLE ALSO MOVES SLIGHTLY UP AND DOWN AND LEFT TO RIGHT
LANDING GEAR
CAN DROP TYPE PRC FORWARD
IT USES THESE TWO NOZZLES
AT CRUISING SPEED
MANIPULATOR
THIS ARM EXTENDS.
ROTATES
(THE TOP TWO PORTS ARE SEARCHLIGHTS. USUALLY ONLY ONE IS USED. THE OTHER IS A BACK-UP. THE LOWER PORT IS FOR A NON-LINEAR GUN. NOT THAT POWERFUL, BUT POWERFUL ENOUGH TO KILL.)
FORWARD AND REVERSE THRUSTER NOZZLES USED FOR FLIGHT CONTROL
ANTENNA
HATCH
AIR INTAKE
CLOSED WHEN NOT IN FLIGHT. IN FLIGHT, THE TWO OUTER INTAKES OPEN. ALL FOUR INTAKES OPEN FOR HIGH-SPEED FLIGHT
AIR INTAKE
FAIRLY THICK
FOOTHOLD (RECESSED INTO HULL)
LANDING GEAR
LIGHT


REAR VIEW MIRROR
OTHER VEHICLES
TOURIST BUS OR SOMETHING LIKE IT. DESIGNED FOR THE GREAT LUNAR OUTDOORS (IN OTHER WORDS, OUTSIDE THE DOMES).
HAVE TO ADD TREADS TO THOSE TIRES
VEHICLES CAN'T RACE AROUND ON THE MOON LIKE THEY DO ON EARTH. THEY HAVE TO REALLY GRIP THE SURFACE. THESE VEHICLES WOULD CRUISE AT NO MORE THAN FORTY, MAYBE FIFTY KILOMETERS AN HOUR.
THREE-WHEELER FOR PERSONNEL TRANSPORT?
BUMPER

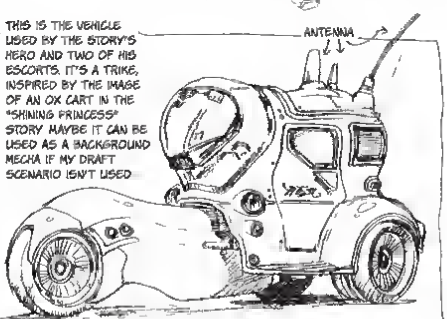
These drawings didn't appear in the video. They show the eight men under the hero's command. The trike transforms.

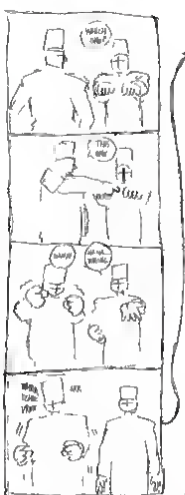


THESE EIGHT MEN ARE HYSTEROCRATES PILOTS. ALL EIGHT ARE CYBORGS. THE PERSON IN CHARGE OF CHARACTER DESIGN SHOULD MAKE SURE THAT THE FACES ETC., ARE NOT IN CONFLICT WITH THE "HERO" CHARACTER

BASICALLY I'VE MADE THEM ALL LOOK LIKE NOBILITY IN THE HEIAN PERIOD FROM THE KAGUYA HIME ("SHINING PRINCESS") TALE (PERHAPS IT WOULD BE OKAY TO GIVE ALL OF THEM TUNICS LIKE RIGEL'S.)

THIS IS THE VEHICLE USED BY THE STORY'S HERO AND TWO OF HIS ESCORTS. IT'S A TRIKE, INSPIRED BY THE IMAGE OF AN OX CART IN THE "SHINING PRINCESS" STORY. MAYBE IT CAN BE USED AS A BACKGROUND MECHA IF MY DRAFT SCENARIO ISN'T USED



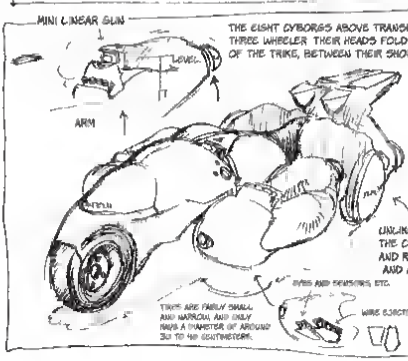


LEGS FOLD THREE TIMES AND TURN SAUCERS ALONG SLANT

ACTUALLY HE DOESN'T HAVE THE BLADES IN THIS IMAGE

MINI LINEAR GUN

THE EIGHT CYBORGS ABOVE TRANSFORM INTO THIS THREE WHEELER. THEIR HEADS FOLD INTO THE BODY OF THE TRIKE, BETWEEN THEIR SHOULDER BLADES.



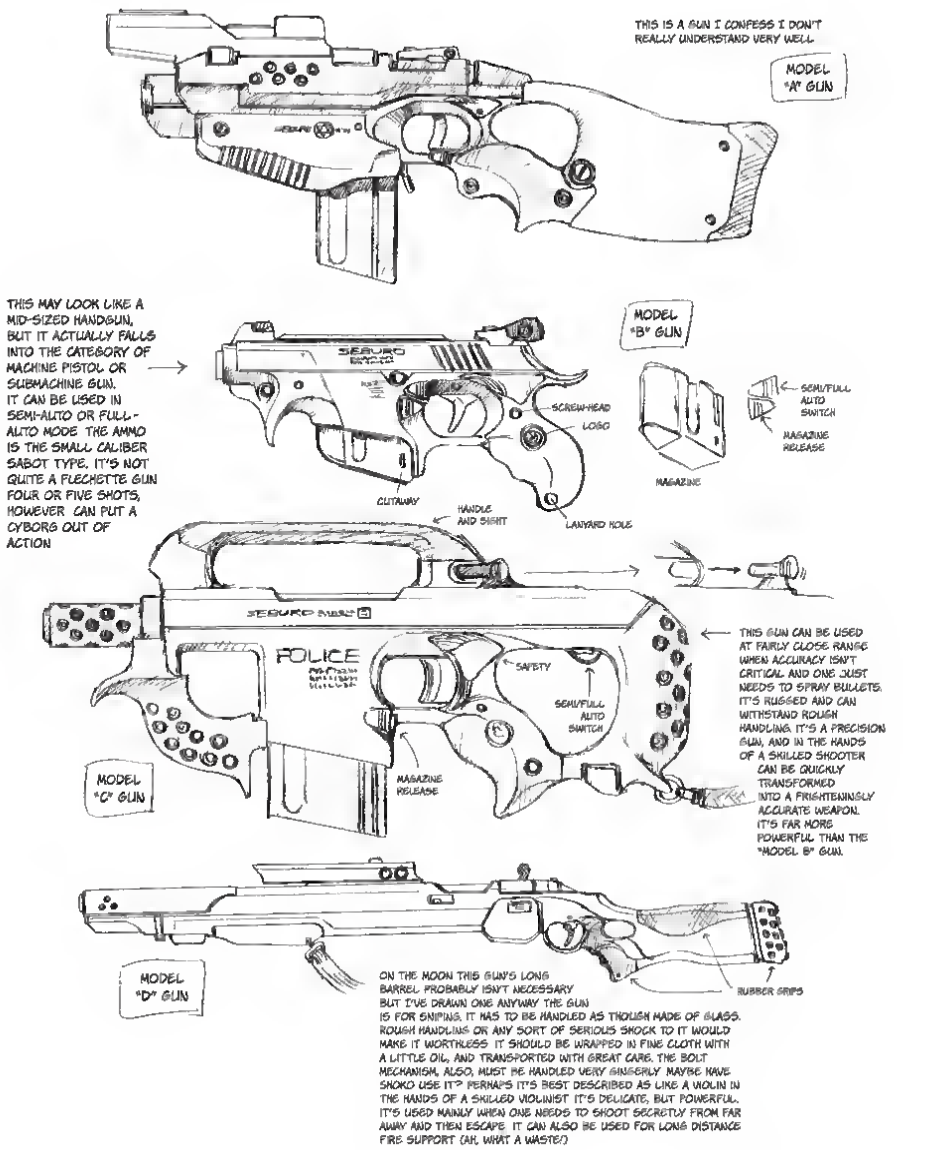
UNLIKE HUMANS, THE CYBORGS HAVE THIGHS AND SHINS THAT CAN BEND AND REVOLVE. THEIR CLOTHES DON'T GET TORN UP AND ARE MERELY FOLDED INSIDE.

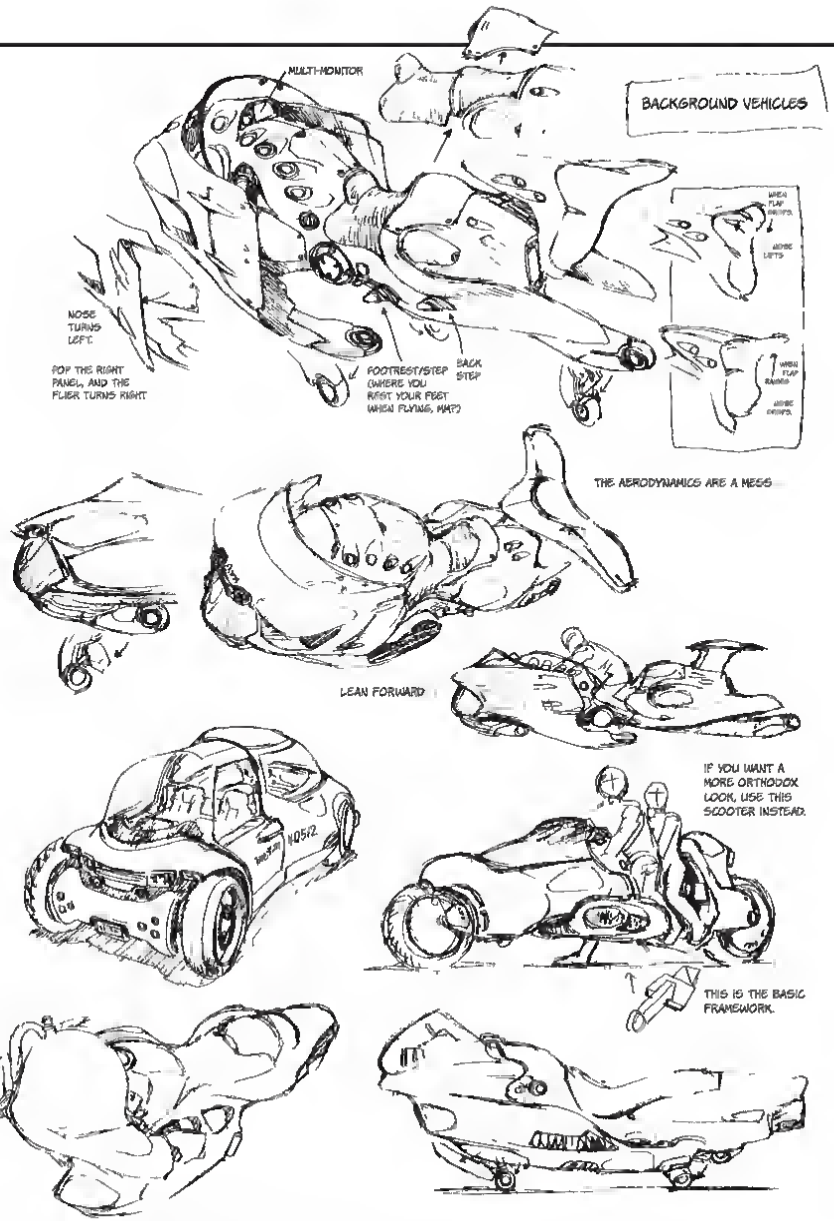
THEY'RE FAIRLY SMALL AND NARROW, AND ONLY HAVE A DIAMETER OF AROUND 30 TO 40 CENTIMETERS.

CHASE SCENE:
MINIMUM NEEDS

INES' DESTRUCTION AND CONFUSION WITH KEY MAN (THIS SEEMS ODD EVEN TO ME.) YAYOI BEGINS TO REVEAL SECRETS (ONE IS OF INES: MUST RETURN TO "INES PRIME," ETC.

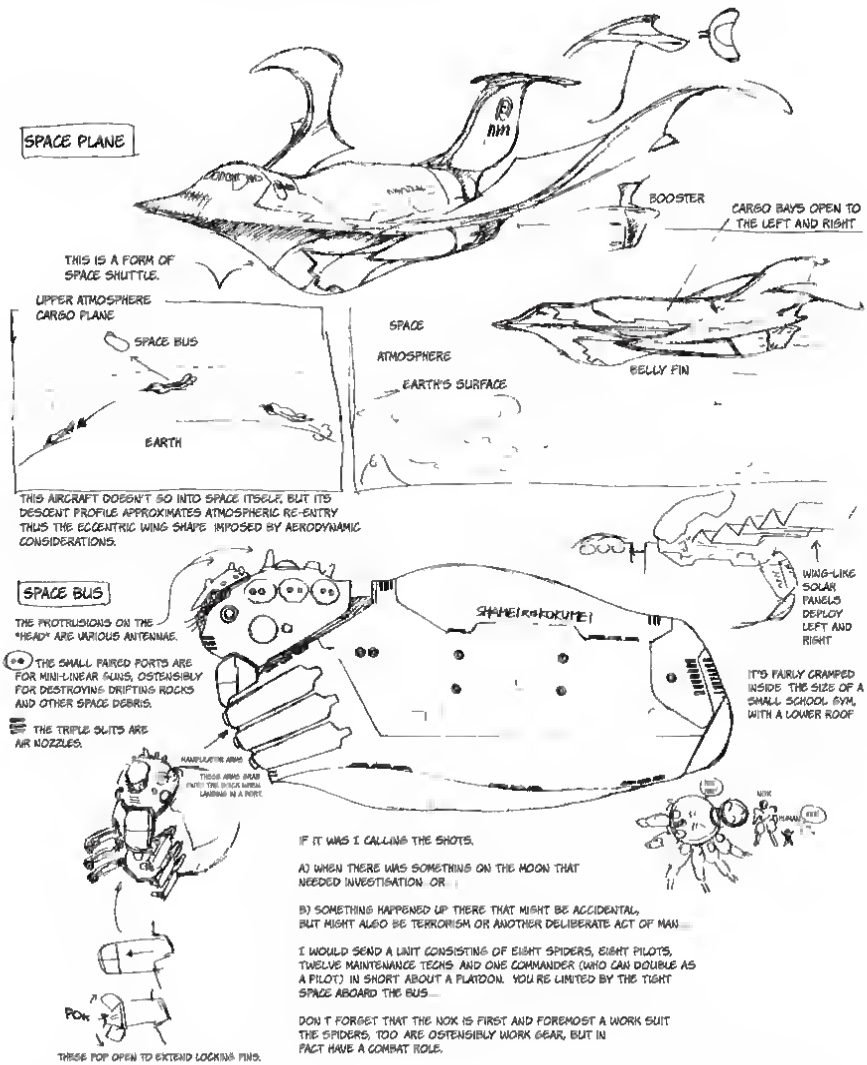
The sketches below illustrate various gun designs. On the surface of the Moon there's no fall-off in the intitial velocity of bullets, so there's little need for long barrels.


THIS IS A GUN I CONFESS I DON'T REALLY UNDERSTAND VERY WELL
MODEL "A" GUN
THIS MAY LOOK LIKE A MID-SIZED HANDGUN, BUT IT ACTUALLY FALLS INTO THE CATEGORY OF MACHINE PISTOL OR SUBMACHINE GUN. IT CAN BE USED IN SEMI-AUTO OR FULL-AUTO MODE. THE AMMO IS THE SMALL CALIBER SABOT TYPE. IT'S NOT QUITE A FLECHETTE GUN FOUR OR FIVE SHOTS, HOWEVER, CAN PUT A CYBORG OUT OF ACTION
MODEL "B" GUN
SEMI/FULL AUTO SWITCH
MAGAZINE RELEASE
MAGAZINE
SCREW-HEAD
LOGO
CUTAWAY
HANDLE AND SIGHT
LANYARD HOLE
POLICE
SAFETY
SEMI/FULL AUTO SWITCH
MAGAZINE RELEASE
MODEL "C" GUN
THIS GUN CAN BE USED AT FAIRLY CLOSE RANGE WHEN ACCURACY ISN'T CRITICAL AND ONE JUST NEEDS TO SPRAY BULLETS. IT'S RUGGED AND CAN WITHSTAND ROUGH HANDLING. IT'S A PRECISION GUN, AND IN THE HANDS OF A SKILLED SHOOTER CAN BE QUICKLY TRANSFORMED INTO A FRIGHTENINGLY ACCURATE WEAPON. IT'S FAR MORE POWERFUL THAN THE "MODEL B" GUN.
MODEL "D" GUN
RUBBER GRIPS
ON THE MOON THIS GUY'S LONG BARREL PROBABLY ISN'T NECESSARY BUT I'VE DRAWN ONE ANYWAY. THE GUN IS FOR SNIPING. IT HAS TO BE HANDLED AS THOUGH MADE OF GLASS. ROUGH HANDLING OR ANY SORT OF SERIOUS SHOCK TO IT WOULD MAKE IT WORTHLESS. IT SHOULD BE WRAPPED IN FINE CLOTH WITH A LITTLE OIL, AND TRANSPORTED WITH GREAT CARE. THE BOLT MECHANISM, ALSO, MUST BE HANDLED VERY GINGERLY. MAYBE HAVE SNOKO USE IT? PERHAPS IT'S BEST DESCRIBED AS LIKE A VIOLIN IN THE HANDS OF A SKILLED VIOLINIST. IT'S DELICATE, BUT POWERFUL. IT'S USED MAINLY WHEN ONE NEEDS TO SHOOT SECRETLY FROM FAR AWAY AND THEN ESCAPE. IT CAN ALSO BE USED FOR LONG DISTANCE FIRE SUPPORT (AH, WHAT A WASTE!)


BACKGROUND VEHICLES
MULTI-MONITOR
NOSE TURNS LEFT.
POP THE RIGHT PANEL, AND THE FLIER TURNS RIGHT.
FOOTREST/STEP (WHERE YOU REST YOUR FEET WHEN FLYING, HM?)
BACK STEP
THE AERODYNAMICS ARE A MESS.
LEAN FORWARD.
IF YOU WANT A MORE ORTHODOX LOOK, USE THIS SCOOTER INSTEAD.
THIS IS THE BASIC FRAMEWORK.

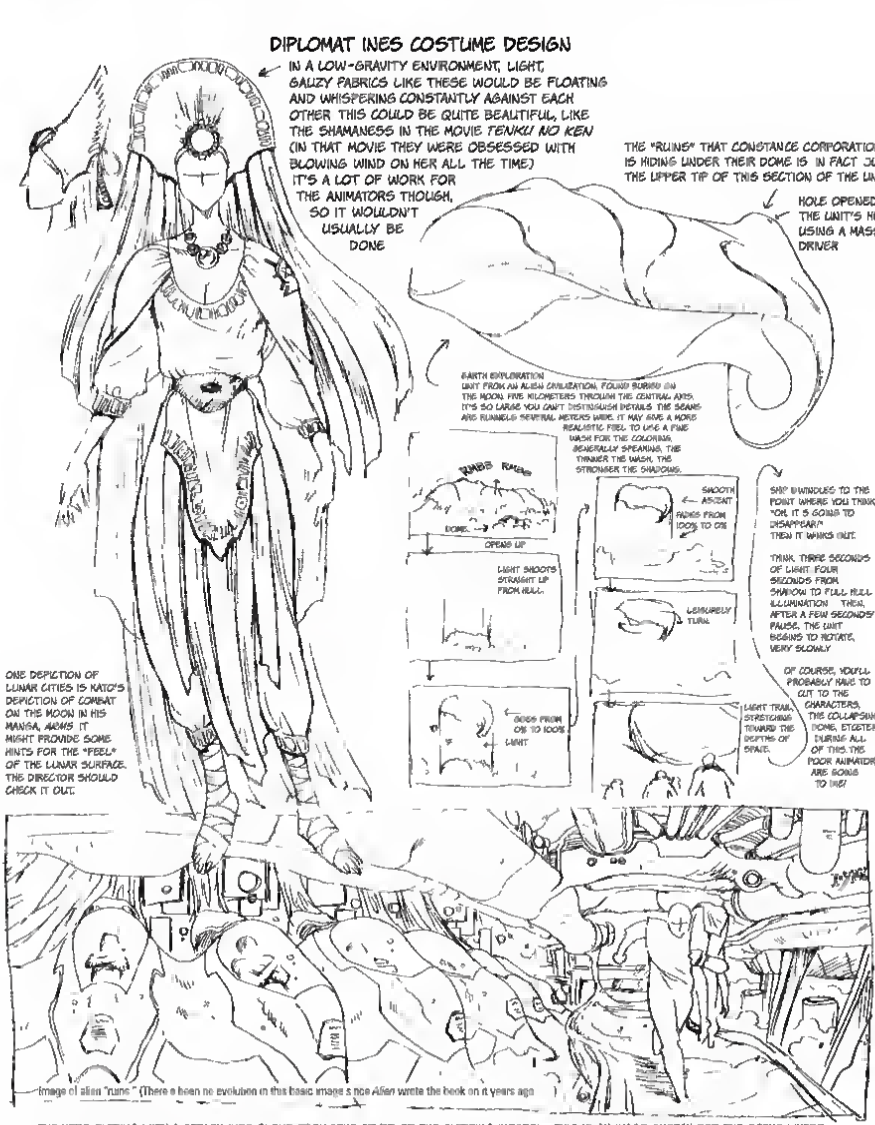
WE CAN ASSUME THERE WON'T BE A WHOLE LOT OF DIFFERENT CARS AND MOTORCYCLES IN A LUNAR CITY (IN THE WORST CASE, THERE MIGHT BE ONLY ONE MODEL (GIVING YOU A CITYSCAPE LIKE EASTERN EUROPE NOT ALL THAT LONG AGO). THERE SHOULD BE A GOOD VARIETY OF WORK AND SPECIAL-PURPOSE VEHICLES, HOWEVER

The facing page features designs for background vehicles.
This page features design concepts for the orbital space plane and space bus.


SPACE PLANE
BOOSTER
CARGO BAYS OPEN TO THE LEFT AND RIGHT
THIS IS A FORM OF SPACE SHUTTLE.
UPPER ATMOSPHERE CARGO PLANE
SPACE BUS
EARTH
SPACE
ATMOSPHERE
EARTH'S SURFACE
BELLY FIN
THIS AIRCRAFT DOESN'T GO INTO SPACE ITSELF, BUT ITS DESCENT PROFILE APPROXIMATES ATMOSPHERIC RE-ENTRY THUS THE ECCENTRIC WING SHAPE IMPOSED BY AERODYNAMIC CONSIDERATIONS.
SPACE BUS
THE PROTRUSIONS ON THE "HEAD" ARE VARIOUS ANTENNAE.
THE SMALL PAIRED PORTS ARE FOR MINI-LINEAR GUNS, OSTENSIBLY FOR DESTROYING DRIFTING ROCKS AND OTHER SPACE DEBRIS.
THE TRIPLE SLITS ARE AIR NOZZLES.
WING-LIKE SOLAR PANELS DEPLOY LEFT AND RIGHT
IT'S FAIRLY CRAMPED INSIDE. THE SIZE OF A SMALL SCHOOL GYM, WITH A LOWER ROOF
MANIPULATOR ARMS
THESE ARMS GRAB ONTO THE DOCK WHEN LANDING IN A PORT.
IF IT WAS I CALLING THE SHOTS,
A) WHEN THERE WAS SOMETHING ON THE MOON THAT NEEDED INVESTIGATION, OR
B) SOMETHING HAPPENED UP THERE THAT MIGHT BE ACCIDENTAL, BUT MIGHT ALSO BE TERRORISM OR ANOTHER DELIBERATE ACT OF MAN.
I WOULD SEND A UNIT CONSISTING OF EIGHT SPIDERS, EIGHT PILOTS, TWELVE MAINTENANCE TECHS AND ONE COMMANDER (WHO CAN DOUBLE AS A PILOT). IN SHORT, ABOUT A PLATOON. YOU'RE LIMITED BY THE TIGHT SPACE ABOARD THE BUS.
DON'T FORGET THAT THE NOK IS FIRST AND FOREMOST A WORK SUIT. THE SPIDERS, TOO, ARE OSTENSIBLY WORK GEAR, BUT IN FACT HAVE A COMBAT ROLE.
POP
THESE POP OPEN TO EXTEND LOCKING PINS.

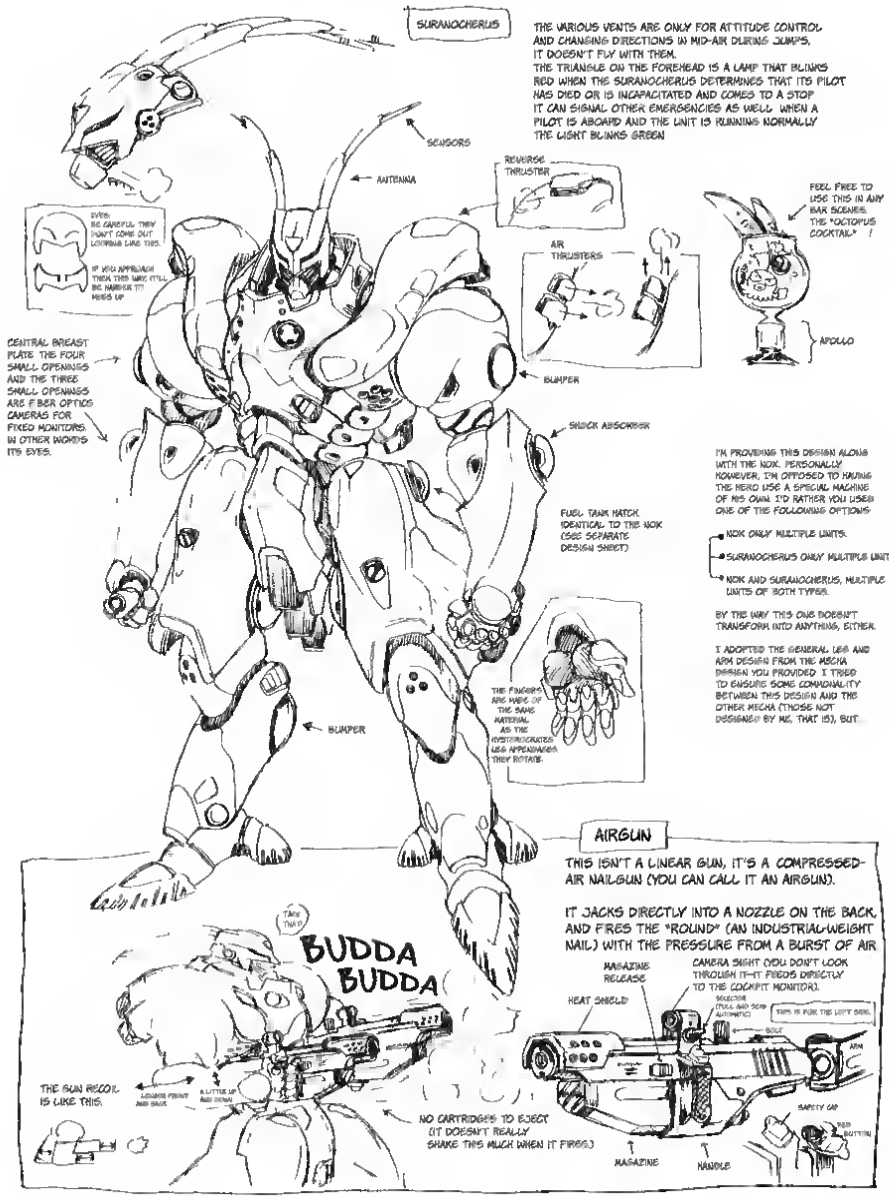
The drawings presented here are primarily mecha designs and don't have any direct bearing on the storyline. But to clarify the background assumptions behind the designs, here's a short plot summary.

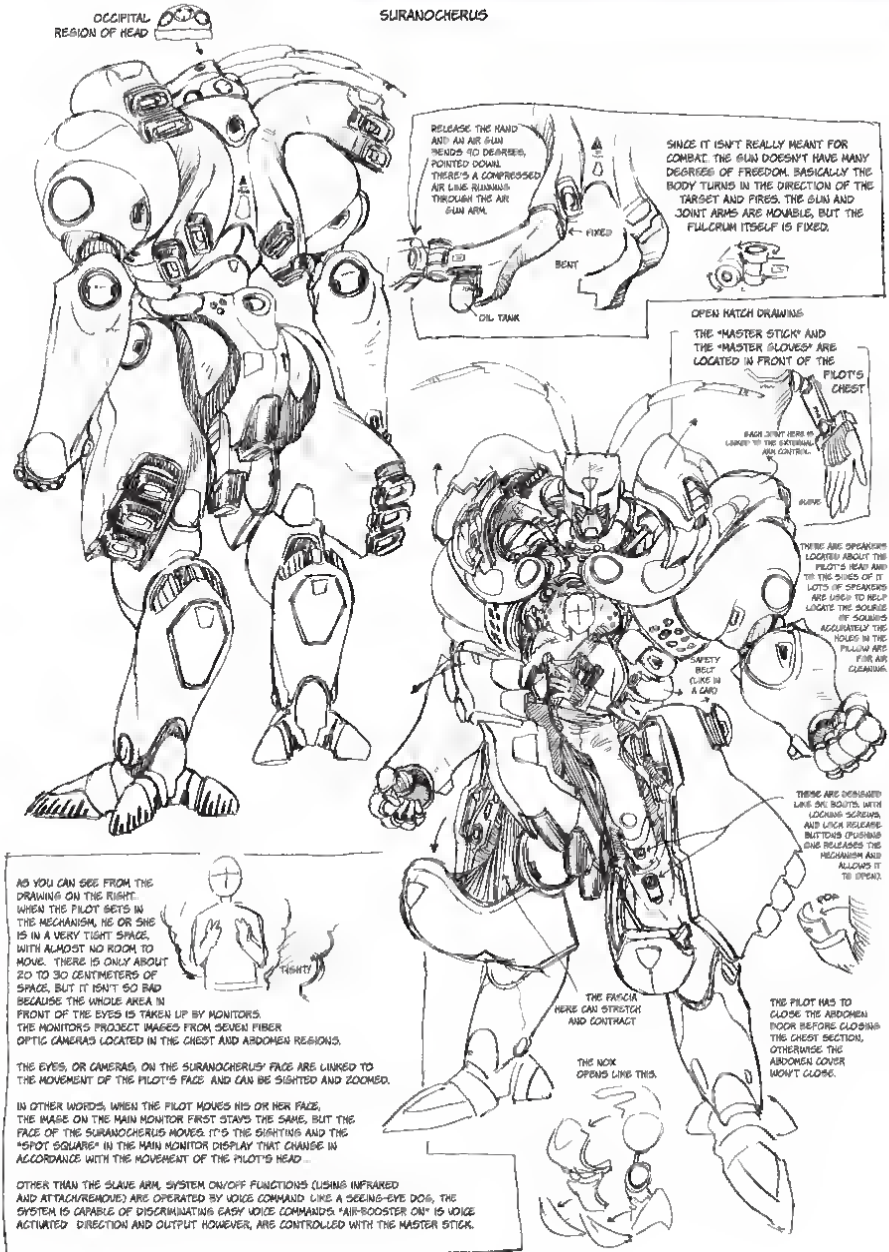
Sometime in the future, Yoshiyuki and his colleagues in a federal intelligence agency known as the "Bounty Dog Investigation Unit" are studying lunar ruins that Constance Corporation (the giant industrial group that basically controls lunar society) calls "The Sleeper." Yoshiyuki is confronted by a young woman named Ines, a dead ringer for his old love, Yayoi, who died a year earlier. Ines begs him to "kill the true me that's sleeping in the ruins." The "ruins" are in fact an alien facility that is home to Ines Prime, a being that looks exactly like Ines and Yayoi. Ines Prime awakens in a massive burst of energy. Ines reveals to Yoshiyuki and his companions the shocking truth about the Moon and its connection with the Earth.


DIPLOMAT INES COSTUME DESIGN
IN A LOW-GRAVITY ENVIRONMENT, LIGHT, GAUZY FABRICS LIKE THESE WOULD BE FLOATING AND WHISPERING CONSTANTLY AGAINST EACH OTHER THIS COULD BE QUITE BEAUTIFUL, LIKE THE SHAMANESS IN THE MOVIE TENKU NO KEN (IN THAT MOVIE THEY WERE OBSESSED WITH BLOWING WIND ON HER ALL THE TIME) IT'S A LOT OF WORK FOR THE ANIMATORS THOUGH, SO IT WOULDN'T USUALLY BE DONE
THE "RUINS" THAT CONSTANCE CORPORATION IS HIDING UNDER THEIR DOME IS IN FACT JUST THE UPPER TIP OF THIS SECTION OF THE UNIT
HOLE OPENED IN THE UNIT'S HULL USING A MASS DRIVER
EARTH EXPLORATION UNIT FROM AN ALIEN CIVILIZATION, FOUND BURIED ON THE MOON. FIVE KILOMETERS THROUGH THE CENTRAL AXIS. IT'S SO LARGE YOU CAN'T DISTINGUISH DETAILS. THE SEAMS ARE RUNNELS SEVERAL METERS WIDE. IT MAY HAVE A MORE REALISTIC FEEL TO USE A FINE WASH FOR THE COLORING, GENERALLY SPEAKING, THE THINNER THE WASH, THE STRONGER THE SHADOWS.
RUNES
DOME
OPENS UP
LIGHT SHOOTS STRAIGHT UP FROM HULL.
SMOOTH ASCENT
RISES FROM LOOS TO OS
LEISURELY TURN
GOES FROM OS TO LOOS
LIGHT TRAIL STRETCHING TOWARD THE DEPTHS OF SPACE.
SHIP DWINDLES TO THE POINT WHERE YOU THINK, "OK, IT'S GOING TO DISAPPEAR!" THEN IT WINKS OUT.
THINK, THREE SECONDS OF UNIT, FOUR SECONDS FROM SHADOW TO FULL ILLUMINATION. THEN, AFTER A FEW SECONDS' PAUSE, THE UNIT BEGINS TO ROTATE, VERY SLOWLY
OF COURSE, YOU'LL PROBABLY HAVE TO CUT TO THE CHARACTERS, THE COLLAPSING DOME, ETCETERA, DURING ALL OF THIS. THIS POOR ANIMATORS ARE GOING TO DIE!
ONE DEPICTION OF LUNAR CITIES IS KATO'S DEPICTION OF COMBAT ON THE MOON IN HIS MANGA, AKIRA. IT MIGHT PROVIDE SOME HINTS FOR THE "FEEL" OF THE LUNAR SURFACE. THE DIRECTOR SHOULD CHECK IT OUT.
Image of alien "ruins." (There's been no evolution in this basic image since Alien wrote the book on it years ago.)

THE HERO FLEEING WITH A STOLEN INES CLONE FROM "THE CRYPT OF THE SLEEPING INESES"... THIS IS AN IMAGE SKETCH FOR THE SCENE WHERE YOSHIYUKI AFTER DESTROYING INES PRIME'S SELF-DESTRUCT NERVES TO PREVENT AN EXPLOSION IS TOLD THAT SHE IS LEAVING THE MOON AND HE SHOULD EVACUATE. HERE, HE'S STOLEN ONE OF THE INES CLONES TO "IMPLANT" YAYOI INTO ITS BODY IN THE FACILITY'S UPLOAD LAB DURING THE TRANSFER. OF COURSE, THE VILLAIN YOSHIYUKI THOUGHT HE FINISHED OFF DURING THE EARLIER COMBAT SCENE WILL REAPPEAR FOR A FINAL DEATH MATCH, DELAYED BY THE FIGHT, YOSHIYUKI WILL HAVE TO RACE AGAINST TIME TO ESCAPE THE EXPLORATION UNIT BEFORE IT LIFTS OFF. THERE WILL BE THE VILLAIN'S GRAND DEATH SCENE, YOSHIYUKI'S REUNION WITH THE RE-EMBODIED YAYOI, THE GREAT ESCAPE, THE ALIEN SHIP LIFT OFF SPECTACLE, THE SHIP'S LIGHT-SPEED DEPARTURE, FINAL SCENE... THE END! OR SOMETHING LIKE THAT, EH? ORTHODOX, BUT IT SHOULD DO.

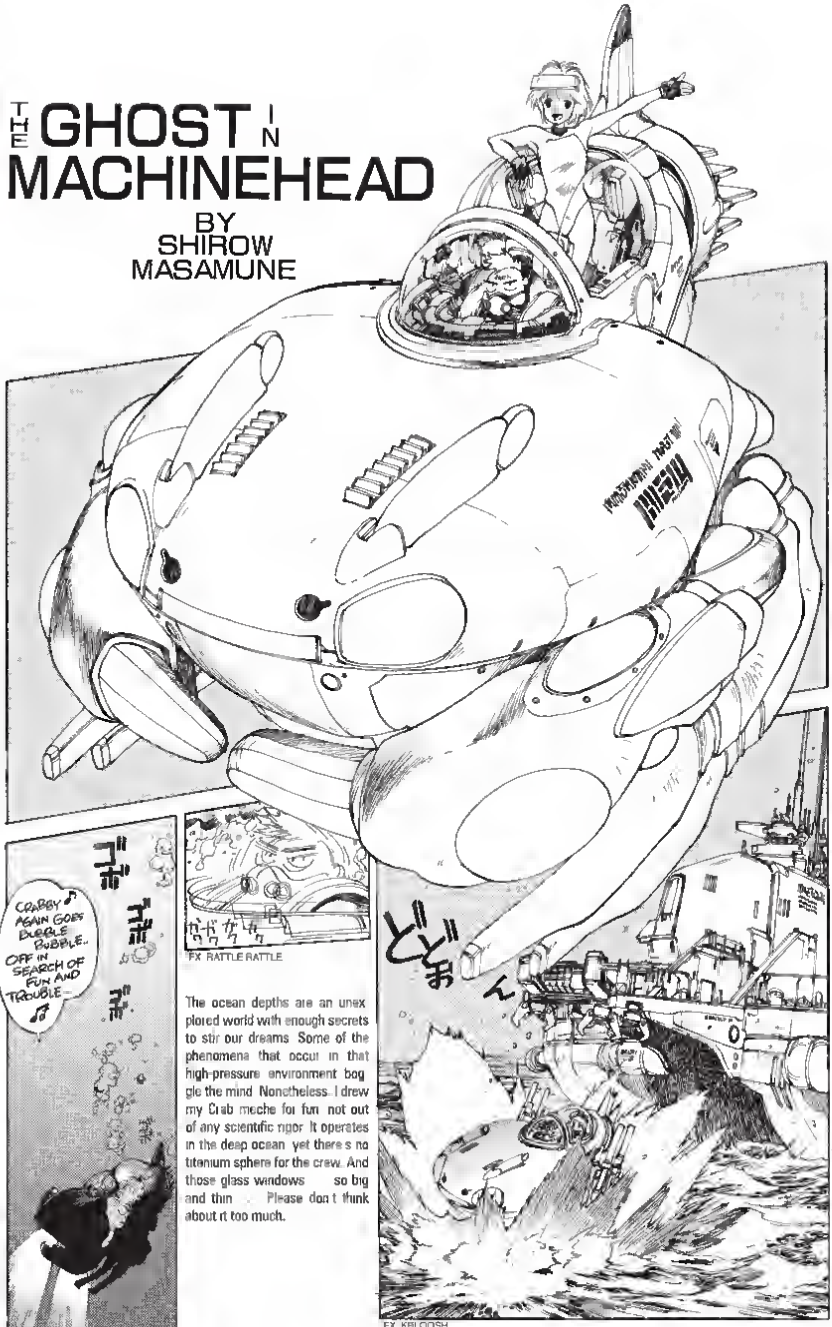
Designs for the Suranocherus, which was cut out of the actual video. It may be used in another project.


SURANOCHERUS
THE VARIOUS VENTS ARE ONLY FOR ATTITUDE CONTROL AND CHANGING DIRECTIONS IN MID-AIR DURING JUMPS. IT DOESN'T FLY WITH THEM.
THE TRIANGLE ON THE FOREHEAD IS A LAMP THAT BLINKS RED WHEN THE SURANOCHERUS DETERMINES THAT ITS PILOT HAS DIED OR IS INCAPACITATED AND COMES TO A STOP. IT CAN SIGNAL OTHER EMERGENCIES AS WELL. WHEN A PILOT IS ABOARD AND THE UNIT IS RUNNING NORMALLY THE LIGHT BLINKS GREEN
SENSORS
ANTENNA
REVERSE THRUSTER
AIR THRUSTERS
BUMPER
SHOCK ABSORBER
FUEL TANK HATCH (IDENTICAL TO THE NOK) (SEE SEPARATE DESIGN SHEET)
CENTRAL BREAST PLATE THE FOUR SMALL OPENINGS AND THE THREE SMALL OPENINGS ARE FIBER OPTICS CAMERAS FOR FIXED MONITORS IN OTHER WORDS ITS EYES.
EYES: BE CAREFUL THEY DON'T COME OUT LOOKING LIKE THIS.
IF YOU APPROACH THEM THIS WAY IT'LL BE HARDER TO MESS UP
FEEL FREE TO USE THIS IN ANY BAR SCENES. THE "OCTOPUS COCKTAIL" !
APOLLO
I'M PROVIDING THIS DESIGN ALONG WITH THE NOK. PERSONALLY, HOWEVER, I'M OPPOSED TO HAVING THE HERO USE A SPECIAL MACHINE OF HIS OWN. I'D RATHER YOU USED ONE OF THE FOLLOWING OPTIONS
NOK ONLY MULTIPLE UNITS.
SURANOCHERUS ONLY MULTIPLE UNITS.
NOK AND SURANOCHERUS, MULTIPLE UNITS OF BOTH TYPES.
BY THE WAY THIS ONE DOESN'T TRANSFORM INTO ANYTHING, EITHER.
I ADOPTED THE GENERAL LEG AND ARM DESIGN FROM THE MECHA DESIGN YOU PROVIDED. I TRIED TO EMPHASIZE SOME COMMONALITY BETWEEN THIS DESIGN AND THE OTHER MECHA (THOSE NOT DESIGNED BY ME, THAT IS), BUT
THE FINGERS ARE MADE OF THE SAME MATERIAL AS THE CONTINUOUSLY USED APPENDAGES. THEY ROTATE.
BUMPER
AIRGUN
THIS ISN'T A LINEAR GUN, IT'S A COMPRESSED-AIR NAILGUN (YOU CAN CALL IT AN AIRGUN).
IT JACKS DIRECTLY INTO A NOZZLE ON THE BACK, AND FIRES THE "ROUND" (AN INDUSTRIAL-WEIGHT NAIL) WITH THE PRESSURE FROM A BURST OF AIR
TAKE THAT!
BUDDA BUDDA
MAGAZINE RELEASE
CAMERA SIGHT (YOU DON'T LOOK THROUGH IT—IT FEEDS DIRECTLY TO THE COCKPIT MONITOR).
HEAT SHIELD
SELECTOR (FULL AUTO, SEMI AUTOMATIC)
TRIGGER
BOLT
ARM
SAFETY CAP
MAGAZINE
HANDLE
THE GUN RECOIL IS LIKE THIS.
LOWERS FRONT AND BACK
A LITTLE UP AND DOWN
NO CARTRIDGES TO EJECT (IT DOESN'T REALLY SHAKE THIS MUCH WHEN IT FIRES.)


SURANOCHERUS
OCCIPITAL REGION OF HEAD
RELEASE THE HAND AND AN AIR GUN BENDS 90 DEGREES, POINTED DOWN. THERE'S A COMPRESSED AIR LINE RUNNING THROUGH THE AIR GUN ARM.
FIXED
BEAM
OIL TANK
SINCE IT ISN'T REALLY MEANT FOR COMBAT, THE GUN DOESN'T HAVE MANY DEGREES OF FREEDOM. BASICALLY THE BODY TURNS IN THE DIRECTION OF THE TARGET AND FIRES. THE GUN AND JOINT ARMS ARE MOVABLE, BUT THE FULCRUM ITSELF IS FIXED.
OPEN HATCH DRAWING
THE "MASTER STICK" AND THE "MASTER GLOVES" ARE LOCATED IN FRONT OF THE PILOT'S CHEST
EACH JOINT HERE IS LINKED TO THE EXTERNAL ARM CONTROL
GLOVE
THERE ARE SPEAKERS LOCATED ABOUT THE PILOT'S HEAD AND TO THE SIDES OF IT. LOTS OF SPEAKERS ARE USED TO HELP LOCATE THE SOURCE OF SOUNDS ACCURATELY. THE HOLES IN THE PILLOW ARE FOR AIR CLEANING.
SAFETY BELT (LIKE IN A CAR)
THESE ARE DESIGNED LIKE OIL BOLTS, WITH LOCKING SCREWS, AND LOCK RELEASE BUTTONS (PUSHING ONE RELEASES THE MECHANISM AND ALLOWS IT TO OPEN).
POP
AS YOU CAN SEE FROM THE DRAWING ON THE RIGHT, WHEN THE PILOT SETS IN THE MECHANISM, HE OR SHE IS IN A VERY TIGHT SPACE, WITH ALMOST NO ROOM TO MOVE. THERE IS ONLY ABOUT 20 TO 30 CENTIMETERS OF SPACE, BUT IT ISN'T SO BAD BECAUSE THE WHOLE AREA IN FRONT OF THE EYES IS TAKEN UP BY MONITORS. THE MONITORS PROJECT IMAGES FROM SEVERAL FIBER OPTIC CAMERAS LOCATED IN THE CHEST AND ABDOMEN REGIONS.
TIGHT!
THE EYES, OR CAMERAS, ON THE SURANOCHERUS' FACE ARE LINKED TO THE MOVEMENT OF THE PILOT'S FACE AND CAN BE SIGHTED AND ZOOMED.
IN OTHER WORDS, WHEN THE PILOT MOVES HIS OR HER FACE, THE IMAGE ON THE MAIN MONITOR FIRST STAYS THE SAME, BUT THE FACE OF THE SURANOCHERUS MOVES. IT'S THE SIGHTING AND THE "SPOT SQUARE" IN THE MAIN MONITOR DISPLAY THAT CHANGE IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE MOVEMENT OF THE PILOT'S HEAD.
OTHER THAN THE SLAVE ARM, SYSTEM ON/OFF FUNCTIONS (USING INFRARED AND ATTACH/REMOVE) ARE OPERATED BY VOICE COMMAND. LIKE A SEEING-EYE DOG, THE SYSTEM IS CAPABLE OF DISCRIMINATING EASY VOICE COMMANDS. "AIR-BOOSTER ON" IS VOICE ACTIVATED. DIRECTION AND OUTPUT HOWEVER, ARE CONTROLLED WITH THE MASTER STICK.
THE FASCIA HERE CAN STRETCH AND CONTRACT
THE NOX OPENS LIKE THIS.
THE PILOT HAS TO CLOSE THE ABDOMEN DOOR BEFORE CLOSING THE CHEST SECTION, OTHERWISE THE ABDOMEN COVER WON'T CLOSE.

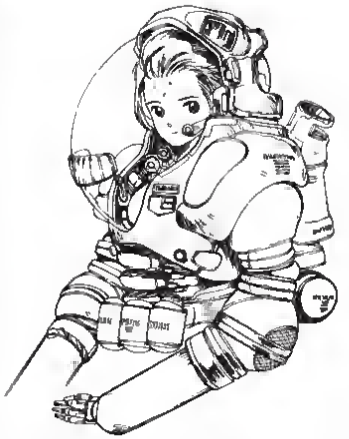
THE GHOST IN MACHINEHEAD

BY
SHIROW
MASAMUNE



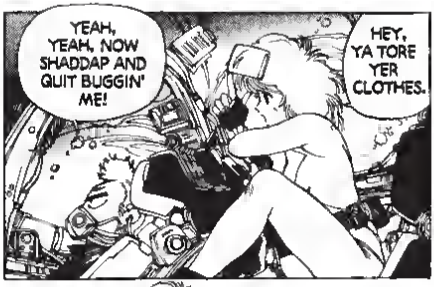
The ocean depths are an unexplored world with enough secrets to stir our dreams. Some of the phenomena that occur in that high-pressure environment boggle the mind. Nonetheless, I drew my Crab meche for fun, not out of any scientific rigor. It operates in the deep ocean, yet there's no titanium sphere for the crew. And those glass windows... so big and thin... Please don't think about it too much.

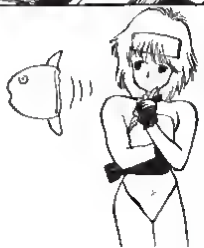
If you really did this, you'd damage the Crab. In the real world, you would lower it into the water gently on a cable. It would be interesting if you could shoot it out of an underwater catapult, though, like anime "powered suits."



I created this suit based on the original form above. The arm joints and the like are identical to those on the Toyama Diving Service Co.'s Newtsuit (the name of an interestingly shaped ADS Atmospheric Diving Suit). The lungs are on the back. (No, they're not compressed air tanks.)

The heartbreaking news is that my household's *Tetragnathidae* Number Two died recently. Only two weeks after she built her web. I found her lying her eight lets flung wide, on the ground directly below the eaves twenty-five feet over head where she'd strung up her nest. As a firm believer in naturalism, I left her corpse there for the ants and birds. Ten hours later, it was gone. *Araneidae* Number Two passed the same way, but at least she died with her legs curled up like a true bug (not that spiders are "bugs"). Once upon a time this particular *Araneidae* assisted me in an experiment to test the validity of the belief that spiders won't eat the dead. When live prey gets entangled in their webs, spiders are amazingly quick. They pounce without hesitation, revealing to us the true essence of proud spiderhood. In the past, I had occasion to observe, with the help of *Salticidae* Number One, end a jiggled piece of eraser, the spider response to "that which may be prey." But since what I was offering at the time was rubber, not food, I didn't think it fair to let her actually strike, and I never got to see what she might have done next. This time, I was blessed with a honeybee estimated age fifty to sixty days (or is that obvious?), recently deceased in a head on collision. "What about a fresh, moving corpse?" I thought, and attempted to provide some nutrition to *Araneidae* Number Two, who at the time was busy tightening up her third web, which she had just completed after a short journey of two to three days to parts unknown. I attach the bee to a strand of the web. Number Two spins on her axis and faces the bee. I am reminded again of the *Salticidae*, yet she doesn't pounce. When I shake the bee with the point of a needle, she pulls twice, thrice on a vertical web strand, almost like knocking it, tap tap, and observes the bee's response. Range: 2.5 inches. She regards the bee suspiciously, as though realizing it is somehow different from a live bee. A few seconds later, apparently satisfied that there's no danger, she scoots over to the bee and begins to examine it. But she soon leaves it behind and returns to the center of her web, resuming her Zen repose. After that, no matter how much I shook or jiggled the bee, she wouldn't leave her spot. She seemed to give the bee no more mind than she would a twig that fell into her web. The next day, I found the bee corpse on the ground under her nest, and shortly thereafter it vanished from there as well. Apparently she believes in treating corpses like inanimate objects, be they plump with bodily fluids or no. I was impressed by her dedication to her philosophy in the face of an empty stomach. It was already winter. Winter, when bugs and moped boys and show off bikers all curl up at home. The little flower shelf, so crawling with bugs in the summer, is now transformed. I guess it's time to get out the heater and blankets, and a nice bowl of winter tangerines.





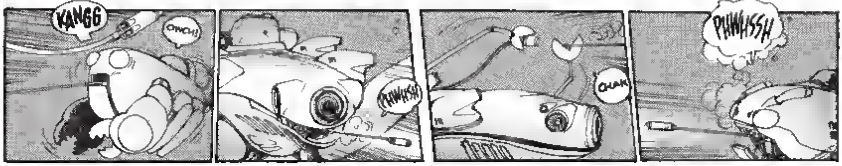
As we humans keep reproducing, and our food and resources run dry, we'll have to rely on outer space or the deep blue seal In which case the next big generational trend will be——oceans?

Here's another variation. It's trimmer but it's also starting to look like a certain well-known spacesuit, so I won't fiddle with it any more. The thing that looks like an outer arm is a master-slaved water-jet nozzle. It has collapsible fingers.

CHECK IT OUT, MAN... WEIRDOS!
I WON'T BE LETTIN' NO SCURVY DOGS TAKE IT FROM ME, HAR! He He
LUCKY
HAR HAR HAR! WE DONE FOUND THE SUNKEN SHIP, ME MATIES! IT BE ALL OURS!!

That thing like a big eyeball isn't a wave-motion Yamato cannon (how old-fashioned!) but the water-intake port for an underwater ramjet

Oceans! Which bring to mind pirates and monsters and mysterious sunken ships! (FYI the artist has never done any research on the rollicking high seas.)

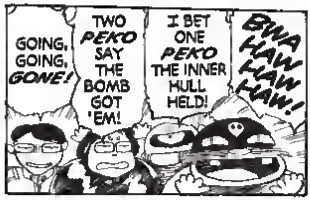


Hardwired optical communication (alternative name: "tin-can telephones") is something I cooked up long ago for my space based science fiction. It's pretty meaningless, I know, but I *like* that kind of world. It's interesting, too, that radio communication over medium and long distances appears to be particularly difficult in "inner space." Small wireless transmitters also appear to be pretty useless under various conditions, which makes them good props for storytelling. It's always more interesting when things aren't perfect. I don't know if there's any particular imperative for cable communications in the ocean depths, but I like the idea to the degree it stirs the imagination.

FX BAEEEEE
THEN WE'RE SCREWED! ABANDON SHIP!!
FX PSSHHHH
WATER LEAKS IN THE OXGEN GENERATOR! DILUENT TANKS RUPTURED! HEATING SYSTEM SCREWED!

The control seat was... an escape pod! The passage beneath the seat turns into a water ram nozzle once the hatches are sealed.

And further, when the negotiations going on via these cables break down, there's always going to be some jerk who stuffs explosives in the swimming phone jack.



The cramped interior of the Creb. No room to move.

They still haven't found a giant squid this big

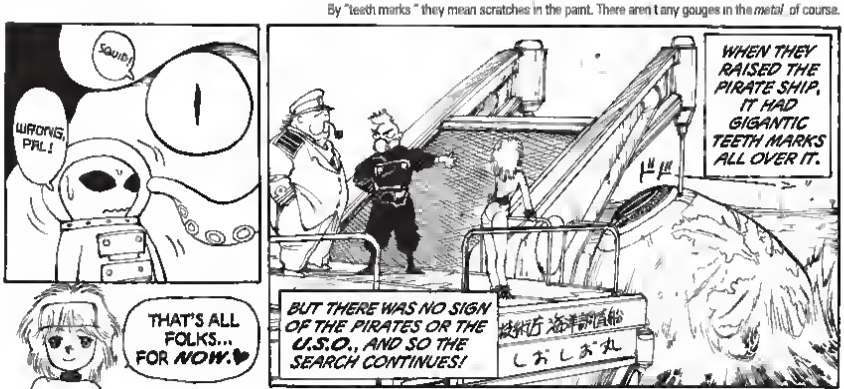
CAP'N, SIR! YON DEVILFISH NIBBLED OUR GILLS! THE POWER REACTOR'S GONNA BLOW!
HUH?
FX GOHANK
GAR HAR HAR! TURNED TAIL AND RAN, THE LUBBERS!
WHEE! WHEE! YIPPIE!

I don t know if it s because they taste bad or they re simply not very useful but you hardly ever see giant squids in the grocery store on in TV commercials Apparently they do get caught in nets sometimes I bet lots of us can remember seeing artists' conceptions of battles between sperm whales and giant squids when we were kids The Nippon Broadcasting Corporation once sent images of a giant squid that had floated to the surface out across the ether ..

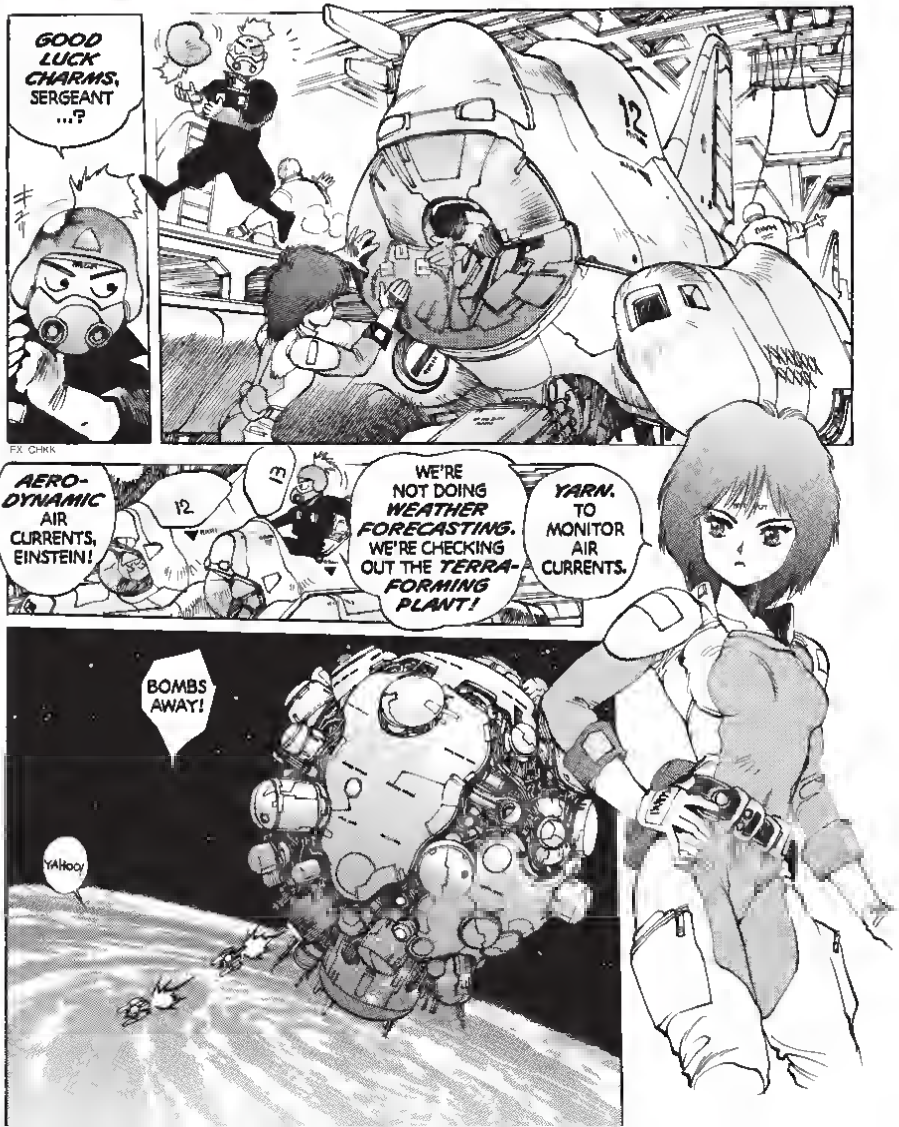
The panel below shows the pirate ship pouring automatic fire on the squid The opponent s so soft the fuses aren't firing but maybe they would in the real world?

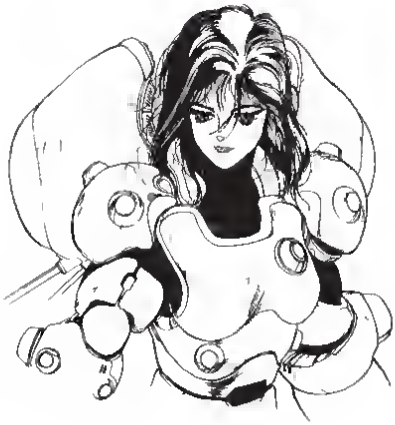
I read somewhere—don't remember where—that back in the age of the dinosaurs the biggest battles would have been fought between giant fish and the ancestors of alligators, not between li t old *Tyrannosauruses* and *Triceratopsuses* Apparently they ve dug up fossils that prove this happened, with impressions of still healing teeth bites and all

By "teeth marks " they mean scratches in the paint. There aren t any gouges in the *metal* of course.


SQUID!
WRONG, PAL!
WHEN THEY RAISED THE PIRATE SHIP, IT HAD GIGANTIC TEETH MARKS ALL OVER IT.
BUT THERE WAS NO SIGN OF THE PIRATES OR THE U.S.O., AND SO THE SEARCH CONTINUES!
しおしお丸
THAT'S ALL FOLKS... FOR NOW.
END
OUR SINCEREST APOLOGIES FOR THE UNDOCUMENTED MECHA.
boat MINISTRY OF SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY DEEP SEA RESEARCH SHIP SHIO SHIO MARU FX HLSSHHH

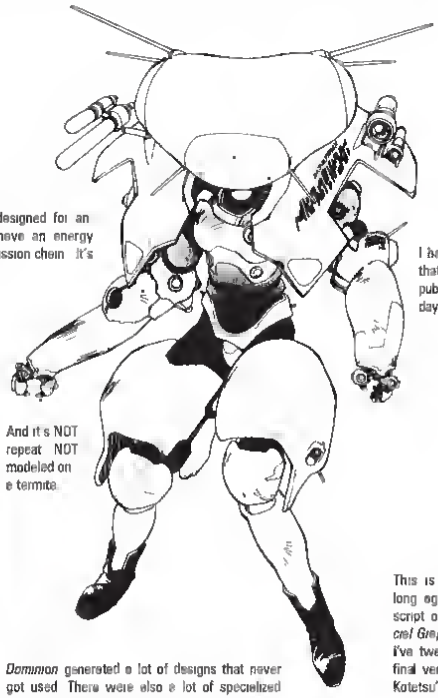
HYPERNOTES
THE GHOST in MACHINE HEAD


GOOD LUCK CHARMS, SERGEANT ...?
FX CHKK
AERO-DYNAMIC AIR CURRENTS, EINSTEIN!
WE'RE NOT DOING WEATHER FORECASTING. WE'RE CHECKING OUT THE TERRA-FORMING PLANT!
YARN. TO MONITOR AIR CURRENTS.
BOMBS AWAY!
YAHOO!



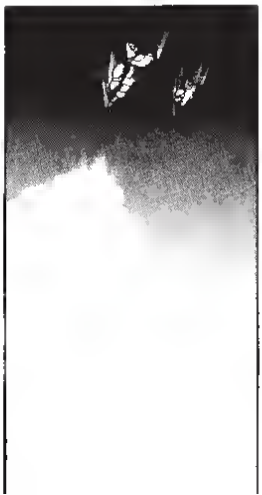
In that vein, let me note here that one of my household spiders, *Selicidae* Number One, contributed mightily to the design of the interior features of this helmet. Drawn out of hiding by a piece of eraser gripped in my tweezers, he nimbly rotated back and forth for me, then—with the greatest patience—held his pose at length before scuttling off, without asking for any reward.

Actually, one reason I haven't been talking that much about insects and other bugs recently is that I'm planning to do a science fiction manga—something a bit like Bruce Sterling's work—sometime in the next few years. So I've been hoarding my ideas. Now that I've gone and read Sterling, I'm afraid people will accuse me of simply serving up the same old stuff twice warmed over. "Monkey see, monkey do!" they'll say. But in fact I've been thinking about this since I finished my 1988 calendar. Nowadays even your neighborhood bookstore is overflowing with data about technology and future trends; yet that genre has all but died out in the manga world (or maybe it just seems that way?). Nowadays, you have to go all the way back to Miyazaki's *Nausicaa* for a story that deals with bugs (I think *Nausicaa* is amazing, but personally I prefer *Dune*—not the book, the movie). Yukinobu Hoshino's manga, *Midori no Hoshi no Odyssey* ("Green Star Odyssey") was also excellent, but it's not about bugs. Bugs! Ever so challenging, ever so deep! I wish I'd never read Sterling! Dong, dang, dong! Now I'm hopelessly contaminated! What a mortifying predicament. The poisons of different life-forms, their different absorptions, their ecologies, physical structure, baffling customs, etcetera, etcetera! Ah . . . If I could live a thousand years, I would still never tire of it all. I don't claim any particular religion for my own, but there are moments when I truly want to thank God (or Buddha or anybody else up there) for this bounty of information. I am a happy man when it comes to bugs. But I want *more* knowledge! I want more time!



This protector suit is designed for an android, so it doesn't have an energy source or power transmission chain. It's NOT a powered suit.

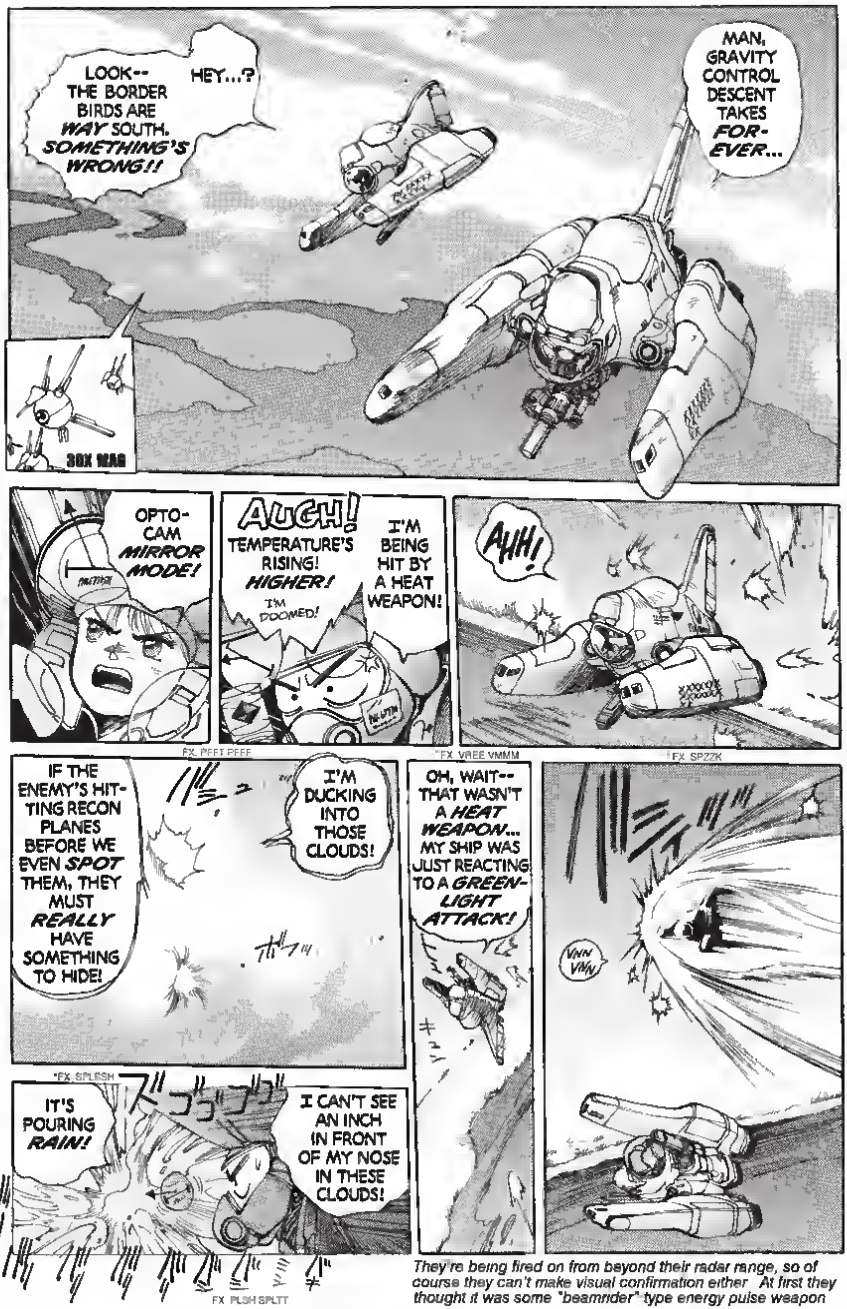
I haven't published a design that wasn't meant for book publication since my fanzine days. How nostalgic . . . (*Ioi!*)



And it's NOT, repeat, NOT modeled on a termite.

Dominion generated a lot of designs that never got used. There were also a lot of specialized terms and ideas that were stillborn when the series ended. In fact, *Ghost In The Shell* is essentially a *Dominion* byproduct.

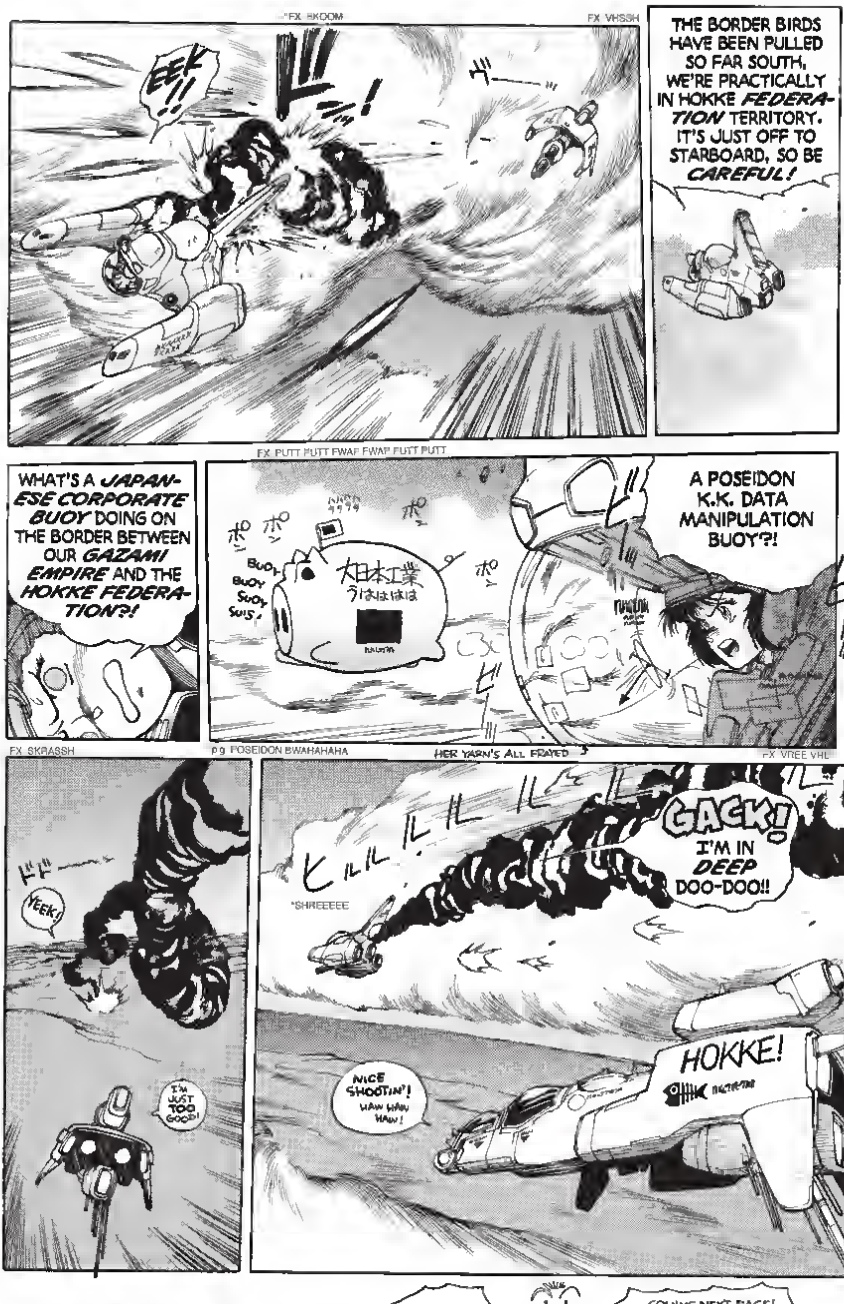
This is a handshell. I designed long ago for the second of the script outlines in *Dominion Special Graphics* (from Hakusensha). I've tweaked it a bit since. The final version is far from Hegone Kotetsu's original image, so it differs from the text descriptions in the book, but please don't let that bother you.


LOOK-- THE BORDER BIRDS ARE WAY SOUTH. SOMETHING'S WRONG!!
HEY...?
MAN, GRAVITY CONTROL DESCENT TAKES FOR-EVER...
30X MAG
OPTO-CAM MIRROR MODE!
AUGH! TEMPERATURE'S RISING! HIGHER!
I'M DOOMED!
I'M BEING HIT BY A HEAT WEAPON!
AHH!
FX: PEET PEEP
FX: VREE VMMM
FX: SPZZK
IF THE ENEMY'S HIT-TING RECON PLANES BEFORE WE EVEN SPOT THEM, THEY MUST REALLY HAVE SOMETHING TO HIDE!
I'M DUCKING INTO THOSE CLOUDS!
OH, WAIT-- THAT WASN'T A HEAT WEAPON... MY SHIP WAS JUST REACTING TO A GREEN-LIGHT ATTACK!
FX: SPLESH
IT'S POURING RAIN!
I CAN'T SEE AN INCH IN FRONT OF MY NOSE IN THESE CLOUDS!
FX: PLSH SPLTT
VWN VWN

"Greenlight" is a kind of tractor beam. It has the property of "rigidifying" a zone it sweeps over (although it doesn't work at the molecular level). Afterward, you use nanum to draw in the prey trapped by the beam. Or anyway, let's just say that's how it works. It's okay, really! If you're going to make stuff up, at least make it interesting!

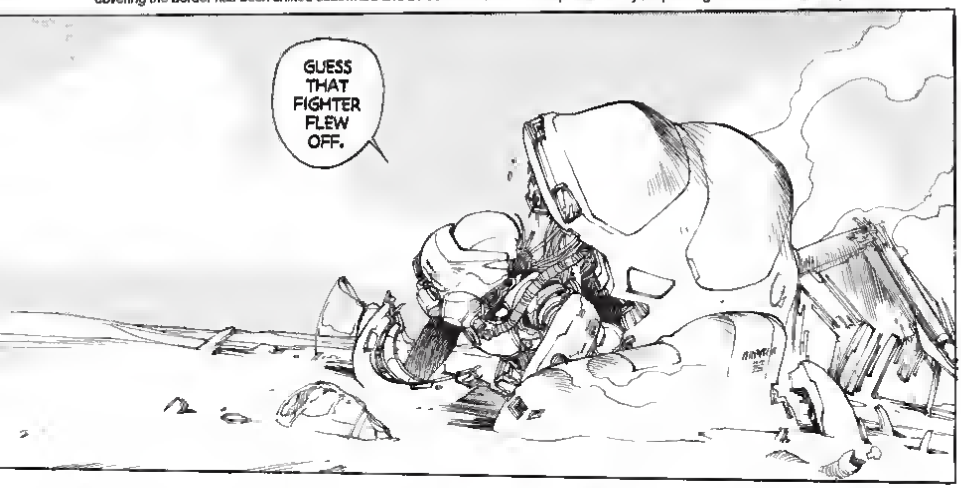
Nope, not plasma. That's water vapor and dust you're seeing.

They're being fired on from beyond their radar range, so of course they can't make visual confirmation either. At first they thought it was some "beamrider" type energy pulse weapon

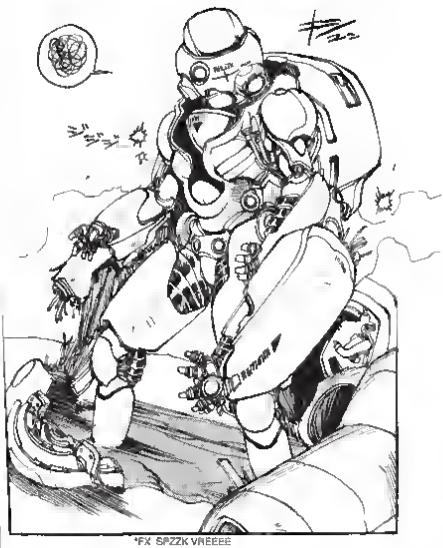

*FX: BKOOM
FX: VHSSH
EEK!!!
THE BORDER BIRDS HAVE BEEN PULLED SO FAR SOUTH, WE'RE PRACTICALLY IN HOKKE FEDERATION TERRITORY. IT'S JUST OFF TO STARBOARD, SO BE CAREFUL!
FX: PUTT PUTT FWAP FWAP PUTT PUTT
WHAT'S A JAPANESE CORPORATE BUOY DOING ON THE BORDER BETWEEN OUR GAZAMI EMPIRE AND THE HOKKE FEDERATION?!
BUOY BUOY SUOY SUIS
大日本工業
うはははは
A POSEIDON K.K. DATA MANIPULATION BUOY?!
FX: SKRASSH
p.9 POSEIDON BWAHAHAHA
HER YARN'S ALL FRAYED
FX: VREE VHL
YEEK!
I'M JUST TOO GOOD!
*SHREEEEE
GACK! I'M IN DEEP DOO-DOO!!
NICE SHOOTIN'! HAW HAW HAW!
HOKKE!
SHUT UP, IDIOT!
GRRR!
ARE YOU NUTS OR SOMETHIN'..?!
AWESOME, HUH?!
COMING NEXT PAGE! THE LAST INSTALLMENT OF OUR THRILLING ADVENTURE!

HYPERNOTES
THE GHOST in MACHINE HEAD

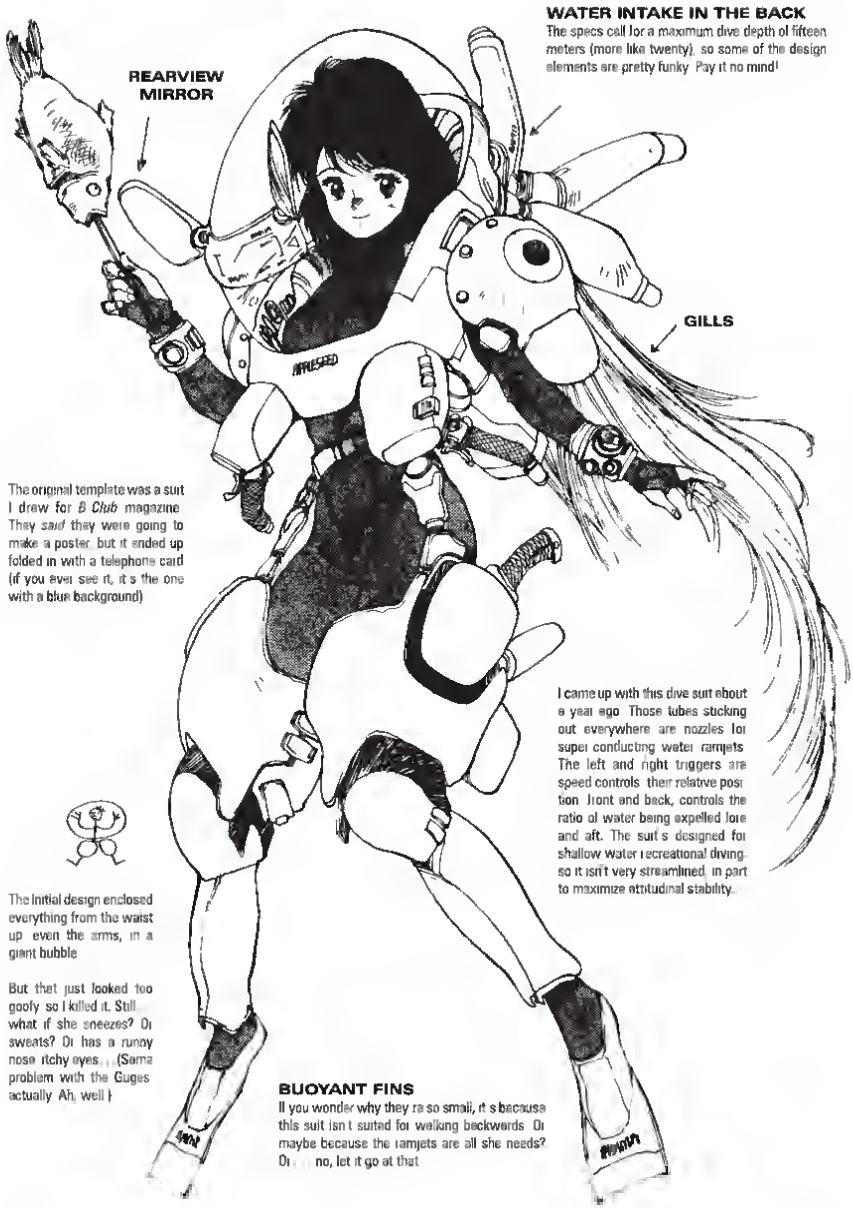
OUR STORY SO FAR: Two young stalwarts...on a mission to check on a terraforming plant, are shot down by a hostile power after discovering the border has been shifted southward and a Poseidon Inc. data manipulation buoy is operating in the area. And—um, that's all



THUS SPAKE THE SERGEANT, THINKING TO HERSELF: "BUT BEFORE THAT, I WANT MORE BISCUITS."
OH, YEAH, BIG TALK. NOW WE'LL SEE WHO HAS "THE RIGHT STUFF"...!



*FX: SPZZK VREEEE


WATER INTAKE IN THE BACK
The specs call for a maximum dive depth of fifteen meters (more like twenty), so some of the design elements are pretty funky. Pay it no mind!
REARVIEW MIRROR
GILLS
The original template was a suit I drew for *B Club* magazine. They *said* they were going to make a poster, but it ended up folded in with a telephone card (if you ever see it, it's the one with a blue background).
I came up with this dive suit about a year ago. Those tubes sticking out everywhere are nozzles for super conducting water ramjets. The left and right triggers are speed controls; their relative position (front and back) controls the ratio of water being expelled fore and aft. The suit's designed for shallow water recreational diving, so it isn't very streamlined, in part to maximize attitudinal stability.
The initial design enclosed everything from the waist up, even the arms, in a giant bubble.
But that just looked too goofy, so I killed it. Still, what if she sneezes? Or sweats? Or has a runny nose, itchy eyes, . . . (Same problem with the Guges, actually. Ah, well.)
BUOYANT FINS
If you wonder why they're so small, it's because this suit isn't suited for walking backwards. Or maybe because the ramjets are all she needs? Or . . . no, let it go at that.

My original plan was to have Hitomi wear this in *Appleseed* Book Five. I was going to draw her running into wave resistance at the water's edge and ending up rolling back and forth in the surf like a dead seal after failing to make it off the beach. But I rewrote the whole scene, and the suit joined the sad league of lost macha.

*plant TERRAFORMA CORPORATION M.11.4529
...ACTUALLY REACHED THE TERRA-FORMING PLANT!
YIPPIE! YAHOO!
AND EVEN FIGHTING OFF PIRATES, OUR DYNAMIC DUO...
IDIOT! WE CAME IN PEACE FROM A DISTANT STAR!
WHO CARES! GIMME YOUR FOOD!
ESCAPING FROM VICIOUS DESERT WORMS...
AFTER NEARLY TURNING INTO RAISINS...
*FX SKRSSHSHHH
FX BEEEP
JAPAN, OUR LOVELY JAPAN! MAKING MONEY IS WHAT WE DO! WE ALREADY FOUND A BUYER! LAH LAH DE DAHH DEE DO!
OH, DO BE QUIET!
AND IMMEDIATELY GOT CAPTURED.
YOU DUMMY!
FX FWHOOSH
YOW!
AUUGH! DON'T OPEN THAT! YOU'LL FREE THE MOLECULAR ROBOTS!!
TERRAFORMING PLANT, HUH...? HOW'S THIS LITTLE PIECE OF JUNK GONNA TURN THE DESERT INTO A JUNGLE?
GIMME A BREAK
KCHAK

I expect molecular robots (nanotechnology) will turn out to be a breakthrough technology as important or more so than the computers that livened up the 20th century. Molecular robots are also called micromachines or nanomachines.

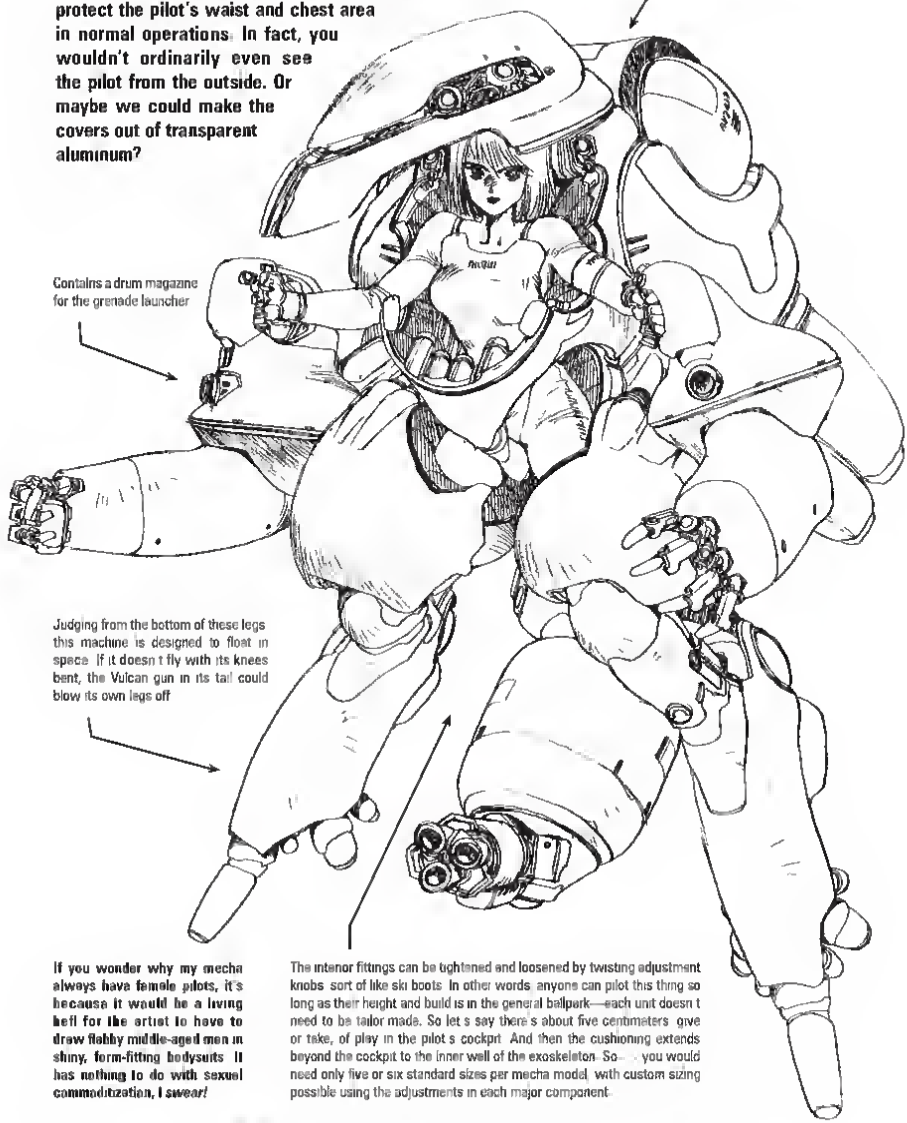
ONE MONTH LATER
SINCE YOUR STUPID COMPASS BROKE GENIUS!
HUH? SINCE WHEN DOES THE SUN RISE IN THE NORTH?
HAH! WE'VE RESET OUR BORDER BIRDS AND IT TURNS OUT THE ONLY COUNTRY THAT "WENT JUNGLE" IS YOURS!
EXCEPT FOR THE PART OF OURS YOU STOLE WHEN YOU MOVED THE BIRDS!
LOOK WHAT YOU PEOPLE HAVE DONE TO OUR LOVELY DESERT! DO SOMETHING ABOUT THE FLOODS! ABOUT CLIMATE CHANGE!!
AH!! IT'S YOU!!
THINK I'M RUNNING DRY UP HERE...
YOU TOTAL DIOTS!!
ONE SMALL GOLF COURSE IS ALL ANY COUNTRY NEEDS!
AWW...AND AFTER WE WENT AND HIRED POSEIDON INC. TO TURN THE DESERT INTO AN OFFICER'S CLUB GOLF COURSE! WE WERE GONNA BE RICH!
THE END

Breeder robots that manufacture the building blocks (stuff inside cells) for "growing" a jungle of self-replicating, plant-like robots (bio-robots?) robots that bind the bio-robots into larger formations robots to manage the whole process It takes a lot of robots to raise a forest!

By the time our heroes were recovered by their mother ship, the rampaging jungle had forced a truce with the Hokke federation The terraforming plant was recovered, but the jungle just kept on growing...

This is another unused mecha excavated from one of my old sketchbooks. It's based on the flying tank from my 1988 calendar (my apologies to those of you who haven't seen it. Yes, there *was* a flying tank), and on various species of dragonflies. I, of course, drew it as a cutaway, leaving out the covers that would protect the pilot's waist and chest area in normal operations. In fact, you wouldn't ordinarily even see the pilot from the outside. Or maybe we could make the covers out of transparent aluminum?

Another one of those abnormally tiny propulsion and fuel packs that show up so often in manga and anime. Oh well. I understand the anti-matter propulsion units used by those alien rascals the Grays are about the size of a rugby ball—so maybe it's okay.



Contains a drum magazine for the grenade launcher.

Judging from the bottom of these legs, this machine is designed to float in space. If it doesn't fly with its knees bent, the Vulcan gun in its tail could blow its own legs off.

If you wonder why my mecha always have female pilots, it's because it would be a living hell for the artist to have to draw flabby middle-aged men in shiny, form-fitting bodysuits. It has nothing to do with sexual commoditization, I *swear!*

The interior fittings can be tightened and loosened by twisting adjustment knobs, sort of like ski boots. In other words, anyone can pilot this thing so long as their height and build is in the general ballpark—each unit doesn't need to be tailor made. So let's say there's about five centimeters give or take, of play in the pilot's cockpit. And then the cushioning extends beyond the cockpit to the inner well of the exoskeleton. So . . . you would need only five or six standard sizes per mecha model, with custom sizing possible using the adjustments in each major component.

Now that you mention it, why are the booth babes at auto shows all women, too? (I'm glad they are, though . . .)

❶ Aliens exist. ❷ They've intervened in human history. ❸ They have a secret treaty with the United States of America. ❹ All the stuff people say about UFOs is true. Let's proceed on the assumption that we believe these four propositions. If so, what on Earth are these space aliens up to? Why are they collecting the genitalia and sensory organs of cows? It's not like we're living in some *Konjaku Monogatari** fairy tale (or perhaps they were already collecting cow genitalia and sensory organs way back then?). If it's simple research, one would assume that they've long since figured out how the bovine reproduction system works. (Even we humans could do that quite quickly. And since we have scads of information about it parked in our data banks, wouldn't it be easier to just steal the information instead of reinventing the bovine wheel?). So probably their object isn't research. It's either to breed cows themselves, or to apply that knowledge to something else, or to come up with some cross between cows and some other organism in a way that's beneficial to themselves, be it for food, or as a source of genetic material, or to incorporate into their own genetic structure (that should just about cover it).

If it's a scientific study, we'd have to conclude from the number and distribution of samples taken (not the geographical distribution of the sample set, but its density) that their science is nothing to write home about. That's patently ridiculous for a space-faring race, so we should put the scientific research theory on the back burner. Even if that's part of it, it's not in the forefront.

Some people have reported that the aliens get their nutrition by rubbing a red-black, ground-up paste onto their skin. Well, what about that angle? In that case, the cow parts they've been stealing don't make much sense. You'd expect the distribution of stolen items to be limited to specific biological structures, or even a specific biological material. Probably the reason they've drained the cows of blood is because they need blood to maintain the stolen organs. Judging from the number of cows involved, it's apparently difficult for them, given their current level of technology, to create a completely artificial womb or organic sensors that can record external stimuli. By complete, I mean not some artificial womb boxed in a clunky glass case, but one that works completely naturally, with no side effects at all.

We don't actually know if they get their nutrition through the skin or not. It wouldn't be that odd if they did. But since the Gray aliens apparently don't have any orifices for body wastes, this nutritional intake may be purely ritualistic (with them deriving enough suste-

* ***Konjaku Monogatari*** A massive 12th century collection of ancient Japanese myths and legends

It would sure hurt like hell if she got her hair caught in the hatch! Helmets advised.

- This is a relatively recently round-filed mecha. It actually has leg hatches, but I've omitted them here. I've also omitted the protection for the master leg in this cutaway drawing.
- This time around I'll be talking about aliens. In Japan, the quintessential alien isn't ET; it's Ultraman. What an astounding tale that is! A heavily armed law enforcement combat cyborg from an alien civilization punches it out with über-enemies for the good of Planet Earth, or at least, for the good of mankind. Now, Ultraman Seven was *really* cool . . . . If the Earth team had been armed with more data, the story might have been richer.
- Speaking of cyborgs, I can remember being blown away by the sight of an old woman weaving on a loom. She was weaving the fabric like a proto man-machine device, with her hip assembly functioning as a component of the loom's machinery. The old lady worked silently, weaving that beautiful fabric, hunching her back to perfectly fit the curve of the loom's wood, worn smooth and shiny by long use. That old weaver woman appeared to me like the mummified space being in the movie *Alien*, fused to her machine (I mean that in a *good* way, granny). There's been a steady increase in the number of cyborgs around us recently—motorcycle riders, computer hackers, on and on. Workaholics fused perfectly into the corporate system are a kind of cyborg, too (albeit ones that can easily put on and take off their "gear"). The downside is that their humanity is getting squashed out of them. The times may demand a careful re-examination of what we all mean by "human."

nance to support their basic biological needs from chlorophyll-like plants or from some other source), or something they do only infrequently (in which case, one has to wonder if Grays have short life spans). That reported fluid/paste might not actually be essential.

There's a theory out there that the Grays are really robots. When I first heard that, I thought (sticking with our opening assumption that all of these reports are 100 percent credible), that instead of robots, they might be more like bees or other insects. If there really were a planet inhabited by intelligent bees, it would probably have an imperialistic civilization, with reproduction limited to the upper class. As for the rest of the population, if you asked one of the bosses, "Who are all those guys?" it would be no surprise if he/she/it replied, "They're robots." There'd be nothing unnatural about it at all, considering the breadth of our definition of "robot."

Terrestrial worker bees don't reproduce at all. Yet if you look closely, you can find traces of something like reproductive organs. If we extrapolate the relationship between Grays and Rigelian Grays as it's evolved over tens of thousands of years, there's a possibility that their slave caste has also specialized completely for work, losing other functions along the way. So when people are told that the Grays are "robots," it may not mean robots in our mechanical sense of the word.

Another thing to think about: Seeing as how the aliens have chosen to contact the United States, and the way they treat their human samples, I really do catch a strong whiff of imperialism, or at least, of a race with a strict social hierarchy or caste system. They trade information and exchange guests with the Terran leadership class, but they treat average humans harshly, completely ignoring their human (sentient being?) rights. They apparently even have samples of fully dissected corpses on hand. So their core attitudes speak for themselves (it's still unknown whether those dissected corpses were dead before vivisection, or whether this is proof of alien crimes). It's also been reported that they're breeding bat people, monkey pigs, and other transgenic creatures. If this is true, it gives us a glimpse of their attitudes toward fertilized eggs. Just because beings are sentient doesn't mean they're democratic. To their minds, "human" may be a word that applies to only a subset of the total *homo sapiens* population.

Let me just add that while I compared aliens to bees a moment ago, I'm not implying that there's any actual connection between Grays and bees. I just wanted to say that, should Grays turn out to be intelligent, social robots, they wouldn't have to be robots built from scratch. Since they have such advanced technology and space-faring skills, we're quick to project god-like intelligence and morality onto them as well. But that's just our own optimistic preconceptions talking. Think of how cockroaches and dragonflies have survived virtually unchanged despite the dizzying evolution going on all around them. From that, it should be obvious that just because this alien race has been around for some 50,000 years already (Because they had the wisdom and technology to prevent natural catastrophes on their home world? Or were able to adapt easily to them? Or have been spreading across the sea of stars for 50,000 years? All a mystery.), doesn't automatically mean they've been evolving all that time. One reason for that is that any species that uses its knowledge and natural endowments to completely subjugate another planet in the truest sense of the word would naturally reconfigure it into a stable environment suitable to their own needs. Once they had that stable environment, the pace of their own evolution would slow (sorry if I'm wrong about how that works. I told you I'm a rank amateur).

The amount of change and variation would likewise decline. Decline enough, in fact, that there are some people who think the Grays are coming here because they're starved for fresh genetic material (just like in one of those silly manga drawn by "he who shall remain nameless"). The aliens who come here may indeed be just like worker bees, investigating any and all genetic material and its possibilities they find out in the universe, and carrying the best of it back home.

There's also a theory that the aliens are preparing to invade. But frankly, that would simply be too expensive. It would be far more efficient to simply mass-produce humans (modified to be safer and more useful) back home, that's what any intelligent species would do. No matter how overwhelming the military force you can deploy, the minute you actually use it you incur loss. If the Grays had chosen that route, they probably would have invaded immediately upon acquiring their first promising samples instead of going around lying to Washington and signing fraudulent treaties. That would be more rational, less wasteful, and ultimately less risky.

If they really do have a high order of intelligence, then they should know all about the principle of co-existence (not a philosophy, but the universal mathematics of the universe). *Homo sapiens* are quick to talk about the rights of the individual, but that's nothing more than an artifact emerging from our own genetic stock, which results in each and every new human having its own unique DNA and intellectual resources. Folk who were raised on a planet chockablock with cohorts sharing the same genetic code and intellect wouldn't arrive at our concept of the individual. To their eyes, it might seem there were only four types of Earthlings: three different basic color schemes, and a sub-species composed of various crossbreed variations. Certainly based on the distribution of the white and black models, our planet would appear to alien eyes to have a sharply delineated caste system. (They could easily

account for, and accordingly discount, the small number of exceptions to the rule. Such things happen).

We certainly can't expect Grays or other aliens to be able to differentiate between individual humans (excepting a few experts on *homo sapiens*, breeders, and other special cases, of course. I'm talking at the planetary level).

Next, let us ponder why only cows and humans get mutilated. When you think of the sheer number of different life forms on Earth, you would think any alien visitors would be buried up to their eyeteeth just studying our microbes, or our insects, or our marine life. Yet in fact, there's no evidence the Grays have done any of that. Even if they were only interested in intelligent species, you'd think they'd have to study dolphins and the like. But all they've cut up have been cows . . . and us.

So why cows? People we can understand. It would be sensible for anyone coming here to study and dissect the only intelligent (well, intelligence is relative) social species to succeed in subjugating the entire planet. (But hey . . . if you're really 50,000 years ahead of us, can't you at least study us without cutting us open? Sheesh!) But cows . . . ?

The cow is an animal that's been repeatedly genetically engineered (by we humans) to maximize its food potential. Its two most striking characteristics are a high ratio of edible flesh, and bountiful reproduction (i.e., it supplies offspring and milk). Is there anything else I'm missing? Anyway, that's the animal they've chosen to study, but...

From a Gray perspective, *homo sapiens* and cows may appear to be in the same sort of symbiotic relationship as ants and aphids. Based on what they steal, their particular area of interest appears to be reproduction. As I wrote before, if they always stole only blood, you could credit the idea that they need it for food. But judging from all that stealing of genitals and sensory organs, I'm pretty sure the blood is used for sustaining those reproductive organs. In that case, why reproduce cows? What is it about cows that they want? To "rub into their skin for nutrition" . . . ? To breed as food for the aristocracy? (Or maybe the aristocrats drink blood. As some bee-like horseflies do . . .) Or perhaps they're useful for a particular kind of drug, or have some artistic significance. (These thieves might just be doing graduation products for genetic design school. Or are being funded to do work for the royal family?) Or they think cows show particular promise as a biological weapon for attacking and devouring a plant-like natural enemy on some planet somewhere. In the end, it's hard to come up with any explanation that doesn't sound idiotic, and certainly it's impossible to reach any final conclusions. But while I don't know how it is for any readers who have plowed this far through my essay out of the sheer joy of speculative imagination, I do know that it's personally great fun for me to have all these ideas bubbling up as I write. My storylines for manga pop out unexpectedly from just this kind of fanciful extrapolation.

We humans may eat cows, but I don't think that means aliens do, too. An adequate supply of food is ultimately a matter that any race, at just about any level of civilization, can solve through science and technology. So if we respect the notion of a 50,000-year-old alien race with all that history behind it, then the theory that in fact some intractable problem with their genetic resources lies behind the cow conundrum seems most persuasive.

I'm skeptical about the other cow-like theory out there that it's we humans who are in fact the aliens' domesticated livestock (remember how they were supposed to come harvest us in July of 1999?). If we humans were going to breed or propagate cows *en masse* on another planet, we would be constantly monitoring the herds, and would no doubt start "harvesting" even in the early stages of the project, moving ahead with both production and consumption at the same time. Even more to the point, you don't raise animals that can resist and fight back (or for that matter, even let them live). The aliens could do just as well harvesting monkeys.

So. If you do choose to believe the domesticated human theory, then you also have to believe that the aliens are not merely supremely stupid, but also inefficient, yet at the same time strangely plodding and patient . . . and operate on such a small scale it makes no economic sense. The aliens that have intervened in humanity may turn out to be scientists who are presently serving under a military government as science specialists. But even then, the scale of operations is just too small. So maybe they're only some space-faring merchants out to make a quick buck by duping the locals.

I wish the mass media would just stop this idiot debate over whether aliens exist or not. If the "don't exist" crowd would come up with theories and disproofs that can completely account for all the evidence that aliens exist, and if the "sure do exist" crowd would seriously investigate the sort of questions I've raised here in concert with biologists and politicians, military experts and other highly trained specialists, with an emphasis on creative answers and scientific rigor (enough of all these amateur astronomers and fuzzy photos and alleged secret documents), then the debate might finally get interesting.

That's because something that doesn't excite our imaginations might as well not even exist. Myself, personally, I think it's only natural that there should be aliens out there. That's because it's impossible to completely refute their existence (refuting theirs would require refuting our own). So I like the term "space aliens." I like it as a term that lets us plumb the depth and breadth of the speaker's own interior "outer space." But if I pursue that angle any further, I'll talk myself out of the rationale for this whole essay, so I'm going to stop. Right now.

—*Shirow Masamune, 1996*

This interview was conducted for the exhibition catalog for the "KABOOM! Explosive Animation from America & Japan" exhibition, held at the Sydney Museum of Contemporary Art in 1994. Unfortunately, the interview was never published. Some of the factual information is out of date, but we present it here as a record of an event that would otherwise go unknown.

❶ GENERAL INFORMATION

SMCA: *What led you to become a manga artist?*
SHIROW: When I was nineteen, I joined a fanzine (a mini-group publishing at their own expense) that my older sister was involved with. That was Group Atlas, and the book *Black Magic*, which I published under their auspices in February 1983, caught the eye of Mr. Aoki, the president of Seishinsha. That led to my professional debut with *Appleseed*. I'd always thought it was enough just to draw manga as a hobby, I'd never planned to go pro. So I'd never even taken a portfolio around to publishers. It was Atlas and Mr. Aoki that brought me to where I am today.

As for what started me drawing manga in the first place, there wasn't anything in particular. Up until then I hadn't done much more than doodle on my notes during class, and draw portraits of my favorite TV anime characters when I was little.

SMCA: *How involved are you in the production of anime based on your manga?*
SHIROW: The first anime project I took part in was *Black Magic M-66*. It really was my first, and I was more than happy to put a lot into it, both in time and work. I wrote the script, drew the storyboards, and even sat in on the editing and audio recording.

Since then, though, with *Appleseed* and *Ootmnon*, I haven't done anything more than greenlight them (although I did draw the package art).

Someday in the not-too-distant future I'd like to work up a script and storyboards again, but right now it'd be hard to find the time.

SMCA: *How do you assess the present state and the future of Japanese manga and anime?*
SHIROW: The walls between manga, anime, live action, and video games have fallen. Now they're all available for exploiting a single work in multiple media. Manga get made into anime and games, games turn into anime and live-action movies, you see every kind of combination. Some people complain about excessive commercialism, but I don't think it's a bad thing to have so many different opportunities. Nor does every original have to get the full treatment. If you can find the perfect means of expression in one of these mediums for bringing out the intent of your work, then that's good news for both creator and creation.

Manga have gotten so diversified by genre and target age group and have spread so far and wide that it's hard to get a feel for the field as a whole anymore. So it's really up to each individual creator where manga go from here.

But I can say this: be it in Japan or overseas, once you start grouping this vast wealth of manga and anime on the basis of commercial success alone, you start lumping together works for children and works with violent or sexual content. So in that sense, I think there's a need for bridging the gap between the creators and their audiences to offer more direction in terms of content.

There's a lot of wasted, meaningless budget in anime productions. I don't think enough of that budget is finding its way to the people who actually draw the art and do the voices and sound. There's a lot of work in anime production that can be automated, and that will probably become necessary to cut out some of the fat. We may also have to re-examine the current commitment to thirty frames per second.

❷ *DOMINION TANK POLICE*

SMCA: *How involved were you with the* Dominion OVA *series? "Act 1/2" seems quite different from "Act 3/4." I wondered whose idea that was? (Note: The* Dominion OVA *discussed here is the series issued in 1988 by Toshiba Eizo Soft, currently available in English on DVD from Central Park Media.)*

SHIROW: I just gave the go ahead for the project. After that, I wasn't involved at all. I imagine the difference between "Act 1/2" (the first and second episodes of the *Dominion* anime) and "Act 3/4" (the third and fourth episodes of the *Dominion* anime) reflect either the director's own taste or the production staff's morale . . . I really don't know.

There are six new *Dominion* episodes out now [the new *Dominion* series released by Bandai Visual K.K. in 1993-94, not currently available in English], and I think you can say the same thing about them. The first four episodes and these six new episodes are all quite different from each other, but as for what accounts for that, I don't know. I sense something odd about it, something over and above the turnover in staff. I guess that, just as different readers receive and perceive any given work in different ways, the directors and animation staff all have their own way of making the conversion. Myself, I've enjoyed seeing how the different episodes change, just like any other audience member.

SMCA: *You often use future police in your works, but what do you think of Japan's current police? Do you think they'll be able to keep up with crime in the future?*

SHIROW: If you're talking about the interface between fiction and reality, then it goes without saying that manga are drawn for enjoyment. So of course, in the real world it's better if we don't need tanks and guns to control crime. Police aren't the same as an army. Law, social morals, all these things impact the way they can prevent and suppress crime. That means they can never fully cope with particularly heinous violent crime. Even if you arm the police with handguns, there are so many restrictions on when and how they can use them and so much paperwork to do when they do shoot them that in fact, they're hardly ever fired at all. That degrades even their deterrent effect. I think Japanese police should be carrying rubber bullet stun guns or tranquilizer darts instead of handguns with live ammunition. And if they purchased their non-lethal weapons from the United States, it would reduce Japan's trade surplus, and might even encourage gun control in the United States itself . . . ?

ADVERTISING ILLO FOR *DOMINION* CHAPTER I

Again, the institutions for oversight and prosecution of not just the police but all public servants are very weak in Japan. I think we should establish civilian oversight bodies composed of specialists to perform this function.

As an organization, the police can act only after a crime has already been committed. What are most indispensable for reducing the incidence of violent crime aren't tanks, they're loving families with plenty of quality time for each other, and an equitable and humane educational system.

But in the *Dominion* universe, at least, you have tank police careening around the streets, demonstrators who cause a racket and nothing more, and a succession of criminals popping up out of nowhere.

❸ *APPLESEED*

SMCA: *Compared to* Dominion *with all its comedy, your* Appleseed *series seems much darker and more serious. Which are you more attracted to personally? The comedic, or the serious?*

SHIROW: Comedic, serious, I like them both. Drawing nothing but serious manga makes this artist feel dark and gloomy, while doing nothing but comedy leaves him feeling somehow unfulfilled. Flashy stories, serious stories, hard stories, soft stories, bitter stories and sweet, they all have their merits. I want to draw them all.

❹ *BLACK MAGIC* AND *GHOST IN THE SHELL*

SMCA: *Both M-66 in* Black Magic *and the cyborg in* Ghost in the Shell *are sexy robots. What was your inspiration for these designs?*

SHIROW: The machines I used to like to touch and look at in my childhood and adolescence were all streamlined rockets and cars, full-faired motorcycles and Formula 1 racecars, space shuttles rather than Apollo spacecraft. I liked machines that were sleek and full of complex curves, and I guess that image is still imprinted. Since I consider women to be one of the ultimate expressions of curvaceous beauty, I think those two images just naturally came together. It's not like I have some mechanistic take on women (just to reassure you; if I did, I'd have a serious psychological problem). And of course I could have filled both those manga with clunky machines. But if I had, they would have been pretty brutal, visually.

SMCA: *The female characters in both of these manga are extremely powerful. Why are so many your protagonists women?*

SHIROW: Because I'm a guy, and as a guy, I find females more attractive to draw. Other than that, I can cushion the audience a bit by using a woman and give the work a lighter touch. Just imagine *Ghost in the Shell* without Motoko, or *Black Magic* with both Sybel and Ferris cast as male characters, and M-66 turned into a clunky machine. If I'd done that, people would be wondering, "Aren't there any women in this world?" On the other hand, if I had made either Sybel or Ferris male and the other female, there would have been issues in the story regarding male-female interactions, romance and all the rest. So I avoided that to keep things from getting too complicated.

OLYMPUS POLICE BADGE

❺ EAST/WEST RELATIONS

SMCA: *Do you have any favorite foreign comics or animation?*

SHIROW: About a third of the books on my manga shelves are Western. I don't understand a lot of the dialogue, so mostly I just look at the art, but still. Recently I've been paying a lot of attention to Hong Kong and Taiwanese comics.

I don't really know that much about anime; I hardly ever have a chance to sit down and watch it. Right now I'm looking forward to *Nightmare Before Christmas*.

SMCA: *What do you like in Japanese manga and anime?*

SHIROW: For anime, it would have to be Mr. Miyazaki's. He's in a class of his own. *My Neighbor Totoro* and *Kiki's Delivery Service* are top class in terms of precision and execution. But personally, I like his comedies like *Lupin III: The Castle of Cagliostro* and *Sherlock Hound*. I also like *Akira* and *The Wings of Honneamise* for both the quality of their art and the precision of the animation.

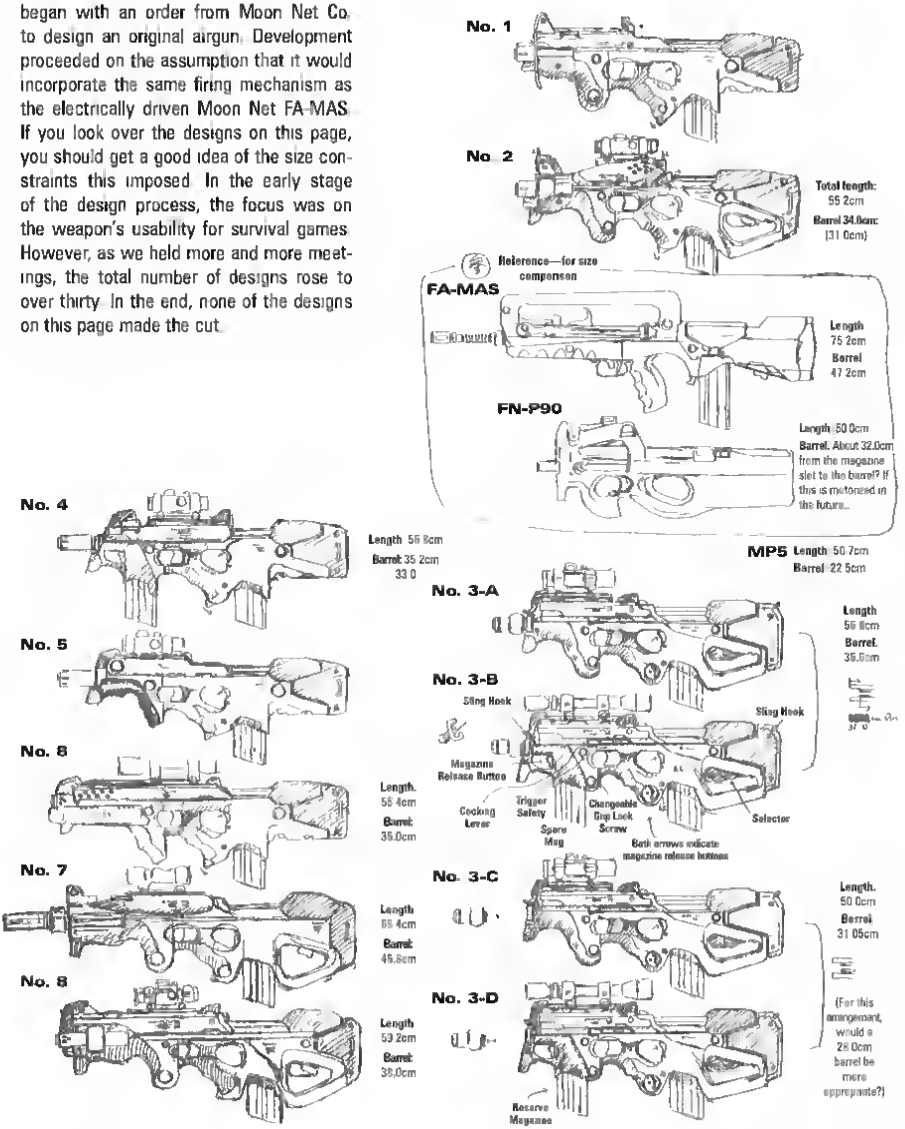
SMCA: *What do you think of the popularity of Japanese animation in Europe and the United States?*

SHIROW: As an artist, I welcome anything that exposes my work to as many people as possible. So in that sense, it's a wonderful thing. However, there's a lot to critique in the way manga and anime depict religion, violence, and sex, and that's true here in Japan as well as overseas. But if a child here in Japan, for instance, imitates a scene where some manga hero is blasting away with his gun, the worst that could happen would be some toy gun injury. People don't have guns here, so no one's going to die. But in a country where even children can get their hands on firearms, it might not stop there . . . So in that sense I think not just the creators themselves, but bookstores and television stations and event planners should all work together to optimize book placement, broadcast times, and advertising.

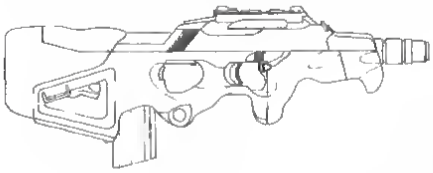
Manga and anime are tremendously diverse, and there are mountains of titles. Over time, a lot of those are going to make their way overseas, and a lot of them will prove to be works that anyone can enjoy, regardless of national borders. I hope this cultural outflow will eventually evolve into cultural exchange, and that we'll all be able to understand each other better, and have more fun as well!

—This interview was conducted in September 1994

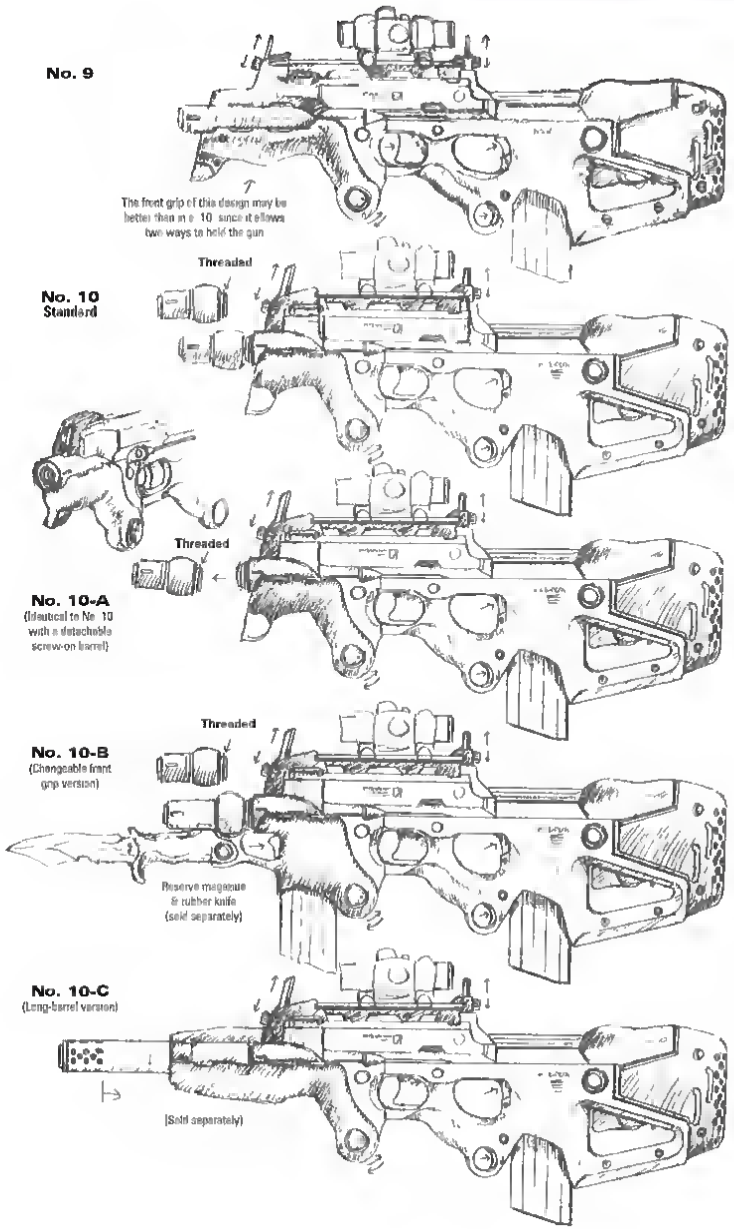
The project to develop the Seburo MN-23 began with an order from Moon Net Co. to design an original airgun. Development proceeded on the assumption that it would incorporate the same firing mechanism as the electrically driven Moon Net FA-MAS. If you look over the designs on this page, you should get a good idea of the size constraints this imposed. In the early stage of the design process, the focus was on the weapon's usability for survival games. However, as we held more and more meetings, the total number of designs rose to over thirty. In the end, none of the designs on this page made the cut.



SEBURO MN-23



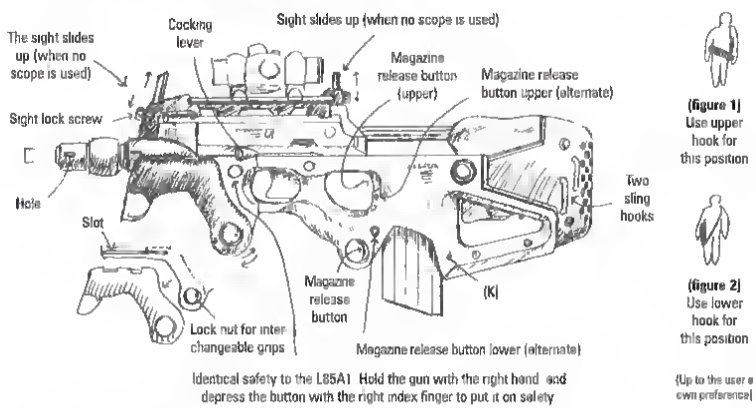
This illustration (watch for a color version in *Intron Depot*), was drawn for a promotional poster to be given to purchasers of the Seburo MN-23. This image—a scary looking alien with a gun—is quite "hard-boiled," and an unusual choice for this kind of thing. My original idea was (surprise!) a cute girl holding the gun, but that got the chop.


No. 9
The front grip of this design may be better than in a 10 since it allows two ways to hold the gun
Length 56.4cm
Barrel 35.2cm
Inner 32.0cm
Threaded
No. 10
Standard
Length 56.4cm
Barrel 35.2cm
Inner 29.0cm
Threaded
No. 10-A
(Identical to No. 10 with a detachable screw-on barrel)
Length 50.0cm
Barrel 29.5cm
Inner 26.0cm
Threaded
No. 10-B
(Changeable front grip version)
Reserve magazine & rubber knife (sold separately)
Length 59.0cm
Barrel 36.5cm
Inner 29.0cm
(all without knife)
No. 10-C
(Long-barrel version)
(Sold separately)
Length 59.8cm
Barrel 49.2cm
Inner 29.0cm
Interchangeable Inner 42.5cm

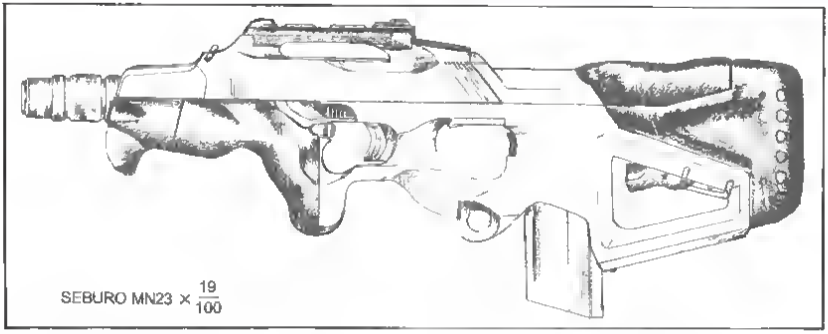
These pages are reproductions of just some of the traffic involved in designing a Seburo airgun for Moon Net, the Japanese airgun manufacturer. All of our design discussions took place over the fax, and I wound up sending them a whole slew of roughs like these before we were through. None of the designs up through No. 9 were accepted, but No. 10 finally got the green light. Counting various minor version changes as well, I did more than fifty designs for this one project.

Electrically driven airgun design. The final drawing isn't done yet, but I am sending you a 1/4-size rough in lieu of a progress report. At this point, I think No. 10 is best (so let's treat Nos. 1–9 as dead on arrival).

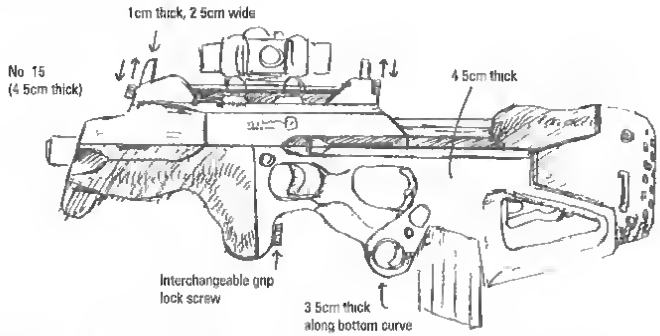
- **No. 1:** Sent earlier.
- **No. 2:** Sent earlier. Seen from the side, it looks like a motorcycle tank. As a concept, I think it's pretty interesting, but the difference between the width of the battery casing and the grip is too extreme. In subsequent designs, I've reduced the number of curves. I include the FA-MAS for a size comparison. I've often thought that if someone ever motorized the FN-P90 it, like the MP5, would be a direct rival for the MN-23. I include it FYI. In terms of handling and ease of use, I've aimed for a weapon closer to the P90 and MP5 than the FA-MAS.
- **No. 3:** A and C are the same weapon—the barrel extension can be screwed on or left off. B and D are versions with back-up magazines. AC and BD have different scopes, but that's not significant (customers will be providing their own scopes, after all).
- **No. 3a:** Fundamentally identical to No. 3, but with a different finish for the grip and a different magazine release button (bottom). I would recommend No. 3 over No. 3a to reduce the risk of the button being pressed accidentally.
- **No. 4–9:** In terms of simplicity, I'd go for No. 5. In terms of overall balance, No. 8. In terms of weight distribution, No. 6. Those would be my recommendations, but none of them quite have it all.
- **No. 10:** I consider this the best so far. No. 10 and No. 10a are essentially the same.
- **No. 10a:** The only difference between this and No. 10 is the shape of the stock. The stock grip on No. 10 is almost meaningless as a grip, but I included it to absorb some of the pressure on area (K) (see the drawing below) when changing magazines. It also should help prevent accidents with the selector. I don't think it will interfere with the handling.


The sight slides up (when no scope is used)
Cocking lever
Sight slides up (when no scope is used)
Magazine release button (upper)
Magazine release button upper (alternate)
Sight lock screw
Hole
Slot
Two sling hooks
Magazine release button
(K)
Lock nut for inter-changeable grips
Magazine release button lower (alternate)
(figure 1) Use upper hook for this position
(figure 2) Use lower hook for this position
Identical safety to the L85A1. Hold the gun with the right hand and depress the button with the right index finger to put it on safety
(Up to the user's own preference)

I wasn't able to get an image that completely breaks the mold. Our horizontal dimensions are pretty much dictated by the magazine, chamber, internal power unit, and distance from the cheekbone to the eye (some 5.5 plus/minus 2cm for an adult male), and can't be compressed any further. I still haven't found the perfect fix for that space between the front sight and the battery, but in terms of dimensions, I don't think we can compress things any tighter than this. It may not be all that adventurous a design, but it'll certainly be easy to handle.



The drawing above is the final design, and was prepared by Moon Net. The bottom drawing is another rough I did after the final rough design was accepted. You can see how many more ideas got thrown into the mix.



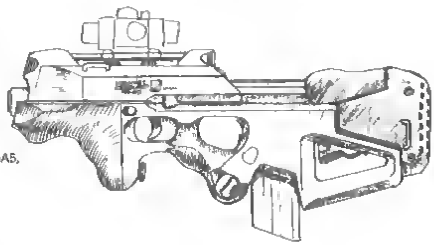
I'm sending along No. 15 for reference.

- Regarding No. 2—the rough that looks like a tank from the side—I do agree it's an interesting design, but I don't see any way around the width issue. It might be difficult to actually render it in three dimensions. So while I do like how it looks, I can't really recommend it. Regarding rough No. 15 (above), it may not look that special, but it's the easiest to maintain and use of all the polystyrene models. I think it would be best to do up a three-dimensional dummy just to be sure; what do you think? I'd like to have a meeting to nail down the final details (please arrange the scheduling through Seishinsha).
- Regarding the magazine catch button, proposals 1 and 2 are from designs No. 3a A–D and No. 4–7. Since users are inevitably going to be touching the button when they handle the gun, I think we do need a guard to shield it. In the model, the button is 3cm in diameter. What with the trip lever at a depth of 5mm in the hole, I didn't think it posed any problem. But you should still see the model for yourselves. Regarding the upper magazine catch button, I agree it would be impossible to reach it when the gun is being fired with the right hand extended. But it can be depressed very easily with the thumb when firing from the shoulder or the hip. Please confirm this with the model.
- I tried adding swivels above and below the center of gravity, but decided to stick with just the bottom one. This was because of a problem I could see with actually handling the weapon, namely, if the swivel's on the top and the gun is hanging at your side, the sling is going to catch when you sweep the gun up to fire from the shoulder. The bottom position isn't perfect, either—the balance is a bit off when the gun is hanging on its sling—but it's an improvement . . .

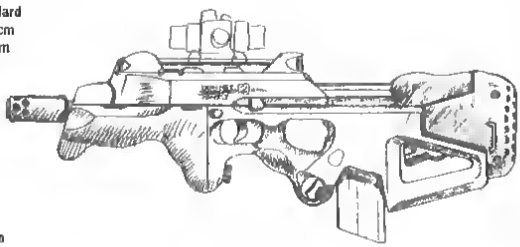
This is an illustration that was distributed in color over Moon Net's infonet. It's an original, not a retread of an older drawing, but I did it up first in black and white. In normal circumstances, illustrations get spiked for the sin of blocking a character's face with her gun. But in this case, the star of the drawing is the Seburo MN-23 itself. Incidentally, the MN-23 really is used in *Dominion Conflict 1*.

MN15C
MN15 Quattro
Length 50.4cm
Barrel 30.0cm

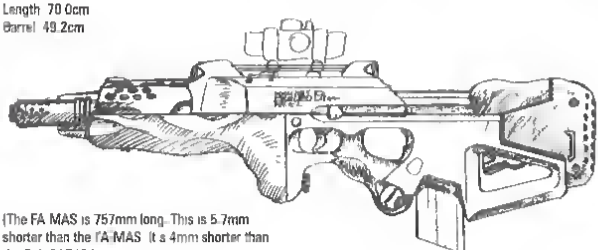
(3mm shorter then the MP5A5, 4mm longer than the P90)



MN15-S
MN15 Standard
Length 61.4cm
Barrel 40.0cm



MN15-L
MN15 Rungo
Length 70.0cm
Barrel 49.2cm



(The FA MAS is 757mm long. This is 5.7mm shorter than the FA MAS. It's 4mm shorter than the Colt CAR16.)

These three illustrations are part of a whole series of designs I did for the MN15, but in the end I never used the weapon in any of my works. I was tempted to show you all of my roughs for it, but I didn't want to bore you to death. If this small sample gives you some sense of the behind-the-scenes process that goes into a Shirow Masamune work, that's good enough for me.

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